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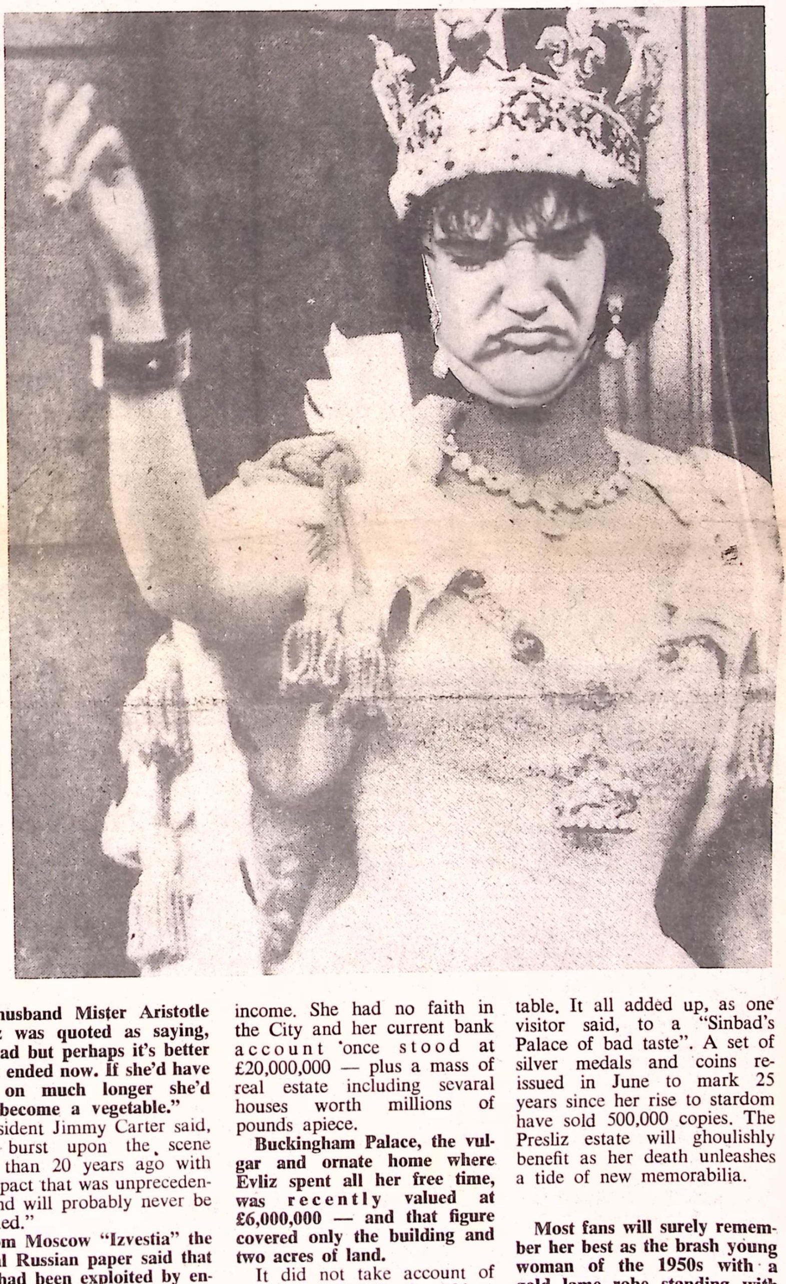
it INTERNATIONAL TIMES

QUEEN DIES

Found slumped on bathroom floor



EVLIZ Presliz, the superstar whose pelvic wiggle and primeval scream ruled Britain for 25 years, died last night, apparently of a heart attack. She was 42.

Evliz, once slim-hipped and lean-limbed, ballooned up to nearly 17 stone, six stone heavier than her once-trim 11 stone form, but despite urgings from her doctor, she ate huge meals and was constantly having snacks.

Evliz had everything. Fame. Fortune. A fanatical following. But success turned sour. Her marriage failed. She became a recluse. She went to seed.

As her weight ballooned out of control she wore a corset in public and called it a bullet-proof vest.

She wore high-heeled shoes and had plastic surgery.

And she sneered at other performers.

Then there were the drugs. In the ghost written book, "Evliz! What happened?" Red West declares, "She takes pills to go to sleep. She takes pills to get up. She takes pills to go to the john and she takes pills to stop her from going to the john."

And the mesmeric performer who writhed in tight trousers was in love with uniforms. She even had a Colonel-in-Chief's uniform made for herself and would parade about in the grounds of her house "reviewing her troops".

In London, England, where Evliz died on Tuesday, men clutching flowers had waited all night at the gates of her home, Buckingham Palace. In the hallway of the house, at the entrance to the music room stood the coffin banked with red roses and red satin. Standing to attention nearby in red suits and hats made of animal skin were the Presliz entourage. A great knuckleduster ring was on one of her fingers and, as Sherriff of London County, David McNee told the crowds, "Evliz is looking just beautiful. She is in a copper casket lined with grey silk."

Johnny Rotten, lead singer of the Sex Pistols said, "It's unbelievable. I don't believe it's true. But in a way I don't really feel it has anything to do with me. Really she came to represent everything we're trying to react against. I don't want to become a fat, rich, sick, reclusive royal person. Evliz was dead before she died and her gut was so big it cast a shadow over rack 'n' rule in the last few years.

Doctors always feared Evliz would eat herself to death.

For she could not stop stuffing herself full of stodgy foods.

Hamburgers, whipped potatoes, gravy, pork chops, ice cream and omelettes — they were all scoffed at an alarming rate.

She always claimed that her super stardom came about by accident. In 1956 she said, "I was just born into it really. It just sort of caught me up." But in truth Evliz worked hard on the creation of a sneering, glittering, outrageous rack ruler who was the idol of the '50s. She based her hairstyle on one that Tony Curtis was sporting. She took her hurt truculent expression from Brando in The Wild One and she borrowed her vulnerability from James Dean.

Ex-husband Mister Aristotle Presliz was quoted as saying, "It's sad but perhaps it's better that it ended now. If she'd have gone on much longer she'd have become a vegetable."

President Jimmy Carter said, "She burst upon the scene more than 20 years ago with an impact that was unprecedented and will probably never be equalled."

From Moscow "Izvestia" the official Russian paper said that she "had been exploited by enterprising businessmen in the service of profit".

She was earning £3,500,000 a year from rents, taxes and merchandising at the time of her death. Public appearances earned £200,000 a time. But this was only part of a colossal income. She had no faith in the City and her current bank account once stood at £20,000,000 — plus a mass of real estate including sevaral houses worth millions of pounds apiece.

Buckingham Palace, the vulgar and ornate home where Evliz spent all her free time, was recently valued at £6,000,000 — and that figure covered only the building and two acres of land.

It did not take account of the extraordinary furnishings with which she encrusted the place — light red damask and mirrored walls in the dining room, a gallery display of exotic jewellery lining one wall of a reception room, a games room with a giant-sized billiard table. It all added up, as one visitor said, to a "Sinbad's Palace of bad taste". A set of silver medals and coins re-issued in June to mark 25 years since her rise to stardom have sold 500,000 copies. The Presliz estate will ghoulishly benefit as her death unleashes a tide of new memorabilia.

Most fans will surely remember her best as the brash young woman of the 1950s with a gold lame robe standing with sceptre askew.

Perhaps it is remarkable that Evliz Presliz survived all the rigours, pressures and absurdities that must dominate life at the top as the Queen of Rack 'n' Rule for so long.

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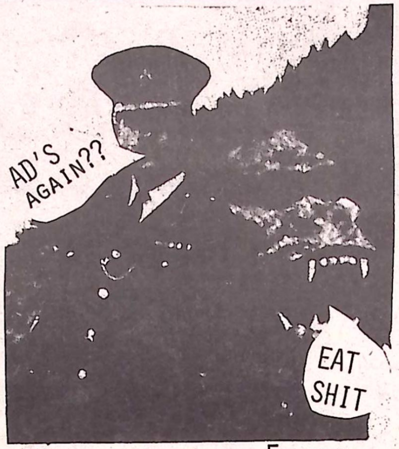
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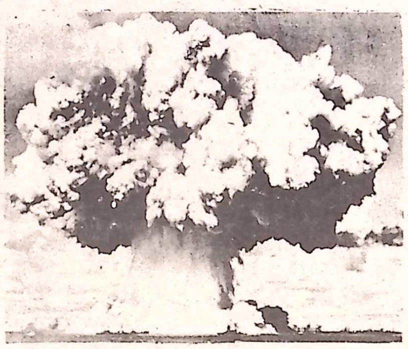

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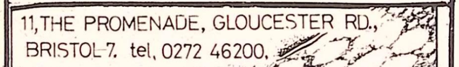
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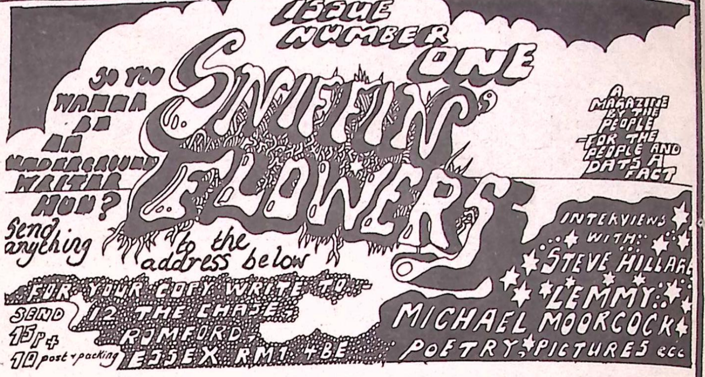
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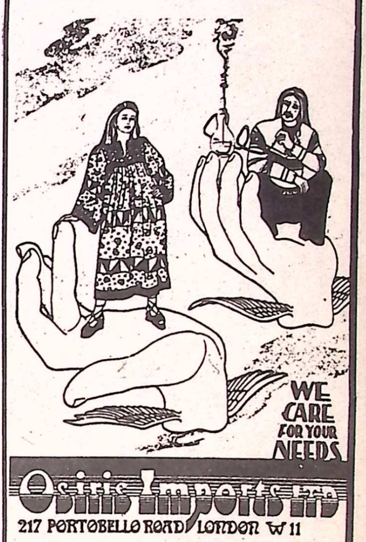
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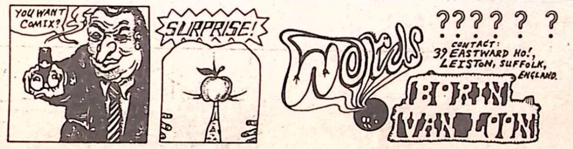
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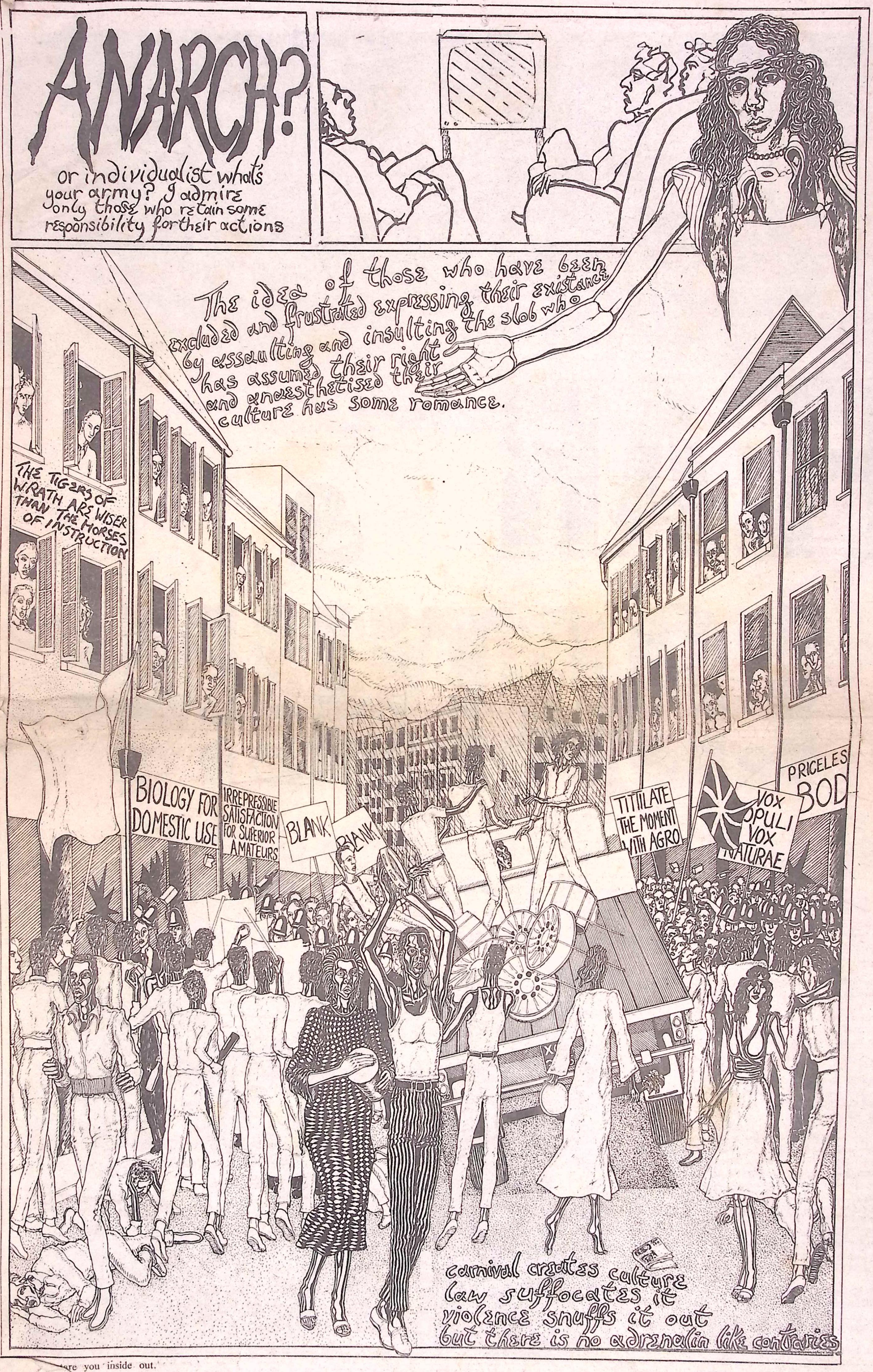
God made man in her own image, but is starving from lack of feedback.


ANARCH?
or individualist what's your army? I admire only those who retain some responsibility for their actions
The idea of those who have been excluded and frustrated expressing their existance by assaulting and insulting the slob who has assumed their right and anaesthetised their culture has some romance.
THE TIGERS OF WRATH ARE WISER THAN THE HORSES OF INSTRUCTION
BIOLOGY FOR DOMESTIC USE
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BLANK
BLANK
TITILLATE THE MOMENT WITH AGRO
VOX POPULI VOX NATURAE
PRICELES BOD
carnival creates culture
law suffocates it
violence snuffs it out
but there is no adrenalin like contraries

tare you inside out.

FEAR & LOATHING

"Bradley will do it," they said as I walked in the office.

"Hey, Bradley, go and get us a carnival story."

There had to be a carnival story. The bands were set to parade past the IT windows. All week people had been dropping by the office with dark hints of a ghetto bloodbath, vendetta fury from last year's beaten cops, brick and bottle arsenals in black kid's basements, cane-cutting equipment concealed beneath swinging instruments.

As truckloads of hardboard for shop-windows jostled for pavement parking on the unpeopled midnight streets it suddenly made sense–there had to be a carnival story.

Too bad I didn't do it.

Yet know how it is.

Late nights.

And then, in the middle of the night the phone calls:–

"I've been worrying how we're going to pay the print bill for the next issue."

"Oh, yeah? What time is it?"

"Two o'clock. And I'm stuck in the office. Somebody left their kids here at eleven, went for a walk and didn't come back."

"So what can I do?"

"Take the next shift, dummy."

The girl who had left her kids came back with innocent eyes at 6 am and said she'd been looking for a dog.

Okay sister.

I walked home with the moon setting over Notting Hill Gate; sixteen hours off the Full. A Pisces moon. A drunken moon with dawn coming up behind it. Nobody in the streets, just a thousand wooden shop windows staring glumly at the pavement. It was like being inside a paranoid tree.

I heard the music going past at 3 p.m. and peeked out of the window sleepily.

It was a record player on a truck.

Thirty or forty people straggled after it, confused.

It was playing "Funky Carnival" by Lord Zero & The Grove, written by Spartacus R ex-bass, player with Osibisa and put on his Zara record label.

"There'll be dancing in the streets With everybody that we meet.
We'll be jumpin up and stumpin until we stop.
We go have a funky Carnival
77 Carnival"

It seemed like a good idea but you know how it is. I fell back to sleep.

It was dark when I crawled out of bed and took a walk down the Portobello Road to see what was happening.

Some kids were kicking in the shutters of the pawnbrokers.

Across the road, outside the pub, a hundred tippling hippies watched with nervous interest.

The kids ripped down the shutters, and smashed the glass until the shop hung open into the street like an empty chocolate box and rings and bracelets disappeared glittering into the night. There was a long lull as the crowd gathered round the broken theatre waiting for the next act.

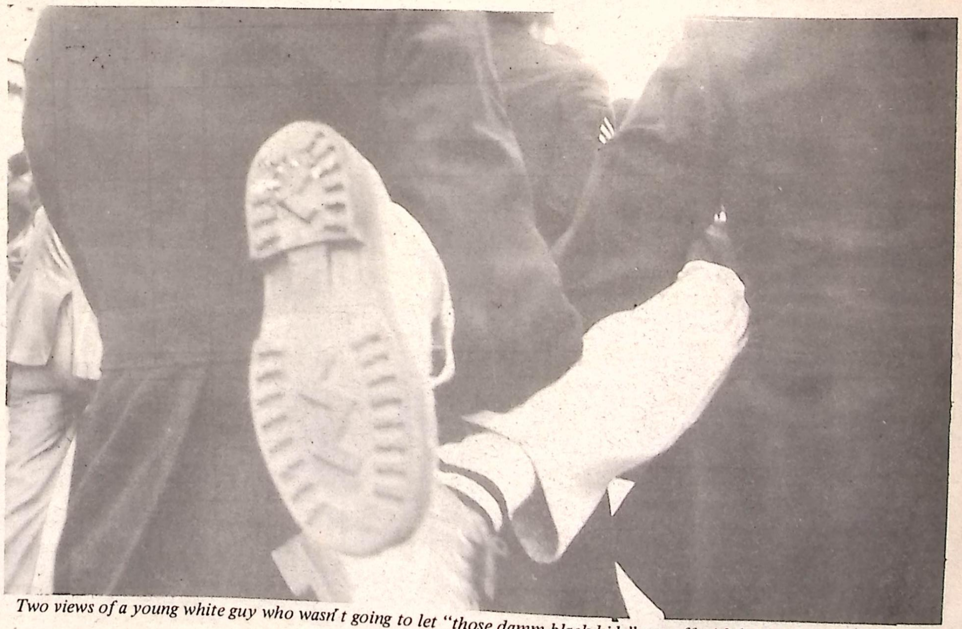
And then it came.

To the derisory applause of the mob the police arrived under the glare of NBC TV lights to take their positions like an amateur chorus dress-rehearsing a Gilbert & Sullivan Opera. A black kid who was twelve years old if he was a day said to his gang,

"Come on. Let's go down the bottom. When they come down the bottom, we'll come up to the top again."

Funky.

"The bottom" is The Westway, the white concrete tree felled across the poorer end of Notting Hill community along which commuter ants file in and out of the City centre, a dark cavernous wasteland beneath the motorway filled with rubbled



Two views of a young white guy who wasn't going to let "those damm black kids" run off with his lady's handbag.

IN W.11

masonry and decorated by the hopeless optimism of the Public Pictures People with gigantic white figures reaching into an impossibly blue sky for an unattainable white sun. Consumer dreams for broke blacks. Very tasteful.

People were thick on the ground now. It was just like a market day except everything was printed in negative and there wasn't a single desirable commodity on display. No siree. Marks & Spencers was just a thick plank in the wall and the supermarkets were doing a loss-leader on corrugated iron. The crowds milled about looking for the music but nobody told them it was tomorrow. Down the hill, under the westway I could see crowds swirling like anenomes under the harsh motorway lighting, too fast for dancing, too slow for World War III. Curious, I pushed on down until some blacks call from a doorway.

"Hey man," they called "Don't go down there. There's some *dirty* niggers down there. Stay up here with us. They gone a bit screwy."

When the moon hangs full in the sky behind you and someone calls out a West Indian version of "Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here," it's time for a little quiet reflection upon just what the hell is hapening. But reflection ceased as a suddenly panicked crowd erupted from the darkness beneath the motorway and ran past panting and screaming, frightening themselves by their numbers, running from the feet behind who were running from the feet behind and suddenly the air was thick with it:

STAMPEDE!

Bradley Martin pressed his mortal frame into a huddled mass in a shop doorway until the stampede passed and found two anxious eyes an inch from his.

"I told you, man," said the rest of the faces. "There are some *dirty* niggers down there."

I mumbled something about having to get a story and trickled down the hill into the darkness, "the gates of hell" I told myself with a light mocking laugh and then my leather jacket opened up down the back with the painless silence of a very sharp blade and it's another world. It's heavy jostling and grabbing arms and "Lend me a quid,"

"Yeah, lend me a quid as well."

"And me."

A kid of about sixteen plants himself in front of me.

"I live here." I say, and he stares at me.

"What difference does that make?" he replies and I see his point.

I decide it would be gauche to mention my jacket.

"What's happening?" I ask, jerking my head towards the milling mob digesting itself under the bridge.

"It's a fight," he replied bluntly, with no trace of irony. "It's a fight, what else? Give me a cigarette."

So I give him a cigarette.

We discuss my money situation.

I tell him I have none.

Some of his companions are inclined to disbelieve me.

Another boy wants a cigarette and then another.

We conclude a silent deal. I take out one cigarette and hand the rest of the pack to them.

They let me through.

But there's no fight. Just two hundred kids who want a quid or a punchbag or a pig to stick.

At the far side of the melee is a silent line of police trying to pretend they are at Wembley.

Some member of the heavy brass has been visiting the scene. As he leaves, a beer can twinkled through the spotlights and biffs him on the hat.

He quickens his pace without turning and dips his head.

Nobody laughs.

Nobody cheers.

Low profile.

The P.A. closed down and slowly the crowd dispersed. Frustrated and angry. The owner of the pawnbrokers is watching men replace his shutters and telling anyone who will listen that the police just stood there and let is happen. A young gay with a coke-spoon round his neck says. "Blacks, was it?. They need a good battering." The pawnbroker turns to him with a defensive store. "But they were only kids!" he protests. "They still need a good battering" says he coke-spoon and lurches off to score.

I missed the next morning. You know how it is.

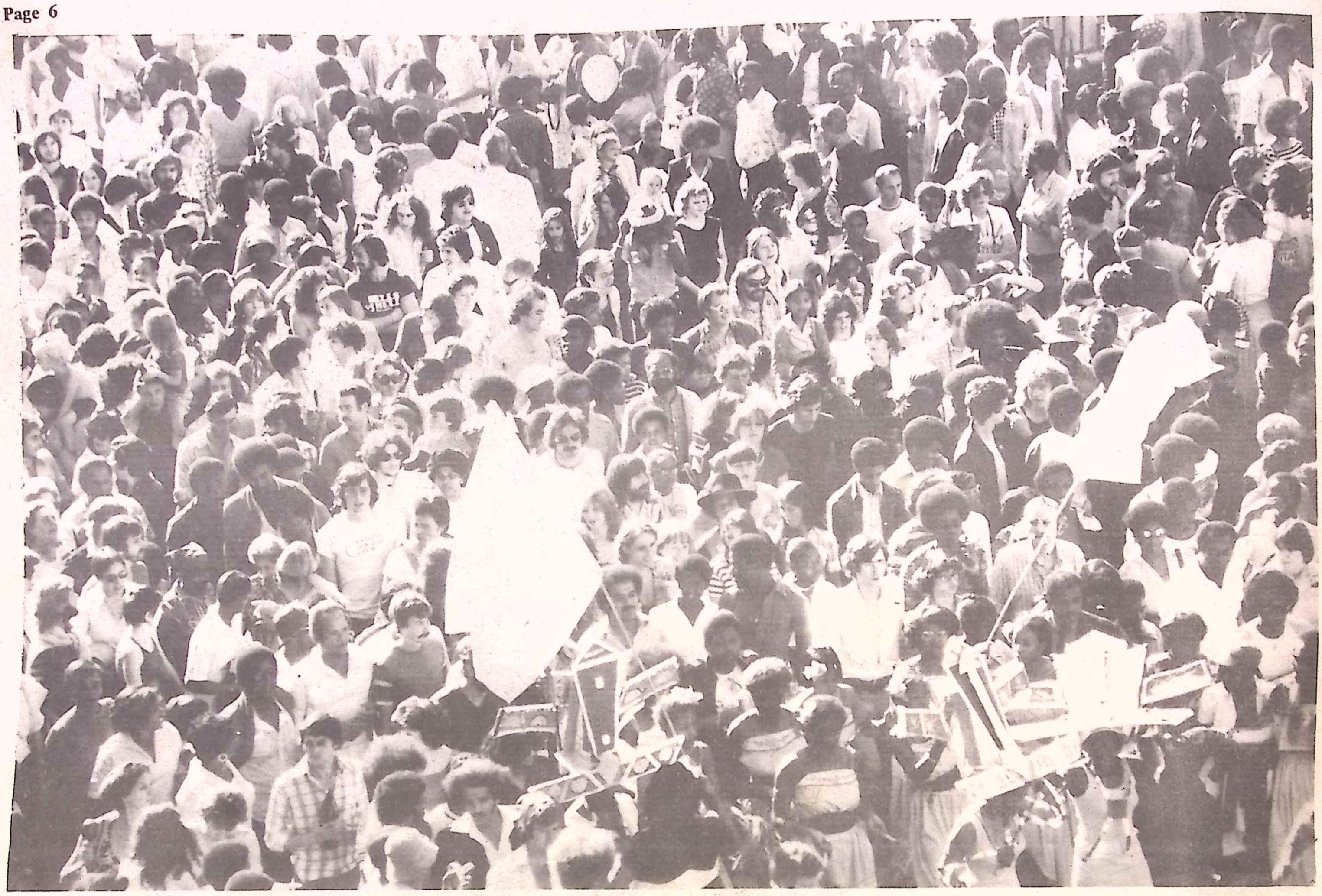
Late nights. But the next afternoon I staggered out to discover the parade hadn't even started.

There was an uneasy gaiety about the streets when the first float pushed out into the tide of revellers. And the musicians were unhappy. The pans couldn't hear the drums. The drums couldn't hear the pans. The timing began to yaw and bend and the tottering scaffold frame became heavy against the knotted muscles that crushed it through the crowded cross-currents. The music ground to a holt. They'd lost it. People yelled desperate advice from the crowd. "Put the drums in with the pans." 'The float is too small. Find another one!" "Don't stop. Please don't stop."

A sweating demon appeared from the crush and tried to bring the beat to life with driving rhythms on a rusty disc brake. The music started again, but faltered and died.

"Play Crazy Woman," yelled the band master. "You know that one. Play Crazy Woman."

The kids on the pans looked sullen.



Sunshine, crowds and music. At times it was a gas.

The young sharks cut through the crowd in their panic-inducing forays of pillage.

photographs: James Lauritz

God has been spoilt to death by the total attention of the universe.

They knew they *still* wouldn't be able to hear the drums even if they played Crazy Woman. The crowds crushed in blindly on the marooned float. Air was getting short, tempers were fraying. The whole Carnival spirit was about to leak away leaving a hundred thousand people with nothing but their own sick privacy to have a good time on. Ux oxen on the float were ordered to push them someone else came round and punched us for pushing. Behind my rubber mummy mask I could feel the sweat springing out through the eye-holes. The girl on the pan nearest to me stuck her sticks through her belt defiantly and crossed her arms with a mulish expression. The kids were quitting. It was a tense moment.

Without the music Carnival is Riot. For every 'clean' kid who quit on the floats, there were fifty 'dirty' kids under the Westway ready to take up the rhythm in their own way.

Only music could castrate the viral violence endemic in the audience.

Suddenly a figure burst from the crowd dressed in tropical military uniform down to the khaki shorts and socks. Round his head was a red white and blue bandanna and on his sun hat was a large picture of himself in the same military uniform.

"Beat" he yelled, fixing the mutinous pan-girls with an angry forefinger.

"You! Beat! Beat! Beat!" he yelled more savagely to the others.

And the pans began to come in like drops of rain swelling to a storm. The drums picked it up and the float began to quiver and inch forward. The crowd cheered, the float rolled and Carnival was on the road again.

There were supposed to be thirty bands. I scoured the area and counted six, crossing and recrossing the Carnival route like dummy cavalry officers in a besieged fort trying to seem like thousands to the yellowing redskins around them.

They got away with it. The crowds had a good time. For long moments a lot of people began to understand the magic of street-dancing, the mind-blistering sweetness of anarchy, the stomach-turning ecstasy of a real and public joy. Strangers whirled with strangers and knew each other's steps. Long chains of tumbling revellers formed and dissolved on the packed pavements in gleeful demonstration of the random.

But through it all, slicing through the crowds shoals of baby sharks, came the kids, the forgotten ones, using their irrelevance to maximum effect, moving in packs of up to a hundred, fast and determined, grabbing everything they passed, snapping camera straps from clenched fists, handbags, pockets, jackets, ornaments, vanishing into the solid mass of the throng before the loss had reached the victims throat.

Karma. The dark side of anarchy. Mutant children. Generating panic for the hell of it and sharing the same mind-blistering sweetness in the results.

Some of them were only ten years old.

It was the revolution.

Unplanned, uncaring and without generals, the black kids were having a revolution.

No surprise. In the tower-block prison camps of the working class white punks are Zeroxing nihilism with their 'No future' muzak turned up full blast. In the ghetto, when Carnival slips the leash, black punks tear up the present. What does come as a surprise, that night, under the Westway, the older blacks beat the shit out of their own revolution in a bizarre arena of riot shields to a stadium full of police.

It was an amazing sight.

The bands had quit at six and the crowds had disappeared quickly, leaving their disappointment and anxiety hanging in the air. And into that vacuum had moved the police; in force.

The kids had gathered at the Westway, scene of last year's victorious battle and by nine o'clock it had become a maelstrom, sucking in curious whites and spitting them out robbed and battered.

Warm-up bouts.

Darkness fell and roaming camera lights turned the packed heads into a macabre spot-dance competition in the Ballroom of Violence. Police blocked all but one exit road and lined the motorway and railroad that swung overhead. Wall-flowers at the Dance of Death.

By the time the P.A. system shut down the screaming roar of the riot had made it irrelevant and its final instruction to "go to your homes" was just the D.J.'s way of saying, "I'm baling out. If you're smart you'll bale out too."

Nobody baled out.

The riot moved into second gear. Stewards were wading in with clubs and boots now. White tee-shirted antibodies trying to raise the temperature enough to burn off the hostilities.

But for a moment it seemed as though they would lose. It showed in the way they fought. No quarter. Fear adding savagery to every blow. Kids the same age as their younger brothers felled without hesitation. I saw a steward angrily dragging a moaning white man out of the crush with blood pouring from his kidneys.

It was Spartacus R. in a white tee-shirt inscribed "Carnival 77" His face is almost unrecognisable with rage.

"We'll be jumping up and stumping until we stop.
Funky Carnival".

It was a closely fought battle, but by the time the kids turned on the cops they were already decimated. And the police the coup-de-grace with masterly discipline.

A well-marshalled rank of riot shields moved forward with the cry of the football hooligan in their throats and seized the centre of the arena. Two more ranks came up in close support. They waited under a thunderstorm of cans and bottled until their right flank was charged and support troops moved in to crush the culprits. And then, with astonishing ease, they fanned out under the Westway and the whole arena was theirs.

The Carnival was over.

The Police ran the last float and it was a winner.

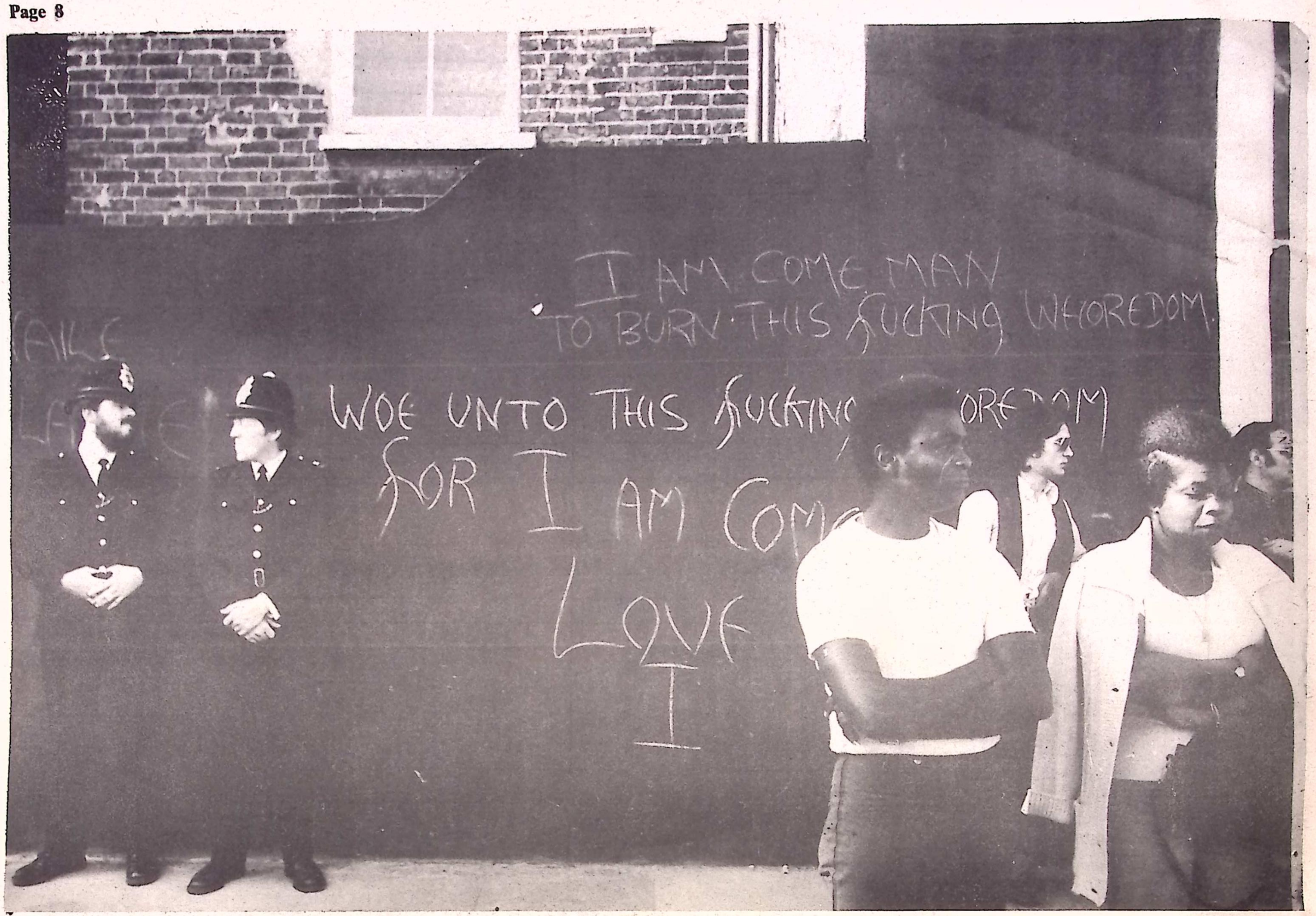
The revolution had turned into a bunch of kids scattering

RECORDS
& TAPES

Battle formation: Sergeant take the shield, constable cower behind.

Not everyone came dressed for battle.

God can give your whole body an orgasm when you die, if you spend your life in divine foreplay.



The writing is on the wall but the police and the locals are paying no attention.

off through the side-streets wondering whether to break a window on their way home.

The Police had taken all the honours and the news went through them like a warm wind. Further up the Portobello Road the mobs of police holding every intersection like fierbreaks against the blaze of violence they had expected, almost sagged with relief as they realized the attack would never come. They queued in the Kentucky Fried Chicken and sat on the kerb with their helmets in the gutter swinging cans of Coke. Sightseers picked across the scene of the riot in casual crowds and suddently it's a warm night and it would be nice to see a steel band coming down the street. The press and the cameras go home. The police buses move in and start to load up their troops. The pubs close. Goodnight Carnival. See you next year. Curtain. Applause. Fade out.

But wait! What's this? Suddenly there's an unscheduled programme. And it's something totally new: With all the skill and training they had shown in the earlier struggle the police moved in on the Mangrove Restaurant and trashed it. Thoroughly.

A Cold-blooded Police Riot.

A Vendetta.

The Mangrove Restaurant started serving good soul food 16 years ago. Frank the owner doesn't throw people out if they want to hang out there. It is a good place to hang out if you're black, jobless or in trouble. After 16 years the Mangrove still serves good soul food but those who can't take the heat there, don't eat there.

Two weeks before Carnival the police smashed through the doors with iron bars, turned everyone into the street and made several immediate busts. They have been doing this for sixteen years.

Tonight, elated by their success, but over-adrenalised and over-manned, they decided to do it again. Properly.

It was the most lunatic scene of the entire Carnival. The clearest expression of insensate violence yet seen. They blocked the road North of the Mangrove with riot shields. They blocked the road South of the Mangrove with riot shields and, on the word of command they began to move slowly forward like something latter-day adaptation of Edgar Allen Poe's shrinking room. The walls closed until only Frank stood between them, arms outstretched shouting "What the fuck do you think you're doing? What the fuck do you think you're doing?" one hand against each transparent wall, seeming to hold them apart like some Herculean black Bella Lugosi, and the police, staring impassively through the perspex, slammed the door shut on him.

It took them all of thirty seconds to win the street and in another five minutes they had trashed the Mangrove and cleared it. Several people were hospitalised, police threw injured blacks out of ambulances where they had staggered for help, a woman with a babe in arms was truncheoned. The babe was truncheoned too. Customers were hurled through windows. It was a nightmare in silver buttons. Outside in the street the glittering lines of riot shields broke and reformed with a precision *that must have gladdened their* trainer's heart. *They seemed not to notice the absence of the* enemy. The kids had gone, the Mangrove was crushed. But for twenty minutes they treated a bemused audience to a carnival contribution from hell, performing every step they knew from the ballet of rage and fear. There was a moment when, on the word of command, a section of crouching police stood up behind their sheilds and with a bold cry rushed as one man to form a wall in the middle of the crossroads. They stood poised and ready while absolutely nothing happened. Then, almost out of embarrasment and a courteous desire to smooth over an awkward moment, a fat matron in full Carnival fig blew a silver whistle. In a twinkling the police flank moved to face this new menace. A speculative bottle emerged from the rear right and the line responded by bending into a U shape. The sight of this mob of toughs doing the death and glory shuffle in the middle of a deserted crossroads provoked a loud laugh from a balcony to the centre rear. And strike us all down if the boys in blue didn't close to the rear so that the whole foolish gang stood back to back facing nothing on every side.

A quiet tea-time moment among the crowds.

Such insanity was bound to attrack the kids back. Such an elaborate rain-dance could not fail. And from the tops of the surrounding buildings it began to fall—showers of flying grass, gouts of printed tin, cloudbursts of broken wood, spattering ineffectually on the unresponsibe plastic shields. Ammunition ran out, the kids retreated, the police followed, pushing them carefully round the block, and off into the neutral darkness of other postal districts.

"How the hell," said someone outside the smashed and silent Mangrove staunching a dripping face-wound, "do we explain all this to the kids?"

Now people say that something should be done.
Sure something must be done.
They could break the tower blocks and the motorway into fist-sized chunks. They should stuff the rubble back into the hills from where it was dragged. Then they could give a hand rebuilding the villages that have been killed. Just a hand. No one wants anyone else to do their thinking. They could tell the local law to stop making war and fire the ones that don't want to know. Sure something should be done. But it will not be done by people with the mentality of Red Cross men on a visit from another star. And it will not be done by the pathetic hustlers who promise everything and can deliver nothing but yesterday's stale horror on tomorrow's warm toast.
It might be done by the kids.
But that's what we always say.
They might have started tonight
But we stopped them.
Funky Carnival.

Bradley Martin |Max Handley and Mike Lesser

Max Handley's latest novel "Meanwhile", a myth-fiction account of a sexually segregated world, will be published by Arlington Books in September.

Other Festival News

UBI

ON Saturday 150 hippies turned up for a festival. The police diverted them all to Chobham Common, a bleak wilderness that had been tentatively offered just before Watchfield.

Sunday, 28 August, 30 of us arrived for the Coronation ceremony. Scores of police — we ignored them, determined to do our business.

The Superintendent came up and said "What you are doing is in breach of the regulations controlling this park, but you can do it provided you don't take too long about it." "Half an hour is enough." Agreement was reached. Assistant Chief Constable comes up and says "This is OK, but you'll never have a festival here again."

We went ahead with what had been agreed and elected a King unanimously whose first job is to organise a festival of all the people in Windsor Great Park for three days 26, 27, 28 August, 1978.

Dear "IT",

Thank you.

So much for the pulling power of your organ:

I bicycled 20 miles to Virginia Water on August bank holiday Saturday, for the Windsor coronation festival you advertised, and apart from a policeman at the gate who searched me and took my name and address, I met no one aware that anything special was happening, and ate my picnic in solitary splendour. *This must* be a record attendance for a festival.

With best wishes,
Nicholas Carr-Saunders.

A new edition of Nicholas Carr-Saunders' money spinning ALTERNATIVE LONDON has just been published by Wildwood House. Now it costs £1.95. Usual array of information prepared by underpaid researchers.

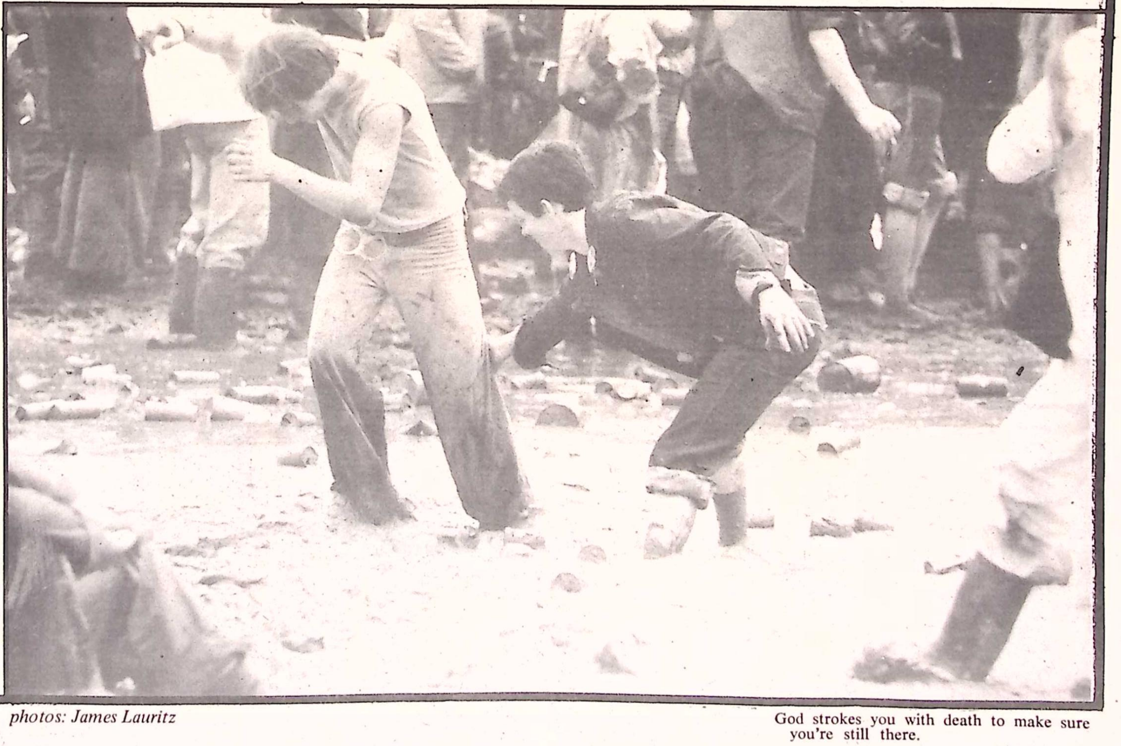
YELLOW TIPI

THE People's Yellow Tipi has vanished! It was last seen at Meigan, where it was left in the hands of a couple from Newcastle on their way to Africa. Apparently they took the canvas and the farmer who owned the land smashed the poles in retaliation for damage done to his fences — one can only suppose that the accumulation of nasty Karma had to take its toll in the end. Anyway "The People" need not worry because another incarnation is in labour pains right now and may be born at the People's Free or soon after.

SMOKE IN

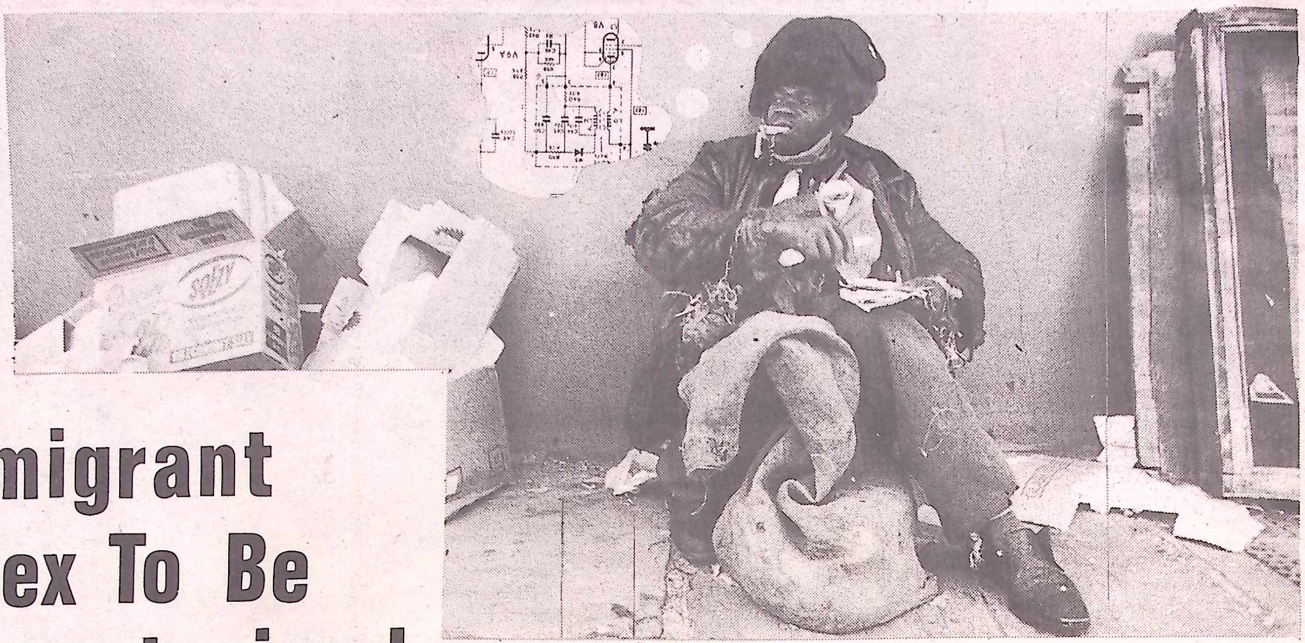
One of the most interesting things about the Hyde-Park Smoke-In on September 10th was that it went off almost without a mention in the national press. Between two and three thousand dope-freaks turned up from all over the country and got good and stoned in the sunlight. Then they wandered off to see Buckingham Palace or Trafalgar Square and the Houses of Parliament and got good and stoned there too. It seems that nobody cares very much about people breaking the dope laws any more. Too bad Parliament don't acknowledge the fact and let police and smokers off the hook.

Reading was a rip-off: a commercial profit-making festival that offered less to the people than the worst of the Free At least the sleeping was soft.



photos: James Lauritz

God strokes you with death to make sure you're still there.



Immigrant Index To Be Computerised

THE Home Office Under-Secretary, Dr. Shirley Summerskill, last week denied that her department had any computer in which there were special facilities for the storage of information on immigrant communities.

However, replying to Mr. Arthur Lewis (Lab.) she admitted that the government was examining the possibility of using a computer to maintain an index — now kept manually — of arrivals and departures of passengers subject to immigration control.

Dr. Summerskill also disclosed to the House that the government was considering computerised issue and renewal of licences for private radio operators.

"For the police, plans are in hand for an index of wanted and missing persons, and the Metropolitan Police are developing programmes for the control of vehicle fleet maintenance."

"In addition, a computer system is being planned to handle information held by the Metropolitan Police about crime, criminals and other associates. This computer system is yet to be installed."

Mr. Lewis then quizzed Dr. Summerskill about the computer centres in England and Wales for which the Home Office was responsible.

He was told that these included: Police National Computer Unit which operates on behalf of police authorities throughout the UK, has about 450 staff, twin central processors with a core capacity of 547K words and information relating to the prevention and detection of crime. The service is available only to the police.

Home Office and Metropolitan Police Joint ADP Unit which has about 500 staff, five central processors of 768K words and information both on Metropolitan Police matters, chiefly pay, personnel records, traffic tickets, catering accounts, vehicle fleet management, forensic work, and on Home Office matters, chiefly pay, a location index of inmates of prison service establishments and statistical work including criminal statistics.

Radio Regulatory computer installation which employs three Home Office staff, the majority of the programming work being carried out by commercial contract. The central processor units have a total core capacity of 208K words and deal with the allocation of private mobile radio frequencies.

Smaller installations include one with a capacity of 28K words used in stock control at Home Office supply and transport depots, and a scientific computer with 16K words' capacity used for research and programme developments as part of the technical support provided by the Home Office to police forces in England and Wales.

In another written reply, Dr. Summerskill revealed that a total of £14,064,000 in capital expenditure had gone on computers for which the Home Office was responsible during the last 10 years.

A further £12,092,000 had been devoted to current expenditure on goods and services.

More Cop Robberies

WHAT can you do when the cops come araidin' and make off with your property? Not a lot actually. As Jim Sharpley of Woking discovered the other week. The cops took a load of his gear and although they didn't charge him refused to return *his property.* He appealed *to the courts under the* Property *Act 1897.* The cops argued *that the* goods were similar to stuff bought with fraudulent cheques. So the magistrates allowed the cops to sell the goods, splitting the money three ways — the bank, the cops and the court. Why had the cops done Jim Sharpley in the first place? Well, the naughty boy had actually dared to produce a leaflet naming corrupt Woking cops!

What Jim should have done is to have applied for an injunction in the High Court immediately following the seizure of the goods for their return, swearing an affadavit listing the goods taken and evidence of ownership. This doesn't get the goods returned immediately (the Judges refuse such injunctions as a matter of course) but it does have the effect of embarrassing the cops sufficiently that they usually decide that it's better to return them than to face the unwelcome publicity if they don't.

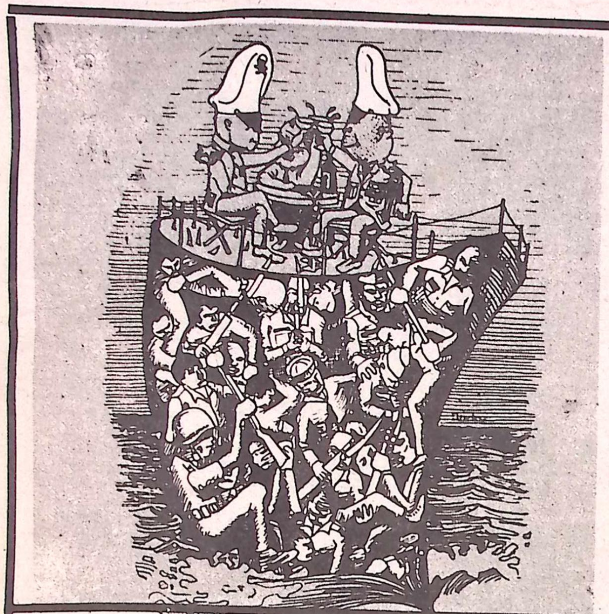
Source: PROP.

Ex-D.C. Detained As Terrorist

AN ex-cop, who worked at Scotland Yard as a Detective Constable until October 1950, was detained under the Prevention of Terrorism Act last February as he was returning from holiday in Ireland. Like most people held under the Act he has not been charged with any offence. Since he has no involvement with Irish politics and his record as a police officer was described as "exemplary" it seems a mystery as to why he was arrested. A mystery that is until one realises that the ex-cop now works for the Post Office and is an active member of the Post Office Workers Union.

Source: NCCL, Rights Magazine.

God coats all your arteries with tiger balm.



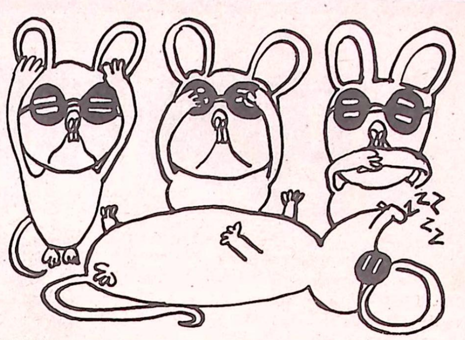
Cities for Racist Immigrants in Bolivia

GENERAL Hugo Banzer's government took another step in its plans to attract white immigrants from South Africa, Namibia and Rhodesia, when it announced its plans to build two cities in the eastern part of the country.

A decree approved by the Banzer cabinet earmarked $120,000 (from Venezuelan credits for $1,000,000) for the costs of the commission which will decide on the feasibility of both projects.

The two-cities project will be carried out in the region offered by the Bolivian military government for the settlement of white settlers.

Bolivian officials have recently expressed the regime's interest in receiving 150,000 immigrants from Rhodesia, South Africa and Namibia.
From "Direct from Cuba".



Wilson And The Secret Service

WITH all governments, official statements are interesting more for what they don't say rather than what the do. This has been proved yet again over the allegations that the Labour government under Wilson was kept under permanent surveillance by the Secret Services. Callaghan issued a denial stating that Wilson had not been bugged and that No. 10 Downing Street had also not been bugged. Seems clear enough except when you read between the lines. The statement only referred to "bugging" and when the "government spokesman" was cross-questioned about this he reluctantly admitted that the statement only referred to electronic surveillance. Significantly he declined to comment on whether or not there had been any physical surveillance. It has been known for some years that both the upper echelons of the Labour Party and the TUC have been infiltrated by members of DI5 (more usually known as MI5). These agents have been far more active and more dangerous than any supposed communist infiltrators.

Ray Guns Over Entebbe

THE real reason for Israel's successful invasion of Entebbe Airport in Uganda last year has at last been revealed. It didn't have anything to do with Israel's military expertise, or the fact that they were fighting Africans (one of the more racist reasons Israel advanced), or surprise. It was all due to a "ray-gun" invented by a Canadian electrician. He developed a "freezing-ray" which can freeze any moving part — from a gun's trigger to a car engine. The Israelis used this ray to freeze the Entebbe radar en route to the airport, thus enabling them to swoop down on the airport without being noticed by the Ugandans.

Technicolour Night -Mouse Trips Out

THANKS to the pesticide industry, many of the Minnie, Mickey, and even Mighty Mouse mates have been confined to the dustbin. But the boffins at Rentokil didn't reckon with Junkie Mouse.

Things like Scram, which are supposed to drive them into your neighbour's house, don't. The more brazen of the species eat Warfarin for breakfast. So Rentokil laboratories came up with a novel idea based on what the Government does to old people in winter. The mice are fed a tasty bait which contains a narcotic and a hypothermia inducing agent. The little creature is supposed to eat it, lie down, take off on an amazing tremulous mind-bending trip and as he is about to enter the great technicolour mouse-nest he dies of hypothermia.

But they didn't reckon with the modern-living sensible mice. They live in centrally heated accommodation. They eat the bait, retire to their warm nests and blast their brains out on pure Rentokil Gold. They feel a bit goofy in the morning but then get up and search for the next trip!
(Source: "Freep News," Manchester.)

Wilhelm : Reich or Wrong

AFTER many years' struggle against fascist elements and anti-life authorities in Europe, *Reich went to the USA. Arriving* a few days before the beginning of WWII he immediately created an institute for the study of Orgone Energy. When interest in his ideas grew the US authorities began their harassment of him. Eventually they sent him to prison and burned his books — including "The Mass Psychology of Fascism", a most important study of fascism — at the Gansvoort Incinerator, New York. Eighteen months later on 3 November 1957 Reich was "found dead in his cell" apparently from a "heart attack". Whilst in prison Reich had written a book entitled "CREATION". The fate of this manuscript is unknown. A campaign is being mounted across Europe to get the US authorities to release this book in time for the twentieth anniversary of his death. If you want to know what happened to Reich's last manuscript write to Norman A. Carlson, Director, Bureau of Prisons, US Department of Justice, Washington DC 20537, USA.
Source: Hapotoc Rebel, Holland.

Do The Met. Pay Income Tax?

LAST week in South London various busts were carried out by police arriving in a black hackney carriage registration number GYR 569N. Please be careful. Any car with the letters —YR or —YP is probably owned by the Metropolitan Police. One wonders how much taxicab revenue disappears into police pockets.

ALTHOUGH DS Michael Carrington has recently been suspended from the Scotland Yard Drug Squad, his crony DS Alan Dolman is still at large, in his role as agent provocateur. His modus operandi includes hassling people to get him large quantities of drugs (any variety) and flashing bundles of banknotes (up to £10,000) to prove he means business. Our last report describes him as being about 30 years old, thick set, blond and clean shaven.

Monopoly Champs Glow In The Dark

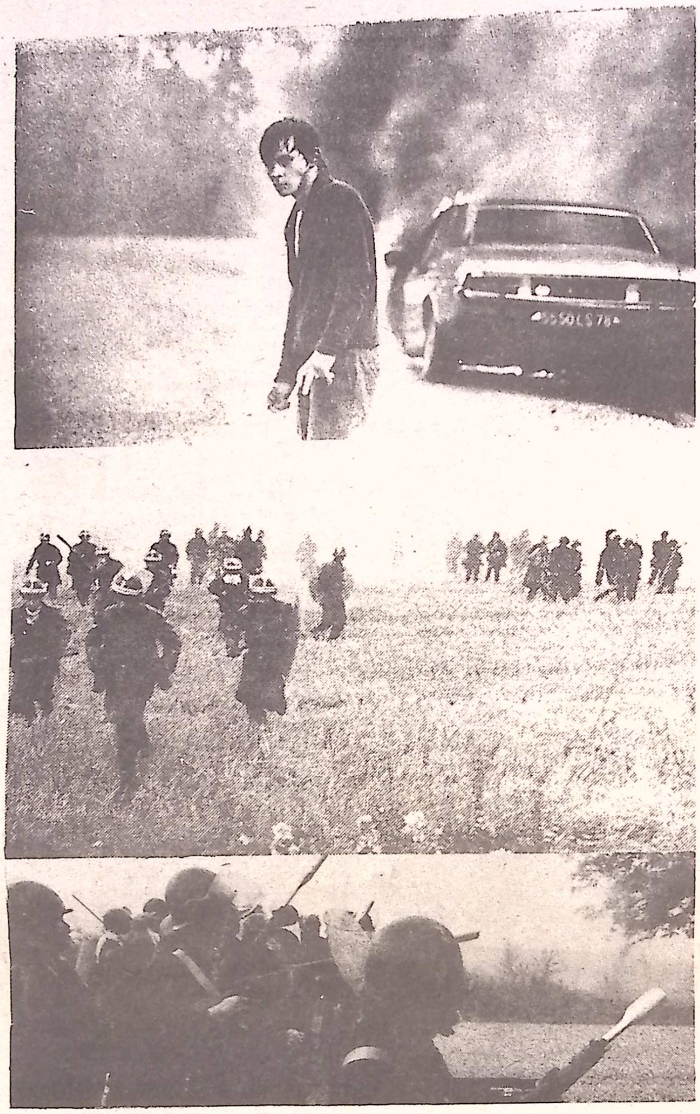
THE search for favourable publicity for the nuclear industry continues apace. Their latest fillip is Monopoly. The organisers of the British Monopoly Championship asked the Electricity Board for an "Electric Company" to play in. The CEGB rubbed their hands with glee at the chance, and sited the championship contenders directly over the pile of the Oldbury-on-Severn Nuclear Power Station presumably in an attempt to show how safe it was. But since they are having to issue all competitors with protective clothing and "film-badges" to monitor the extent of exposure to radiation it would seem that they aren't all that confident of its safety.

Neutron Bomb Supported

NATO Secretary General Dr. Joseph Luns has "vigorously urged" Jimmy Carter to order development of the neutron bomb. NATO, which enjoys about as much independence from the Pentagon as Czechoslovakia does from Moscow, has decided that the bomb, the perfect capitalists weapon (it kills people but leaves property undamaged), would "lessen the risks to civilians" and make war "less likely". To us cynics at "IT" it seems that a bomb which didn't destroy all that costly property was exactly the type of weapon that would make war more of an "economically viable activity" (the criteria used by the Pentagon).

God is the only wavelength which can't be bent.

EURO-BREEDER COME WHAT MAY



On the front lines at Malville

Despite bloody assaults upon the nuclear hardware set in the fields of France. Despite near-riotous mass marching in Germany and Italy. Despite the polite manoeuvres of bewigged British debate, the plans for a nuclear Europe remain unchanged.

There *will* be fast breeders.

And Britain will be pushing harder than anyone else.

On joining the EEC, Britain became a co-signatory to the Euratom Treaty of March 25, 1957.

Article One reads:

"It shall be the task of the Community to contribute to the raising of the standard of living. in the Member States and to the development of relations with the other countries by creating the conditions necessary for the speedy establishment and growth of nuclear industries."

Committed by treaty to nuclear proliferation, British Nuclear Fuels Ltd., a government owned company, has moved into the world nukes business with great speed and skill. The Company owns just under half the shares in the entire Dutch, German, French, Italian and Japanese Nuclear Fuel Reprocessing Industry.

The long-term strategy of the UK nuclear programme is clear: to fight off attacks on the industry through successive inquiries, pursuing a political decision long since made.

One of the major factors in Britain's decision to join the EEC in 1973 was the prospect of promoting our already vast nuclear power programme, enabling BNFL to join Cogema of France and Kewa of Germany in a massive reprocessing monopoly—United Reprocessors GmbH (URG).

On October 18 this year the URG will put to the Council of Ministers two proposals concerning development of the Fast Breeder Programme and the Reprocessing Programme. They will ask for £3–6 billion to cover their costs.

If this goes through then any further debate on the lines of the current Windscale Inquiry is pissing in the wind.

We will have a Compulsory Nuclear Society.

ACCIDENTAL AGONY

Unfortunately this Compulsory Nuclear Society is run by Bunglers. A cursory list of nuclear accidents reads like a rehearsal for World War III. (see box)

On October 8 1957, II tones of uranium caught fire because the physicist in charge had no instruction manual. 20,000 curies (sic) of Iodine-131 were spread over Cumbria and two million litres of milk had to be poured into the river. Contaminated grass contaminated the cows who contaminated the milk and reactors one and two were filled in with concrete.

RADIATION BITES SLOW BUT IT BITES HARD

Now, twenty years later, the level of plutonium in the sea off Cumbria is several times higher than in the Pacific Ocean near the A-bomb test sites. Yet our nuclear reactors still pump out Iodine 131—a cause of thyroid cancer—as well as Caesium, Krypton and a host of friends. Windscale alone discharges 75% of the UK's contaminated waste directly into the Irish Sea where the Caesium 137 concentrates readily in the fish, as do Strontium 90 Ruthenium 106 and Cerium 144. Of Windscale's plutonium and Americium discharge the Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution (para 351, p 135) said "it is very difficult to predict what will happen to these radioisotopes in the future."

In this case "the future" means 250,000 years.

One thing is certain—some of it will be going round and round the food chain—a macabre heirloom for generations unborn.

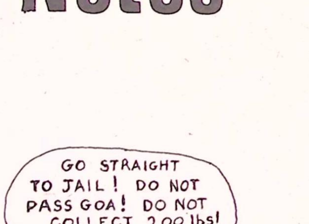
The Public Inquiry at Windscale is winding to a close. British Nuclear Fuels Ltd have defended their application to develop the Windscale site against eight different anti-nuke groups. Of those yet to speak only one the Windscale Appeal—will touch on the political reasons for the applications and press for the issues to be considered against this background. They claim that £20,000 will buy them "a top QC, a junior counsel and a fleet of solicitors who are vital to sort out all the legal complexities."

This may be your last chance to buy yourself out of a Pan-European struggle along the lines of Malville.

It could be cheap at the price.

Windscale Appeal, 19 Cheyne Walk, London S.W.3.

Travel Notes



GO STRAIGHT TO JAIL! DO NOT PASS GOA! DO NOT COLLECT 200 lbs!

God is a supreme whore who can be bought with your love.

Pahalgoin, Kashmir

I HAVE just passed through Pakistan, and I would like to pass on a word of warning. AVOID LAHORE! Lahore was never one of my favourite places, but now the rip off scene at hotels has gotten out of hand. It is not just isolated incidents, but practically every traveller I talk to has either been ripped off, nearly ripped off, or knows someone who was ripped off. It would do no good to name specific hotels. The same tricks are pulled at many different hotels, and these hotels change their names very frequently to avoid bad publicity. Some are even on the tourist offices' recommended list.

The going trick at the moment is that you are met at the station by someone offering a room at a very reasonable price. At the hotel they will tell you stories of all the malaria in India, and how many travellers get it. The solution is a free massage with their special mosquito oils which keeps the mosquitos away for a month. They will try very hard to get you to take off all your clothes (including money belt, etc.). Then a large number of travellers' cheques will disappear always taken from the centre of the wad to avoid immediate detection. Going to the police will bring little or no action. According to one source, with the tremendous take these hotels are making they can afford to pay off the police. Other tricks include the old second key routine, etc.

If you must stay in Lahore stay at the YMCA or pay a little more for a better hotel. Best though is to catch a number 12 bus to "Wagha Border" from right in front of the station and get the fuck out! It's only a couple more hours to Amritsar, and it's a lot better than staying in Lahore.

Pakistan in general has deteriorated greatly in the four years since I was there last. The people have no pride anymore, and it's a generally unpleasant place to be. The north (Swat, Chitrat, etc.) are nice but Indian Kashmir is so much nicer, even with the hussle of places like Srinagar. The only advantages to Pakistan is dope is cheaper, but even this is usually cut now.

Pakistan is falling apart, and it will take more than a new government to put it back even to functioning order. In the meantime if you choose to stay, don't say I didn't warn you.

PS. There are buses from the border to Amritsar at least every hour in spite of what the taxi drivers tell you.

Morocco

GETTING there via either Sans Sebastian in the West or Port Bou in the East in the summer are the shits as routes . . . straight through the Pyrenees from Dau in France to Zaragoa on smallish roads, is beautiful (central Pyrenees) and hitching's good. Watch out about getting stuck in S.W. Spain. We spent a whole day fucking about near Cadiz — a complete waste of time. Just don't go anywhere near Seville. Hitching is very tough indeed.

Once in Morocco it's totally different. At the Central customs, take no shit (and don't buy any either) from the taxi drivers. Just walk on down the road to the first village (a couple of miles) and hitch on the other side of it. We had no trouble at all hitching in Morocco even late at night. On the way back there were three of us (men) and it's certainly easier for the number of vehicles than say Spain. Always refuse drivers who ask a price. There's plenty who don't.

If your on the ultra-limited budget as we were then try and get into eating dried figs. They are great roadside food with bread and work out about 10p a pound. Bowls of hot soup all over for 30-50 centimes (a few pence).

The Army will give lifts down here as well, which they won't do in the north. Keep your cool at the Maroc/Algerian border. They ask some dumb questions and to ease their boredom (poor guys) may invent stories about you. If you've got a story for one reason or another then make sure you stick to it. On the Algerian side Pete was strip-searched 'cos they found some Rizlas in his pocket. They're equally heavy about money. The currency declaration is more important than it might appear. *Don't* lose it. Two Germans we met at the border were clapped in a cell there because they'd lost their form and were leaving Algeria. Lastly if you use this route into the Sahara, it's a 9 km. walk from Figuig to Beni Ounit.

NUCLEAR ACCIDENTS

DATE	COUNTRY	REACTOR	FAULT	RESULT
12 Dec 1952	Canada	NRX at Chalk River.	Almost complete failure of scramrod system.	Explosions destroyed core. 4 million ltrs of radio-active light-water coolant leaked.
29 Nov 1955	USA	EBR-1 Detroit?	Operator used slow-acting scram rods to reduce core temp after a coolant test.	Serious fuel meltdown. core destroyed. Chairman of AEC not informed.
11 Sep 1957	USA	AEC's plant at Rocky Flats in Colorado.	Scrap plutonium stored in open cans inside a huge "Glove -Box" chamber ignited spontaneously setting the chamber alight.	Damage costing $818,600
8 Oct 1957	UK	Windscale No: 1	Inadequately brief physicist did not carry out Wigner Release+ thermocouples did not show temp of hottest part of the core.	11 tonnes of Uranium caught fire. 20,000 curies of Iodine–131 spread over Cumbria, 2 million litres milk ruined. Reactors 1,2 filled with concrete.
25 May 1958	Canada	NRU at Chalk River.	Refuelling room fire.	400,000 sq.m. around the building contaminated.
3 Jan 1961	USA	Stationary Low-Power Reactor No.1.	Central Control Rod No: 9 pulled 50 cms out of core instead of 10 cms.	Core instantly went super critical; resulting steam explosion killed Legg & McKinley. Byrnes cut down by radiation. No access for 20 days, both buried in lead-lined vaults. etc.
8 Jan 1963	USA	Eazor Trucking Terminal, Jersey City.	Wrongly-labelled, wrongly-packaged and transported against regulations: a 40 litre glass carboy with plutonium in solution.	Carboy leaked a puddle of solution until turned over. Some may have seeped through a cut in Edward Gleason hand. In 1966 he developed cancer, in 1968 he had his left hand, arm and part of his left shoulder amputated. After a court decision against him, he died.
April 1963	USA	USS Thresher off Cape Cod.	Nuclear sub. made a deep test dive.	Never resurfaced due to a reactor accident: likely cause: faulty pipe welds.
Aug 1964	Owned by USA	Space vehicle powered by a radiotope generator.	Burnt-up in re-entry into atmosphere.	17 kilo Curies of plutonium 238 added to atmospheric burden of radioactivity from weapons tests. Pu-238 has a ½ life of 87 years, but a very high specific activity.
October 1965	USA	AEC's plant at Rocky Flats in Colorado.	Two further serious glove-box fires.	Damage costing S40,000 and fire on 15th Oct gave 25 workers up to 17 times the maximum exposure.
Jan 1966	USA	Palomares in Spain.	US B052 Bomber crashed with 4 H-bombs. Plutonium from one bomb was scattered in all directions on impact by high explosive inside.	American clean-up team stripped 2.4 sq.kms of all vegetation, and loaded 2.2 hectares of soil and vegetation into drums for burial at Savannah River in USA. One H-bomb had to be dredged from the Mediterranean flood.
5 Oct 1966	USA	Enrico-Fermi 1 Fast Breeder	Zirconium triangle dislodged partially blocking sodium coolant flow.	Fuel pins melted. Reactor shut down, fault found after 1 year of investigation.
[illegible]1 Jan 1969	Switzerland.	Lucens	Loss of coolant due to pressure tube fracture.	Serious contamination mainly in reactor cavern. Took 21 months for radiation to permit access. Reactor shut and used for waste storage.
11 May 1969	USA	AEC's plant at Rocky Flats in Colorado.	Another glove-box fire. Detectors positioned OUTSIDE the glove-box failed to sound alarms until fire was established.	Damage assessed @ $45 million plus S20 million of plutonium (2000kgs) was destroyed. On 20th May 1969, 9 days later, the AEC received Government funds for the repair and a major expansion programme.
5 Jun 1970	USA	Dresden II BWR, Chicago	Electrical fault automatically scrammed reactor.	Fuel rods damaged and replaced. Potentially very serious.
21 Jul 1970	USA	AEC's plant at Rocky Flats in Colorado.	Waste with Plutonium (1405 barrels) buried in and outside gates of Rocky Flats Plant.	Carefully dug-up on April 14 and taken to an authorised burial site. Plus contaminated earth.
8 Dec 1971	USA	Dresden III BWR, Chicago	As above, fluctuating water levels.	Incorrect safety procedure followed. Loss of coolant accident could have occurred.
Early 1972	USA	Hanford, Wash, State.	AEC reveal that over a period of years they have dumped 300kgs of plutonium.	The soil beneath the trench selectively absorbed the plutonium so that a nuclear explosion was possible. It cost S1.9 million to dig up trench Z-9 1972, and because of no alternative. AEC continued to dump plutonium wastes into trench Z-18 nearby.
12 Apr 1972	West Germany.	Wuergassen BWR.	Safety procedures not followed after pressure valve open.	Reactor scrammed. Drywell chamber damaged and elec. gear. 2 year shutdown.
21st Dec 1972	USA	Plutonium fabrication facility of Gulf Uniter at Pawling, New York, USA	Severe fire damage causes two explosions.	'Undetermined' amount of plutonium scattered in the surrounding area. Plant permanently shut down.
28 Aug 1974	Japan	N.S. Mutsu PWR.	Immediate radiation leak during sea trials.	Failure to repair leak with boiled rice and old socks resulted in ship being unable to return to port for 45 days. Also due to local opposition at home port by fishermen.
November 1974	USA	Kerr-McGee facility, Crescent, Oklahoma, USA	Employee, Karen Silkwood killed en route to meet reporter from the New York Times with evidence revealing malpractice in the plutonium facility. Officials of the Oil, Chemical, and Automic Workers International suspect the car she died in was forced off the road. No evidence was found in the wreckage of the car.	Facility closed in 1975 amid bitter controversy.
22 Mar 1975	USA	Brown's Ferry BWR I & II in Alabama	Cable fire caused by electrician checking draught flow with a candle.	Reactors scrammed after fire spread from one to the other. Core-cooling systems in Unit I destroyed. Cost $40 million in lost electricity output alone.

Send us your corrections and additions

uses two of the seven rays as a roach holder.

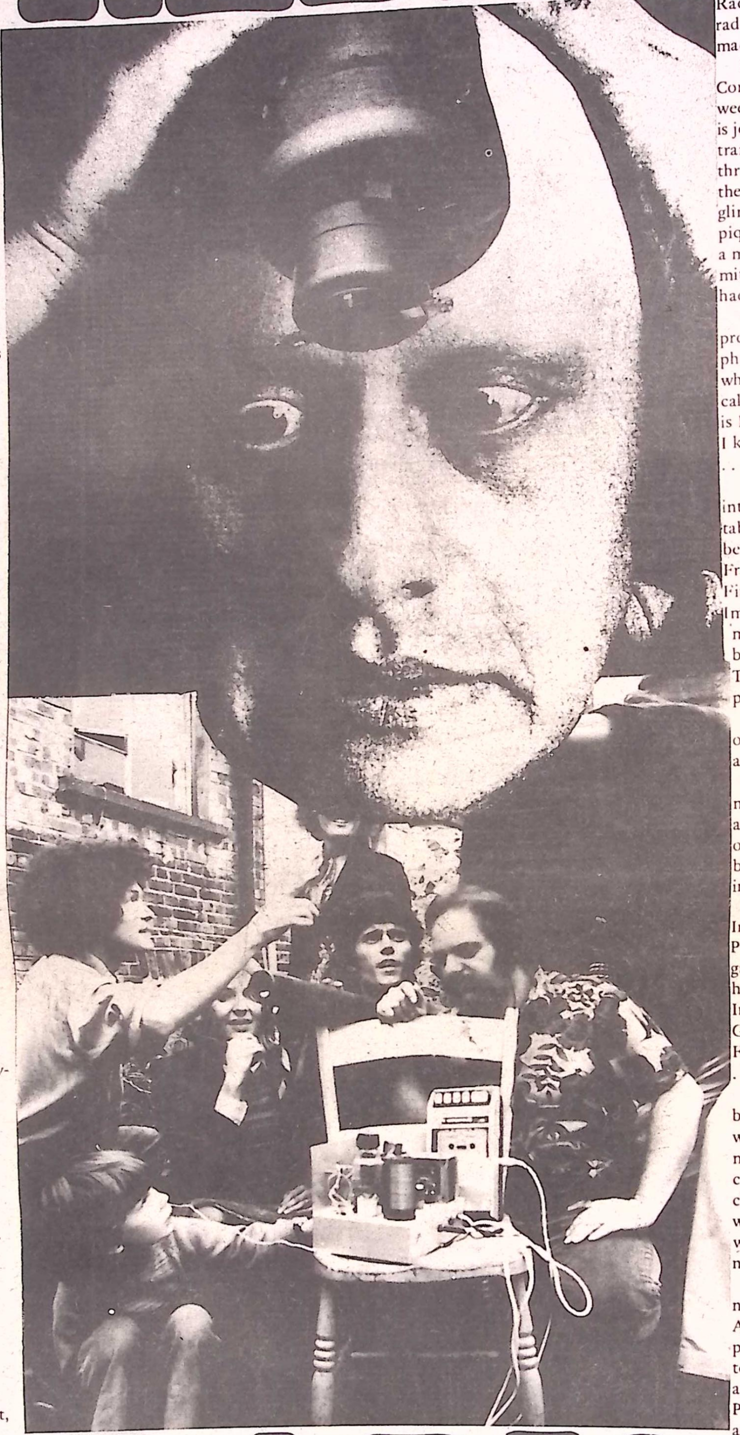
Heathcote Williams

REBEL REBEL RADIO

RADIO

RADIO

REBEL



"There is no pleasure without communication."
–Montaigne

A two hundred and fifty foot length of stripped copper wire is slung down from a tower block in Camden Town to the window of a derelict piano factory, and slipped into the back of a glowing transmitter that's twitching and sparking with stolen juice.

Four look-outs are posted around the site, keeping their eyes skinned for GPO detector vans, and one person sits in a phone box to relay phoned-in messages.

A rough transmission line-up is worked out. The precious crystal which dictates the wavelength, and which has been hand-filed is stripped into the TX.

The audio-jack is plugged in and whatever is the current taboo record forms the call-sign on Clandestine Radio, Rebel Radio, Radio Babel, Radio Global Ecstasy . . . its name depending on the whims of the broadcasters.

"Never submit – transmit! Lower your living level and lengthen your wavelength. This is Rebel Radio broadcasting on 225 Medium Wave, 1331 Kilohertz."

The number of the phone-box is given out and a list of available squats read out. Lenny Bruce Lee does a gag show: "Listen, there were these two Irishmen, now if there are any Irishmen in the audience, there were these two Scotsmen . . . now if there are any Scotsmen in the audience there were these two West Indians . . . all right there were these two Chinamen . . . now if there are any . . . Listen, listen. There were these two Special Branch, now if there are any Special Branch in the audience tonight. BOLLOCKS!"

Brother Skylarpentron does an Alchemical Hour: "And now here are the latest market quotations. Everyone has been selling short weight. Downers were up on Thursday. Red Leb weighted with camel dung is going for twenty seven pounds, and there is some Paki black going about mixed with shoe polish at twelve for half an ozzie. In this afternoon's auction at Sotheby's a weight of Tibetan temple hash which came in prior to the Docker's strike failed to meet the reserve of five big ones. A spokesman for the importers denied rumours that the binding agent, consisting of the Dalai Lama's excrement, had been thinned with cat litter . . . A number of acid dealers have been burned, but cannabis-oil prices remained steady. Mandrax continues to waver, and the traffic in downers has remained staggering."

He then treats the audience to a pirate Stones tape of Cocksucker Blues sung by Jagger accompanying himself on acoustic guitar: "Oooh, when I get my ass fucked, when I get my cock sucked . . . I'm a lonely schoolboy in your town," the Fugs hymn to Marijuana, and a Harvard Lampoon pastiche of Joan Baez: "Pull the triggers, niggers; we're with you all the way. Right across the bay . . ."

The Windfuckers perform an Eco-Blast: on hydroponics, wind generation, solar energy et al . . . rewriting the Paris '68 slogan: sous les pavés un plage . . . "Under every street a garden!" A futurologist, Ira Einhorn, who's been working with kids who possess Geller-like powers claims that it's an ecological gift from the gods. "Who or three of them together can walk down the street, just splay their hands, and ten brain-damaging, lead-polluting cars are put out of action."

Norman Pilkington advertises the World Passport, an exquisite yippie scam which works ("Bullshit baffles brains the world over") and then presents Vedgie Hour: "Where does war begin? in the cry from the slaughter-houses. Let vegetation feed the nation!"

Wilf Walker presents an hour of Black Sounds: "How many bridges do we have to cross before we get to meet the boss?" Reggae, U. Roy singing Chalice in a Palace about turning on the Queen, early scat and tea-pad songs, and then the man in the phone box scuttles in with a list of messages and requests from listeners that he's picked up . . . Rebel Radio, the electromagnetic tongue in your ear, is working, but by now it's four in the morning and the G.P.O., known to pirates of the ether as the Gestapo, may have been putting their four million pounds a year detection network to some use: they can get a fix on a transmission to within fifty yards, and then, on arrival, simply look up to the sky for where the aerial ends up, or if it's dark, and the aerial wire is invisible against the night sky, then look for a house in the area that's seething with alien and noisy life-forms, and with the assistance of Betty Battenburg's bother boys, break the door in and seize the tangle of valves, coils, bleepers, capacitors, condensers, resistors, tweeters, tuners, mikes and decks, that make up the exquisite TX, highly dangerous to the powers that shouldn't be, and physically dangerous to the powers that are, because even though when it's speedily unplugged from the mains and two techno-loons are hot-footing it over the roof-tops, it still carries a lethal dose of the Goddess Elektra's aura.

The Armed Love Conspiracy guard is doubled up, and Article 19 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights (Rebel Radio's licensing authority) is solemnly read out: " 'Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression. This right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers . . .' Great Britain is a signatory of this United Nations charter but a lot she cares, gentle listener. The BBC and the Police have a monopoly of the airwaves with a couple of inroads made by Radio Crapitall and a couple of other chewing-gum radio stations, thanks to some lavish back-handers made to the wrong people in the wrong places . . ."

England spends 750 years a week watching Coronation Street, and about a thousand years a week listening to the Archers, and its right to do so is jealously guarded. On one Rebel Radio bust the transmitter was moved out over a garden wall and through the door of a house on the other side of the block. The G.P.O. and the Police caught a glimpse of the operation but too late, and out of pique seized a large biscuit tin from the venue, and a month later brought it into court with a transmitter cunningly built into it, which they claimed had been used in the operation.

All the listeners' requests and queries are processed, and phone-in tapes recorded in the phone-box are transmitted. Gideon aged twelve, who also manages "an impressionistic rock band called Renoir", presents a Kid's Lib session: "This is Rebel Radio broadcasting on 225 Medium Wave, I know you're out there. I can hear you breathing . . . Wages for Schoolchildren *now* . . ."

A deserter from the British Army in Belfast is interviewed – a medic who dropped his first acid tab on Bloody Sunday: "Rubber bullets, you really believe they use rubber bullets? One woman in Free Derry bared her arse at the swaddies and said, Fire a rubber bullet up my bum. They fired one. Imagine that. A solid lead durex. Fell down dead at my feet. . . and as for that lie about the S.A.S. not being there. They've been there for fucking years. They started the knee-capping and then the I.R.A. picked up on it . . ."

Then follows a tape of Bill Dwyer's trial, made occultly by someone sitting in the Press Gallery with a World Media Association card.

The Abdication of Queen Elizabeth II is transmitted as a news item by someone with a cut-glass accent, and anyone twiddling the dials and coming on the station by chance would be very tempted to believe that Wat Tyler is alive and well and living inside a radio valve.

Corrugated Iron is sung, to the tune of Any Old Iron, by the massed bands of the Ruff, Tuff, Creem Puff Estate Agency . . . "Corrugated Iron, Corrugated Iron, Brand New Corrugated Iron. Your house looks sweet, talk about a treat, Corrugated Iron from the Windows to the Street. No Water or Gas, and the Mains are Slashed. Can't even have a Fire On, and all you Got in your Window Box is . . . Corrugated Ir-On."

One of the Armed Love Conspiracy outside the building delivers herself of a piercing Pimpernel whistle indicating that a sinister-looking van is mooching around the site and the TX is immediately cut out, but not before Norman has brazenly chanted into the mike: "There's doom dots on the wall, and an H-Bomb wired to the door. You're welcome to come round, but you won't come round no more."

The man in the phone box brings back the good news that it's a false alarm and a swatch of messages. A bust in Willesden. "Will any insomniacs listening please come and tire themselves out by helping us to police the police." Five people have phoned in asking for the God Save the Queen by the Sex Pistols and someone offers some home-grown weed at ten quid an ounce . . ."I'll be flying a stunt kite on Primrose Hill next Sunday." Someone else is offering two rooms in a squat in Gospel Oak. "No Scorpios please," which provokes a small debate about whether this piece of cosmic racism should be transmitted or no. No one feels sufficiently anti-Scorpio to transmit it but it's decided that if he rings back to complain that this information didn't follow his generous offer then the cassette recorder could be loaned again to the guy on phone-box duty for him to record his reasons.

But suddenly a real detector van shrouded with wire cobwebs and escorted by four Panda cars surfaces two streets away.

The TX is turned back off, lights out, and the little nexus of dementoes hovering round the microphone yearning to lay their trips on a fifty mile radius of innocent souls urged into silence. The scorched earth routine starts rolling. The ether guards start a minor fracas in a nearby street, while the TX disappears over the roof-tops.

The only wavelength which can't be bent takes a deep breath for a week, inhaling all the news and noises that no other station dares to, and the condenser commandoes suss out a new site.

"Rebel Radio" will appear in a book of essays entitled "Severe Joy" to be published by Calder early next year.

SECRET VOICES

John Michel

John Michel is the author of many books including "View over Atlantis" (which helped precipitate contemporary interest in ley-lines,) and "City of Revelation" (a study of mathematics of sacred architecture)

IF you hear voices do not tell anyone, especially not a mad-doctor. It is one of the things they go by. Even if the voice or voices tell you to tell everyone, even if they give you a very important message for mankind and instruct you to proclaim it, it is best not to do so — at any rate not immediately. People who hear voices for the first time often think it's God (At last! But why me?); or they think it's an angel, or benevolent space persons. This can be disastrous, leading people to commit desperate outrages in the name of Jesus or the planet Venus. A good example is Dino Kraspedon, a Brazilian, who published in 1957 a very good UFO book, passing on the philosophy of his contact, a flying saucer captain, and giving details of his craft and how it worked. The book was called "My Contact with Flying Saucers". It is interesting, by the way, that the earliest utterances of the now vociferous ecology school are recorded in the books of UFO writers at the beginning of the 1950s, and appear as messages from the space brothers. Another first for THEM.

The consequence of Dino Kraspedon's contact was that he became a complete slave to his voices, visions and Venusians, and they rewarded him by passing on bits of prior information which enabled Kraspedon to run a very successful radio programme of predictions. He predicted correctly the assassination of Kennedy and many other things; and when he predicted an outbreak of terrorism in the capital, and it came to pass with the blowing up of power stations, police barracks and so on, his reputation soared. Then the police arrested the band responsible for the outrages, and Dino Kraspedon, caught red-handed, was found to be their leader. At his trial he was defiant, claimed to be acting as agent for the Venusians, threatened the judge with their retribution and quoted from his book, "The wave of Truth will one day break over you and submerge you". It was no use, of course, and he drew a sentence such that he has not again seen the light of day. Jesus freaks, millenium-mongers and new-agers of all times have fared the same way.

If you hear voices it may be a psychic leak letting in demonic babble, or it may be a dead creep trying to use you to do all the frightful things he wishes he had done in life, or it may be something that envies your possession of a body and wants to control it, or satanists or witches or a friend with a grievance and a diploma from Silver Mind Control. It is most unlikely to be God or Saint This or Guru That, which class of world-denizens has, or should have, better things to do than whisper revolutionary propaganda in poor people's ears. The best response is the conventional one, Why Me? The Californian prophet, Judd, in the mid-1960s asked that question when told by a voice that he had been chosen to lead people out to a high mountain which would be shown him. Why Me? Because, said the voice, you are so gullible. Contemporary sources say that the real reason was that he had done so much acid.

I heard a story in a shop in Bath about a local religious man who heard what he thought to be the voice of God telling him to give away all his money. He obeyed, but he found it so inconvenient being penniless, and people so laughed at him for it (they shall mock you and revile you, promises the Bible) that he committed suicide.

No doubt voices can be extremely helpful, and scientists and writers generally owe a great deal more to them than they care to admit. It is not the voices themselves that are bad or dangerous, but inexperienced, uncritical, literal-minded and unbalanced people who make them so. Like coincidences, they can be made use of, and many people consciously do so, but a trick they always play on the unwary is to lead them on, like Dino Kraspedon, into disastrous delusions. It is essential never to become dependent on them in any way. The moment you do so they turn from slave into tyrant. Initially Joan of Arc was led to brilliant victories by her voices, but they finally brought her to a ghastly death at the stake. The voices are not concerned with your interests but with their own. They will offer bribes and presents, and these may be accepted, cautiously, with respect, but if you come to rely on this dole it is likely to be cut off at the most embarrassing moment.

Let us locate the source of disembodied voices. Traditionalists refer them to spirits outside us: psychologists explain them as disturbances within. Two such perfectly matched opposite views immediately provokes the trained post-scientific mind to formulate a synthesis. As within so without. Spirits or mental derangements? Is the atom waves or particles? It's the same question with the same answers. One or the other, say some; Both say others; Depends on how you look at it, say others again. All this uncertainty bothers people. Has all this money been spent on microscopes, laser lances, atom smashers and such-like apparatus just so that a bunch of white-coated mystagogues can tell us that the nature of the atom is just however you choose to see it? Yes, it has. The voices which have inspired all the triumphs of science have finally dropped it into Swedenborg's excrementitious hell. Uncertainty is found to be the first principle, and science with uncertainty at its centre is not science but roulette.

The collapse of a humane world-order was inevitable from the moment when people wanted to know the value of pi to a greater accuracy than 22/7. For any lawful, creative human purpose that formula is sufficient. It will satisfy any harmless requirement. People who want to know pi more accurately than 22/7 are up to no good.

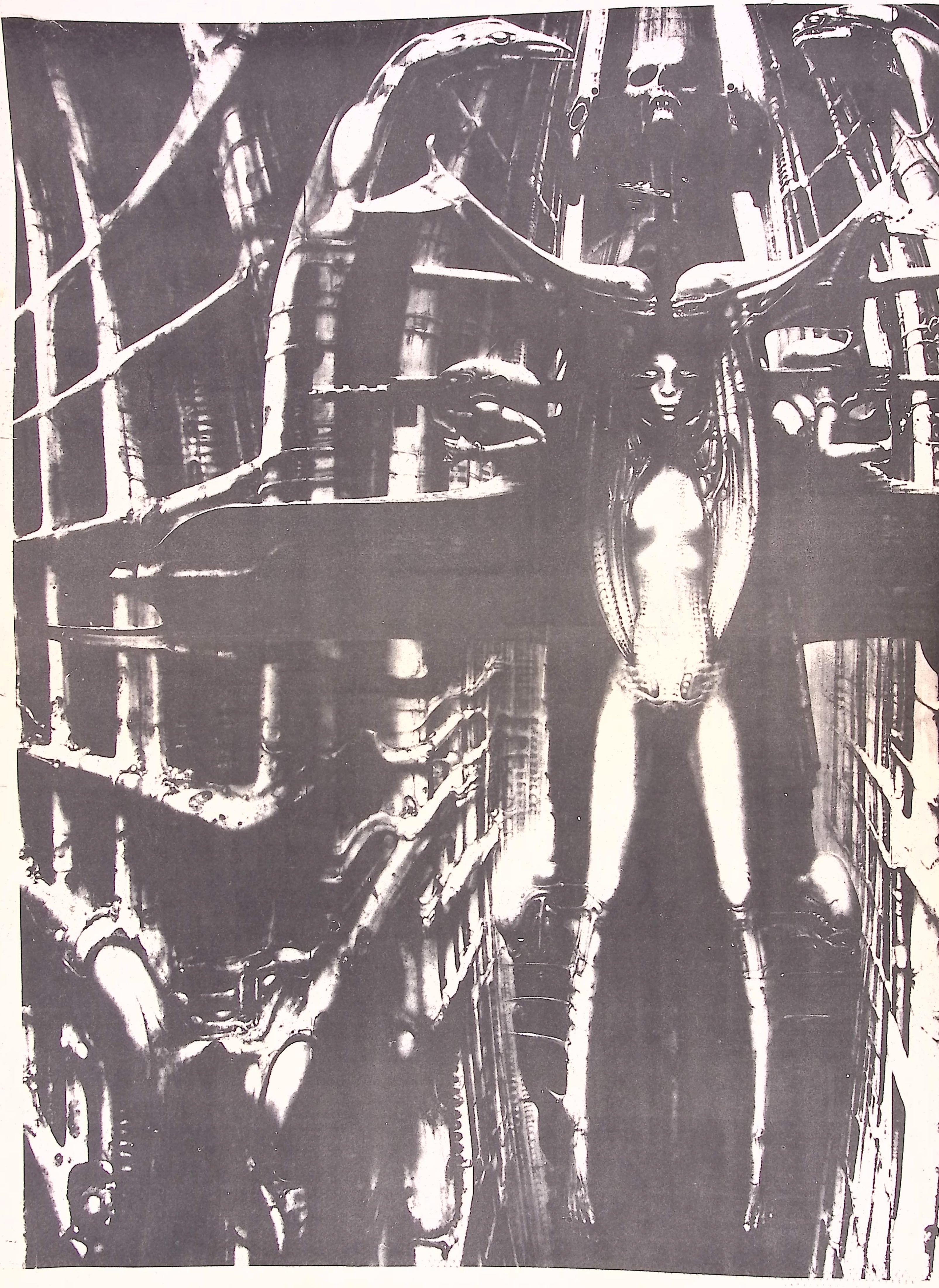
There are no certainties, but people need certainties, and are entitled to them. Pythagoras was right to kill the man who thought he was being so clever and liberating by letting out that pi is **not** exactly 22/7, but irrational — that is, it runs on for ever into infinite decimal places. All round the world and back and still no end to it. People need certainties, even approximate ones, and once the old certainty about pi was lost, all firm ground went with it, and, despite the millions spent on microscopes, etc., and computers, firm ground on the opposite shore has never even been glimpsed. Columbus sailed off into the unknown ocean and found America on the other side — so they say; and this made people think that if you launched off into outer space with telescopes, or into inner space with great magnifying glasses, or into abstract mathematics with computers, you would be certain to find something beyond the reach of normal sight. But it was not so; and scientists are reduced to muttering the platitudes of the ancient sages: "All is relative;" "Matter is thought," "It depends how you look at it" and "God only knows".

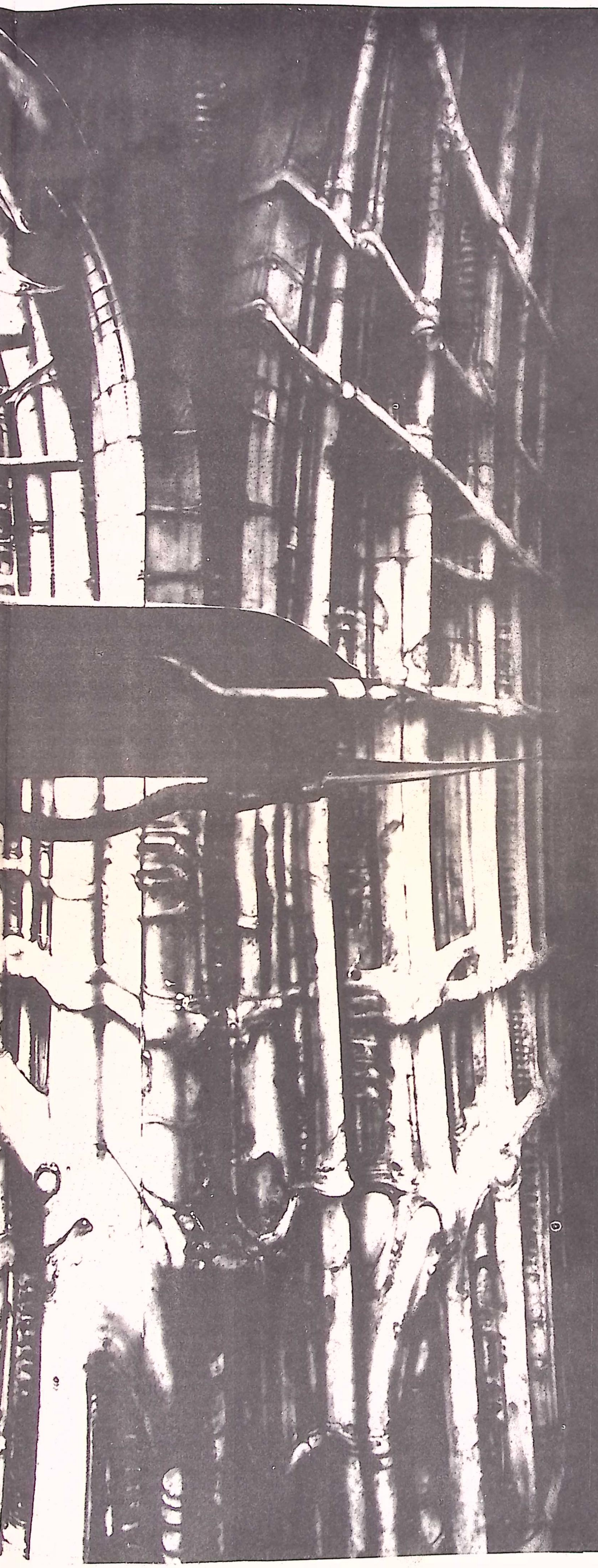
The relevance of all this to voices is that here too certainties are aspired to, are pretended, but are never found. Someone has voices in his head or sees a vision, and the doctors say he is mad or needs healthy walks, spiritualists say it was dead souls, the priest thinks it might have been God or the Virgin Mary, someone else suggests it was Mohammed or the captain of the flying saucer or weird electric vibes put out by the War Department. No one really has any idea what it was, but they are all very certain. So they start fighting each other, the cross, the crescent, the scapel, the sickle, mediums in trances, space cultists and nuts-and-bolts UFO-logists — to name but a few. All perfectly certain, all with their proofs (avoiding the data of other people's proofs), all exclusively reasonable and sensible, world-improvers, explanationists, mental imperialists.

They were active in Bath last month. At a council meeting a councillor objected to the humane custom of omitting No. 13 from the numbers on houses owned by the estate department. He spoke of This Day and Age and of Encouraging Superstition. It was quickly shown not to need encouragement, for the very same week a report in the "Bath Chronicle" stated that a lady in Trowbridge was demanding to be moved from her house which was No. 13. She claimed that it was responsible for the death of her husband, attacks by poltergeists and the constant misery of her family.

The manner in which voices should be treated is as follows. If they are silly or maddening or babble incessantly, try and shut them up by some traditional method like a week at the sea-side. A good haircut sometimes helps. If they speak sensibly and helpfully, listen to them and learn to make use of them. They can make very good research assistants. If they make demands or choose you for missions, remember that one is under absolutely no obligation to obey. Their payment is very uncertain, can not be enforced and may at any moment be cut off. If you become their agent they are certain to drop you sooner or later in the hell of excrement.

God feasts off you when you fast.





THE DEVIL'S SLANDER

Memorandum:

From: John Dee, seer and agent 007 to the Queen's majesty.
To: My Lord Walshingham, head of the secret service.

THIS document was found among the papers of a recent victim of our assassination squad. Christopher Marlowe, scryer of plays and renegade agent in the Queen's service. How it came by him I know not, only it bears the horned sigil, seal of the school of night. That subversive cabal of Raleigh's about which, if your eminence requires, further information can be found in the report I drew up filed under heresies. The document is highly dangerous.

Recommendation: Immediate suppression preferably by fire.

AS a child I had determined upon murder. It was not a personal thing for, to those fragile first perceptions, there was nothing sinister in the tall, gaunt form, the flowing robes, the rings and faint odour of musk. I looked forward to his visits with the same excitement a visit to the circus instilled. The sorcerer was coming, the astral clown, heir of wonder and the mysteries. The cats too crouched about him, brushed against his feet or purred at the steady caress. Yet often, because of him, I must go to bed early and then, as yellow mist traversed the night fields, I heard voices coming from my father's room. Sometimes high and airy, framed with angelic reverence, at others dull and brutish as though some beast was granted tongue. One night I crept down, a little shadow upon the creaking stairs, and crouched down breathless outside the door. My father was chanting in clear, lilting speech strange syllables and rhymes. Then the other uttered one word, again and again in unearthy repetition. It grew, soaking through the walls, stifling the air with its insidious suggestion. Suddenly a great babble of tongues broke forth and a violet and unnatural light blazed around the border of the door. I cowered in the gloom as though it could seal me in its darkling envelope and deliver me from fear. It was there my mother found me and quickly, with pale and worried hands, hurried me to bed. Later, after his visits had ended when life returned to some semblance of composure, she would say:

"He was an evil man. Amoral, selfish. The things he did."

And her hands trembled nervously as she prepared the evening meal. In the other room the drained shell that had been my father sat hunched in a perpetual apathy.

"The things he did to others."

Then I understood. Even before my father's death and her dispersion, sitting with her in that white cell where the persistent clicking of a nun's rosary mocked the temporal. Seeing floods of uncanny light riot in the eyes, hearing the dry, bewildered voice. I knew I had to kill him.

Was it then irony that led me there. To the lawyers' chambers, redolent with forms and scribblings, 20 years after. His personal effects amounted to little. Some money, most of which went to pay the apothecary's obscure bills. Instruments necessary for his work; balances, retorts, strange powders. Momentoes of his travels; a tiger skin, African robes, the horns of a minotaur. The rest, the many books and manuscripts, the letters with their faded scrawl, I took with me. For the will had named me keeper, executor of his written dreams and longings. Somewhere a demon laughed.

There was no conscious deliberation in all this, I had not sought for him. To that city of spires and alchemy, of gothic churches with their masonic secrets and intrigues I had come young, in my eagerness, for the tumult of student life. Loud shouts and many flagons, the invitation of a woman's eye. Also to share the promise of philosophy, strict rhetoric, the glib falsehoods of fiction and the stage. Of course I heard his name. When conversations hovered round the edge of the explicable, one would name him, as if to say, he might provide a bridge across the abyss. As though the structure of that name contained a spell that might rent the illusory veil of sense. It evoked little then but fleeting childhood memories. "Ah the good Doctor Johann," my father's rasping voice raised in greeting, one half remembered image of the receding years. So as it goes I recalled nothing of my resolution, made in terror as the darkness towered above. For time, the watcher, permits us to keep only those remembrances we can contain; the rapture, the peaks. Failing that merely the compression of the past into drawn out tedium, the banal progress of a clock. The other things, the chasms and the gorge, are choked by the minds concealing force, imagination. Yet only there, in the dark foundations, and not in the fragile domes of mind forged striving, can we unlock the mystery. The alpha and omega of the self. Such a recovery has been my lot.

It began as in the poorest quarter, where thick fog drowned the mingled curse of whore and alley cat, I climbed the spiral stair that led to his chambers. My fellows, knowing of the family connection, had chosen me to be their envoy to this man of stars. Half in earnest, half in jest, a medium to satisfy our general curiosity. In the room of hermetic disciplines he greeted me. Thin, oddly wizened, more sparse than I remembered him. His robes grown grey and shabby. Only his eyes lived in that jumble of books

continued next page

The Devil's Slander continued from previous page

and instruments. The heavy red lids, sagging with age, held them like two suns controlling antique orbits of intent. Firstly I reminded him of my parents, to avoid awkwardness, to have good reason for my visit. To his polite inquiries as to their health and present situation I answered as best I could. There was little to review but dust and lunacy. Then I gave him the presents I had brought. Food; fine pate, cold duck, fresh pears and apples. A precision made astrolabe from the workshops of Leyden. Agrippa's De Arte Magia, bound in vellum, with revised commentary and emendations. An edition of Rabelais for his amusement and relief.

"Come," he said "how fares it with the university, for much polemic, like balls from a cannon or an old maid's broken fart blows from that quarter. It's all Luther's doing I suppose. A randy monk, wishing to get at a nun's less than devout maidenhead, starts a reformation. Bah! It's all an excuse for money lenders and libertines. Then look at the Netherlands. Self appointed madmen called anabaptists, adamists walking naked in the streets. Piffle and mayhem. The vulgar whisper that the judgement is at hand. Thank god that I, like most of the books that line my walls, will soon be out of print."

I uttered a vague noise of disavowal.

"No, no," he continued, "I fear no visitors not even he, the last. But tell me of the royal art, of pursuits neither mundane or dross. Or are your meisters still a pack of sheep, baahing witless eulogies to Augustine and St. Paul?"

Later he showed me his laboratory that sprawled, like a town composed of bizarre geometries, throughout one corner of the room. The tall still, a castle brooding over the walled mansion of the sublimatory. Peopled by mercury, alembics and red earth. The athanor, solid furnace where the flames refine dross metals into gold. Fire change, superb fruition of the work. So he showed me the passions of his soul, his will's delirium, fulsomely with detailed explanations. Even so I could not resist the comment that he did not, as yet, seem to be endowed with those material rewards I took to be the quarry of his hunt. Had he in fact made gold?

"Such comments display extreme ignorance of the true nature of the quest," he retorted. "The outer change is but an allegory to the inner process, the final transmutation of the self. It is the soul we seek to render as alchemic gold, opaque and liquid, rare and dense. Consider all endeavour and its fruit. In persevering we succeed, in the manner and the method by which we strive. All the offshoots, the byproducts of our actions shape the way. That is why we tread carefully, not faltering in doubt but with the patience of the spirit moving in eternity. What we seek is the immutable, the timeless and the still. For one gram of our pure gold is worth the bullion of a continent, all the coffers of great Solomon himself."

On my subsequent visits it was the same, loud, coarse jests happily mingled with the sublime. Despite his asceticism I found him unified, well rounded, a man of steady centre. And his conversation never failed to amuse and fascinate. Travellers' tales: long horserides over windy plains. A wall that stretched unbroken, far to the east, in the country of Cathay. Kingdoms which he had been the only European to ever visit. Where poetry and philosophy were not mutable as ours but existed unchanged from time immemorial. Anecdotes, often witty or sardonic, concerning the illustrious: learned disputations with emperors and popes. For those who spread reports that he had held commerce with Satan, he had only contempt. The rumours were scurrilous, untrue, a symptom of the age's vast appetite for sensation. This I believed for I detected no damnation in him. He was not like those who follow Goetia, pallid, misshapen, you sense it in them, the midnight rituals, henbane and belladonna, the flowers of death. Besides his gods were Jupiter, Saturn and great Thoth. His true home antiquity. The school of Pythagoras, the long, pagan corridors of the library at Thebes. For it was magic that had ravished him. That which he described to me as: "the fusion of imagination and the will that provokes us to celestial form, free of fortunes uncaring wheel spinning on the axle tree. Macrocosm and microcosm rooted in the heart of man, seedling of the universe."

A thing that meant little beneath the cloudy skies of Wittenberg. A concept I visited then left, content with the known world, terrified of the spheres and wheeling sephiroths.

It was 1539. With thick snow and fierce blizzards one of the worst winters on record. Luther was intensifying his war on Rome. The pope is antichrist he propounded, the beast predicted in revelation. The pope politely replied by renewing the bull of excommunication. A shattering time, when the clash of idealogies lent footnotes to many heresies. The doctor was 60. He coughed often, sometimes blood, was incontinent. His robes hung garishly over the shards of his emaciated form. I was busy at the time with my final examinations. Visiting only Plato's ideal republic hoping to catch some murmur of Socrates' shade. The other things, the arcane and obscure, became an irrelevance. Like a painting, full of lurid light and colour, impressive when seen but quickly forgotten. He died peacefully then said. The cough, racking and treacherous, was not with him in the last, few hours. Smoke from a gutted candle brushed against the window. His spirit left him like a breeze.

Sometimes, in his declining years, he must have tired of endless condensations, of deciphering heraldic lions and unicorns, of Saturn's ruling house. Longed for a game of chess, or casual jest, something human and not opaque. That, at any rate, is the explanation I offered as to why he made me heir of his learing, that and the family thing. None other visited him that I knew of. Yet if he had thought I would continue his work he was mistaken. I sold his library almost immediately partly to repay some remaining debts. Partly because the books with such titles as the Kabbalah Denudata, the Grimoire of Honorins, the Nuctemeron of Apollonius, were alien to me. I was immersed in reason, in logic and scholastic arguments. His mythologies seemed profane, almost blasphemous. My studies finished I was all set to become a pastor naturally enough, in that time, at that place, of the Lutheran dispensation. His memory faded. There was no groundwork for a myth. A ghost of a philosopher, doubtless purgatory.

Thus it was until one year later in October, season of woodsmoke and nascent frost, bored of my theologies I turned to his. How carefully they revealed themselves the folios covered with his precise, fine handwriting. I expected the arcane, fantastic scribblings of magical derangement. But to my astonishment his system cohered even to my lay eyes. In the De Magia Sancta, in the Theurgic Codex, in the Liber Galaxia, I found a cosmic theory expounded with such vision and such clarity that it was irrefutable. It was the exposition of the true way, the above and the below, joined before my stumbling gaze. Yet there was more, works that were art in a different sense. Poems to stagger Dante, philosophical concepts that made Plato's thought seem like the abstruse musings of a child. The Termetic Cantos, The Royal Marriage, The Triumph of the King. But it was in The Answers from The Silence that I found his masterwork. It described our language as it was before the fall, that of which the Kabbalah is a mere degenerate shade. The high words of making, inseparable from the things described. A dialectic, a cosmic lingua franca, through which we could confer with angels and with gods. So I held the dream of a renaissance. A corpus of work that could renew the fallen spirit of mankind and lead him back into the garden. I was obsessed, grew lax in my duties, the parish noticed. The works, after careful editing and annotations, must be published and disseminated. There were problems of course. The Inquisition of Luther or of Rome. How would they react to the word made flesh? There were private reservations too. My own ambitions for an eventual volume of sermons, perhaps an edition of those poems written in the hotter part of youth. These would inevitably be overshadowed by the undertaking I proposed. I would become his shade, the second hand scryer of his thought. Nay there was no going back, I had found my destiny, my Socrates.

Two months later I burnt the books with an infinite almost brutal patience I gave each page to the greedy fire. How quickly they flamed and were extinguished. What contrast I found between the instant incandescence and the years of toil that had wrought them. As they burned they emitted a sweet smell, like the odour of pine half caught along a country road. Lastly I burnt the thing that had condemned them, the red, leather bound volume entitled "The magical record of Doctor Johann Faust". It reconstructed the man I had known almost perfectly. So like his conversation were the precise, revealing anecdotes, the ready humour and self mockery. It was on page 50 that hell awaited me. The same house, the wide arched gate and scent of garlic on the stairs. I swear I almost heard my mother's voice so precise was his description. For him it was a normal working with my father as apprentice. A blue circle for the east, a silver crescent for the west, the crooked wand and inverted pentagram. Even the words of invocation, taken from the accursed Legemeton of Solomon, were set down there before me. And again, in the reverberation of a constant moment, I cowered in Wittenberg. The same shapes, like droplets of black blood upon a windowpane, menaced me. One word alone hovered on the air and awoke the child's intent to homicide. I understood.

At present I am writing a new book. My sources are the stories of old maids and the hysteria of virgins. It will be a scandal, something gaudy and bedecked. My hero is, "the world famous sorcerer and magician who sold himself to the devil and received his well merited reward," at least that's how the subtitle puts it. The work itself is crudely narrated and further debased by a certain peasant humour. However, I think my Helen who the magus, after Albertus Magnus, invokes is rather splendid. Similarly of the dark angel Mephistopheles I have made a creature of unearthly resonance. Savage, embittered, remorseful, the least likely negotiator or dignitary of pacts. But most of all I glory in my heroes' fall, the heartfelt penitence, the terrible tolling of the midnight bell, the black gate opening to receive him. Deliberately I mould two styles. A bawdy, country humour mingles with that type of weighty comment and didactic that befits the works anonymous Lutheran author. For it must spread and stain the age's thought with grim, medieval colouring. I think I have wrought the myth of a contemporary Promethens. Poets shall wrestle with his dilemma, dramas unleash his boundless terror on the world. So that the name of that harmless, benevolent old man I knew will become something detested, a prohibition, scapegoat of the world's disdain. Paul cut the wings of Simon Magnus so an edifice of ageless lore fell from the skies. I too have closed many doors with the simple intonation, "Faustus thou art damned!"

* * *

The wasting sickness that wrecked my father's shoddy will. Caesar and Charlemagne, royal guests at the court of my mother's lunacy. All stem from his art, from an elemental moment. The perfect explanation, you say, of why I suffered his works to the flames and in the chapbook, the "Volksbuch Vom Faust," will consign his memory there also. Merely revenge. Long I thought so myself, in the haunted days that preceded the building of that pyre. Simply a vendetta to set right the scales. Vengeance, it is true, was there in this but not of my making nor for my sake. For on that fatal page I found my own peculiar, destiny. One word, repeated in darkness. A summons.

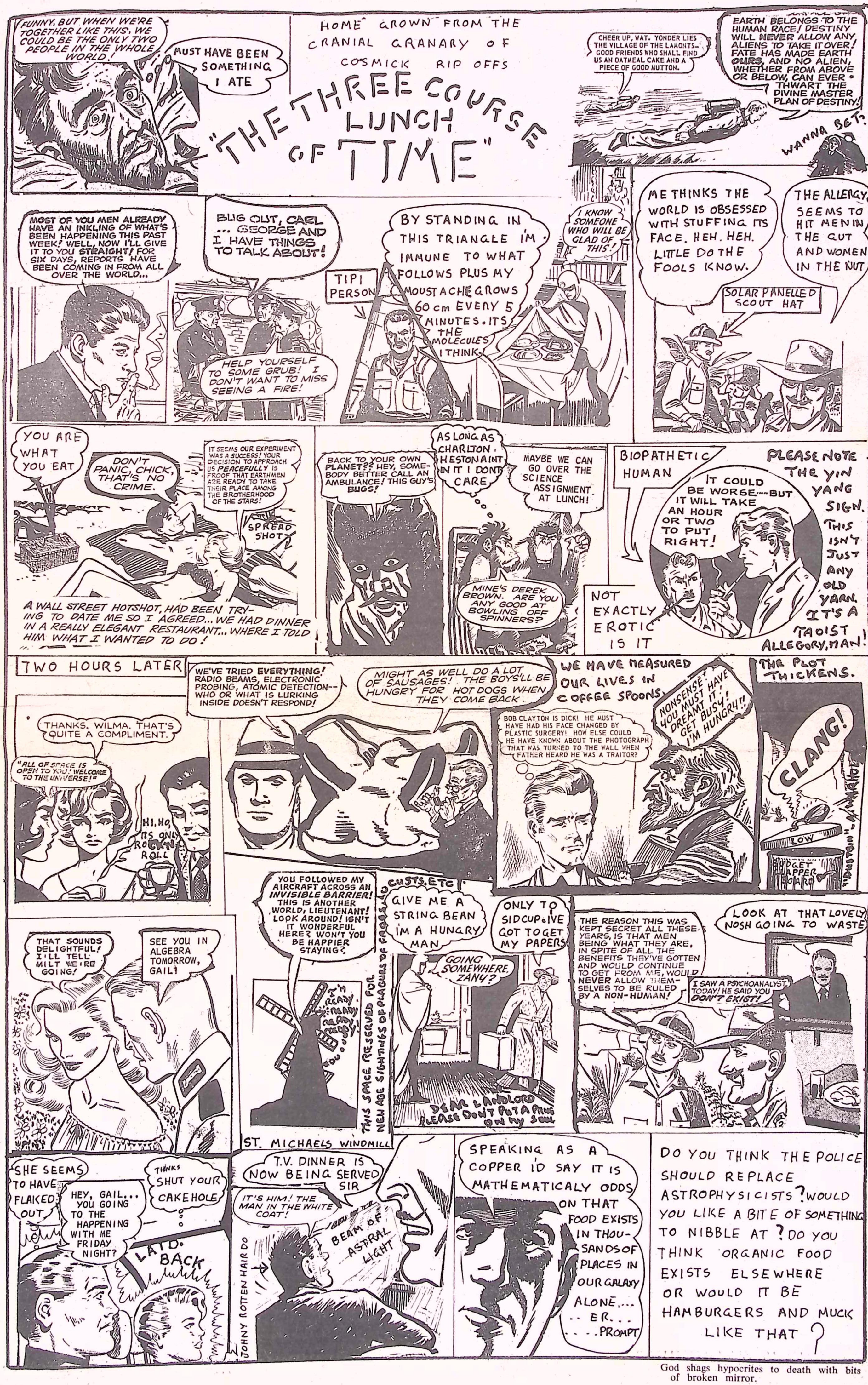
"Choronzon," he who dwells in the tenth aethyr, unspeakable channel of chaos and dispersion. I have borne it all my life, a hidden mantra that carved a passage into the deepest recess of my soul. I am the city where it has made its habitation, the flesh that bounds the limits of its will. Realisation came slowly. For many fevered nights it gnawed at me, echoing from the walls, encasing all in its spite and malice. For my father's death grew from weakness, he knew the secret names that could protect him. *Tetragrammaton, Shaddai, EL Chai and Ararita.* Similarly my mother's madness was written out at birth. Faust, believing the adept must plumb the depths as well as the uplands, sought to tame it. He thought he had succeeded, had rid the world of its insidious mastery. How could he know of me outside in the darkness, fascinated and perplexed. Yet the demon knew, even as it whined and simpered, that I was out there without protection of the circle or the flame. The refuge, the longed for vessel of escape.

There has always been in me a certain callousness, an absence of compassion. Sometimes I wondered if I was not already dead as I moved among the concourse of people, without feeling or being as they are. I suppose this was part of its dormant legacy who rests in Daath, false sephira of the abyss. Its true purpose I know not. The chapbook displays a certain guile and cunning. How better to divert those who, like Faust, might seek to wound or destroy it. Self preservation perhaps focusses its intelligence. I am not completely taken yet, some clues remain. Fifty is the age of Faust when he is damned just as on the fiftieth page of the Ur Faustbuch I was also. Later I will publish the one book not given to the flames, the Magia Naturalis et Innaturalis. In itself the least substantial of his works, a treatise on the banishment of lesser spirits. Doubtless some will wonder at the paradox by which the progenitor of his own fall should be so expert at its avoidance. Sometimes, though, I wonder if this is not a quirk of my master's odd humour. A subtle interpolation, a confusion. Just as I, a Lutheran Pastor, armed with all the theological weapons that condemn poor Faustus to his Hades, am the perfect vehicle of its will.

What it desires now I cannot say. To the ostensible world I am as before. I live as others, eat with them, breath their air. My sermons are generally well received. Unwittingly I catch my face in the mirror. When none are present it manifests itself. The mouth sags, dribbles, is expressive of a humour cold and desolate as the pole. The eyes have a glassy, worn out look, behind which something simmers. A power, a sinister malediction ageless as the unflinching stars. The serpent gazing from the tree of death. The word is the worst thing. No longer a sound but a throbbing intensity that pulses through my veins. Slowly it moves closer to my centre, it will consume me: "Choronzon," the full stop, the irrefutable negative, the seething chaos at the base of thought. See how it vaults, cursing like some unchained beast, above the sleeping spires of Wittenberg. Far above, the misspent blood of Christ streams across the firmament.

R. C. McNeff

God gives cancer to cells which conspire
without desire


HOME GROWN FROM THE CRANIAL GRANARY OF COSMICK RIP OFFS
"THE THREE COURSE LUNCH OF TIME"
FUNNY, BUT WHEN WE'RE TOGETHER LIKE THIS, WE COULD BE THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE IN THE WHOLE WORLD!
MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING I ATE
CHEER UP, WAT. YONDER LIES THE VILLAGE OF THE LAMONTS- GOOD FRIENDS WHO SHALL FIND US AN OATMEAL CAKE AND A PIECE OF GOOD MUTTON.
EARTH BELONGS TO THE HUMAN RACE! DESTINY WILL NEVER ALLOW ANY ALIENS TO TAKE IT OVER! FATE HAS MADE EARTH OURS, AND NO ALIEN, WHETHER FROM ABOVE OR BELOW, CAN EVER THWART THE DIVINE MASTER PLAN OF DESTINY!
WANNA BET?
MOST OF YOU MEN ALREADY HAVE AN INKLING OF WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING THIS PAST WEEK! WELL, NOW I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU STRAIGHT! FOR SIX DAYS, REPORTS HAVE BEEN COMING IN FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD...
BUG OUT, CARL ... GEORGE AND I HAVE THINGS TO TALK ABOUT!
HELP YOURSELF TO SOME GRUB! I DON'T WANT TO MISS SEEING A FIRE!
TIPI PERSON
BY STANDING IN THIS TRIANGLE I'M IMMUNE TO WHAT FOLLOWS PLUS MY MOUSTACHE GROWS 60 cm EVERY 5 MINUTES. ITS THE MOLECULES I THINK.
I KNOW SOMEONE WHO WILL BE GLAD OF THIS!
ME THINKS THE WORLD IS OBSESSED WITH STUFFING ITS FACE. HEH. HEH. LITTLE DO THE FOOLS KNOW.
THE ALLERGY SEEMS TO HIT MEN IN THE GUT AND WOMEN IN THE NUT
SOLAR PANELLED SCOUT HAT
YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT
DON'T PANIC, CHICK, THAT'S NO CRIME.
IT SEEMS OUR EXPERIMENT WAS A SUCCESS! YOUR DECISION TO APPROACH US PEACEFULLY IS PROOF THAT EARTHMEN ARE READY TO TAKE THEIR PLACE AMONG THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE STARS!
SPREAD SHOT
A WALL STREET HOTSHOT, HAD BEEN TRYING TO DATE ME SO I AGREED... WE HAD DINNER IN A REALLY ELEGANT RESTAURANT... WHERE I TOLD HIM WHAT I WANTED TO DO!
BACK TO YOUR OWN PLANET?? HEY, SOMEBODY BETTER CALL AN AMBULANCE! THIS GUY'S BUGS!
AS LONG AS CHARLTON HESTON AINT IN IT I DONT CARE
MAYBE WE CAN GO OVER THE SCIENCE ASSIGNMENT AT LUNCH!
MINE'S DEREK BROWN. ARE YOU ANY GOOD AT BOWLING OFF SPINNERS?
BIOPATHETIC HUMAN
IT COULD BE WORSE---BUT IT WILL TAKE AN HOUR OR TWO TO PUT RIGHT!
NOT EXACTLY EROTIC IS IT
PLEASE NOTE THE YIN YANG SIGN. THIS ISN'T JUST ANY OLD YARN. IT'S A TAOIST ALLEGORY, MAN!
TWO HOURS LATER
THANKS, WILMA. THAT'S QUITE A COMPLIMENT.
"ALL OF SPACE IS OPEN TO YOU! WELCOME TO THE UNIVERSE!"
HI, HO, ITS ONLY ROCK N ROLL
WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING! RADIO BEAMS, ELECTRONIC PROBING, ATOMIC DETECTION-- WHO OR WHAT IS LURKING INSIDE DOESN'T RESPOND!
MIGHT AS WELL DO A LOT OF SAUSAGES! THE BOYS'LL BE HUNGRY FOR HOT DOGS WHEN THEY COME BACK.
WE HAVE MEASURED OUR LIVES IN COFFEE SPOONS.
NONSENSE! YOU MUST HAVE DREAMT IT. GET BUSY! I'M HUNGRY!!
BOB CLAYTON IS DICK! HE MUST HAVE HAD HIS FACE CHANGED BY PLASTIC SURGERY! HOW ELSE COULD HE HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THE PHOTOGRAPH THAT WAS TURNED TO THE WALL WHEN FATHER HEARD HE WAS A TRAITOR?
THE PLOT THICKENS.
CLANG!
LOW
BUDGET CLAPPER BOARD
"DUSTBIN" – A WANKAHOLE
THAT SOUNDS DELIGHTFUL! I'LL TELL MILT WE'RE GOING!
SEE YOU IN ALGEBRA TOMORROW, GAIL!
YOU FOLLOWED MY AIRCRAFT ACROSS AN INVISIBLE BARRIER! THIS IS ANOTHER WORLD, LIEUTENANT! LOOK AROUND! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL HERE? WON'T YOU BE HAPPIER STAYING?
I'M READY READY READY READY! OOOOO
THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR NEW AGE SIGHTINGS OF PLAGUES OF FROGS, LOCUSTS, ETC
ST. MICHAELS WINDMILL
GIVE ME A STRING BEAN I'M A HUNGRY MAN
GOING SOMEWHERE, ZANY?
ONLY TO SIDCUP. IVE GOT TO GET MY PAPERS
DEAR LANDLORD PLEASE DON'T PUT A PRICE ON MY SOUL
THE REASON THIS WAS KEPT SECRET ALL THESE YEARS, IS THAT MEN BEING WHAT THEY ARE, IN SPITE OF ALL THE BENEFITS THEY'VE GOTTEN AND WOULD CONTINUE TO GET FROM ME, WOULD NEVER ALLOW THEMSELVES TO BE RULED BY A NON-HUMAN!
LOOK AT THAT LOVELY NOSH GOING TO WASTE
I SAW A PSYCHOANALYST TODAY! HE SAID YOU DON'T EXIST!
SHE SEEMS TO HAVE FLAKED OUT
THINKS SHUT YOUR CAKEHOLE
HEY, GAIL... YOU GOING TO THE HAPPENING WITH ME FRIDAY NIGHT?
LAID. BACK
T.V. DINNER IS NOW BEING SERVED SIR
IT'S HIM! THE MAN IN THE WHITE COAT!
BEAM OF ASTRAL LIGHT
JOHNY ROTTEN HAIR DO
SPEAKING AS A COPPER I'D SAY IT IS MATHEMATICALY ODDS ON THAT FOOD EXISTS IN THOUSANDS OF PLACES IN OUR GALAXY ALONE.... ..ER... ....PROMPT
DO YOU THINK THE POLICE SHOULD REPLACE ASTROPHYSICISTS? WOULD YOU LIKE A BITE OF SOMETHING TO NIBBLE AT? DO YOU THINK ORGANIC FOOD EXISTS ELSEWHERE OR WOULD IT BE HAMBURGERS AND MUCK LIKE THAT?

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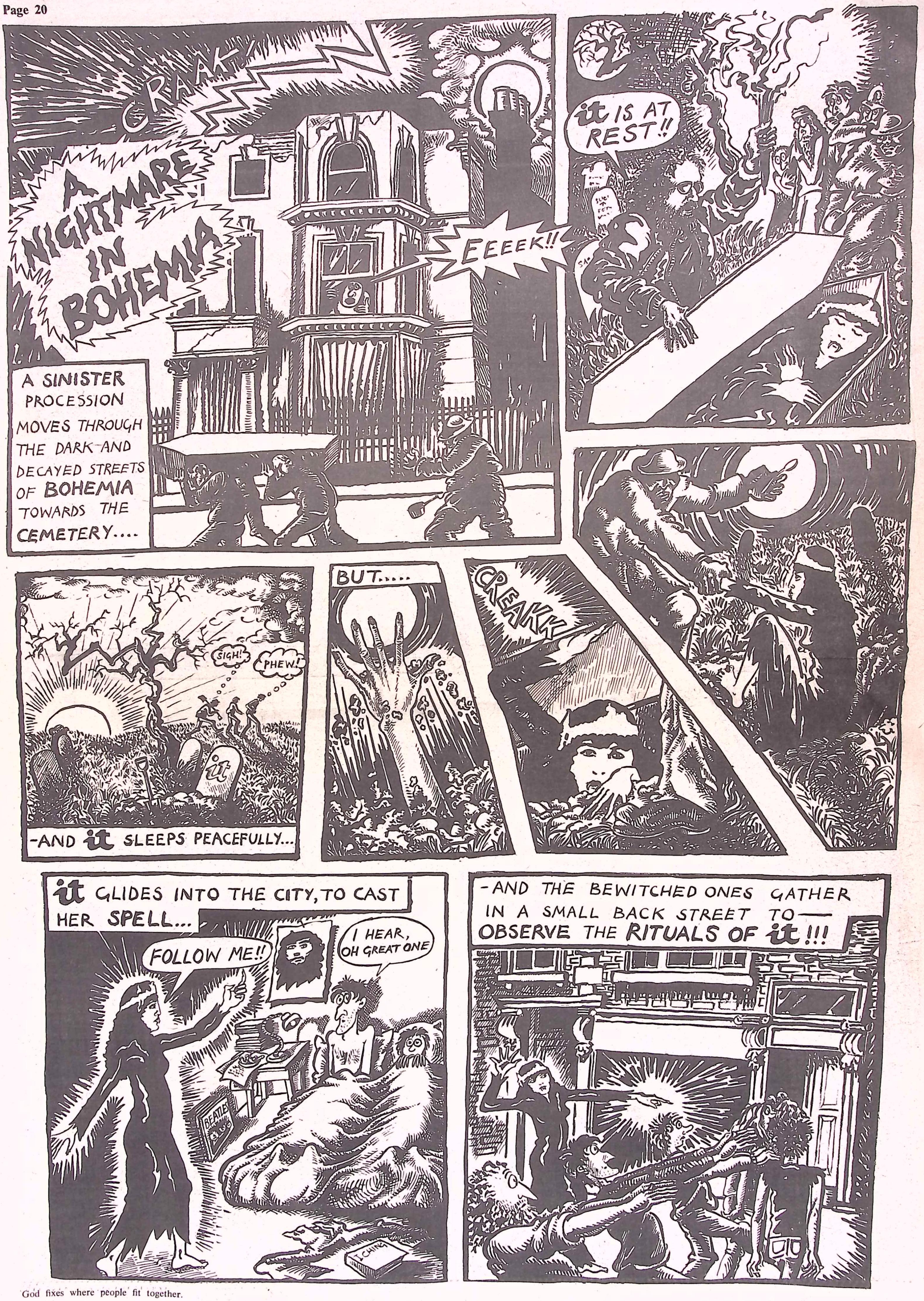
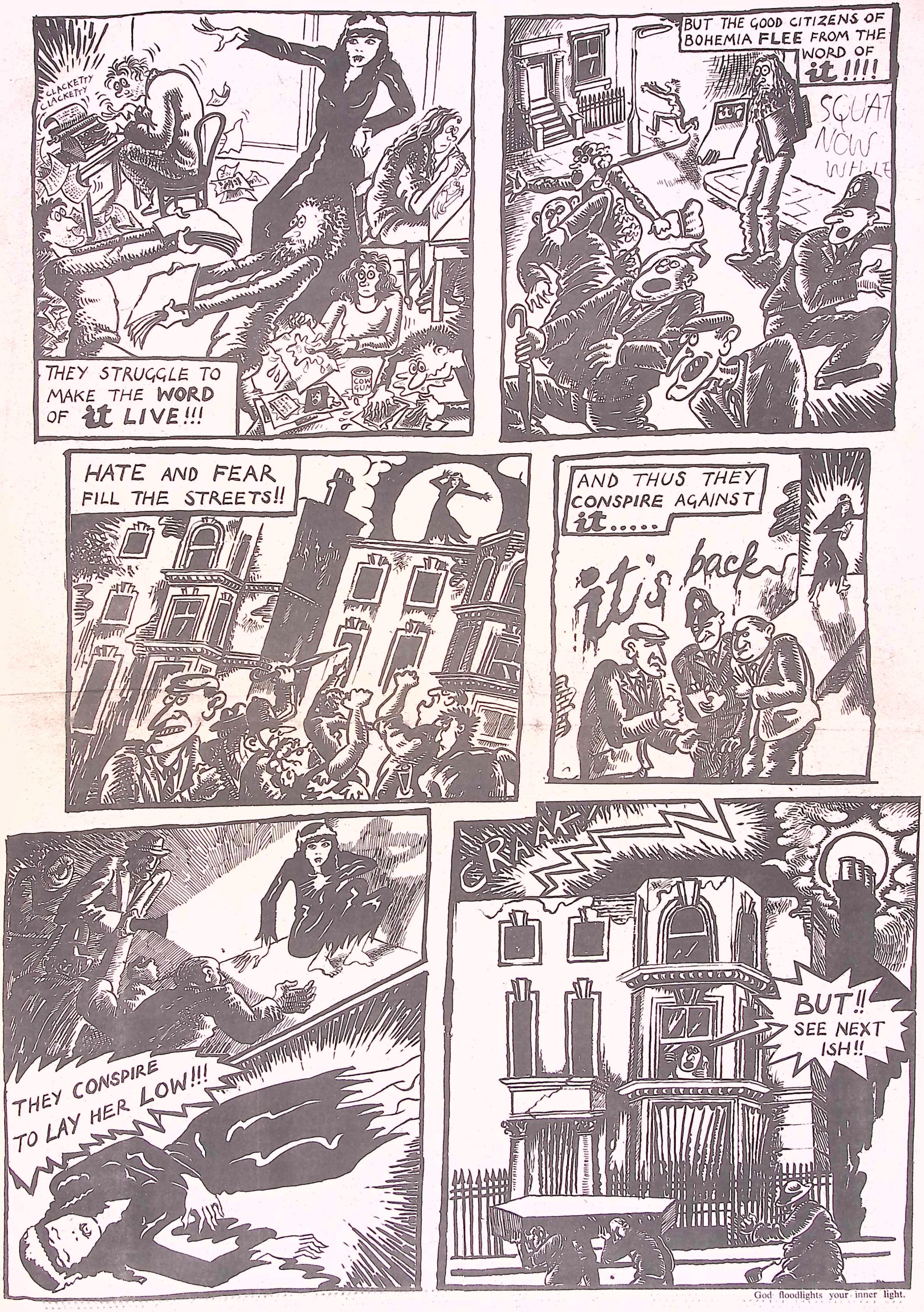
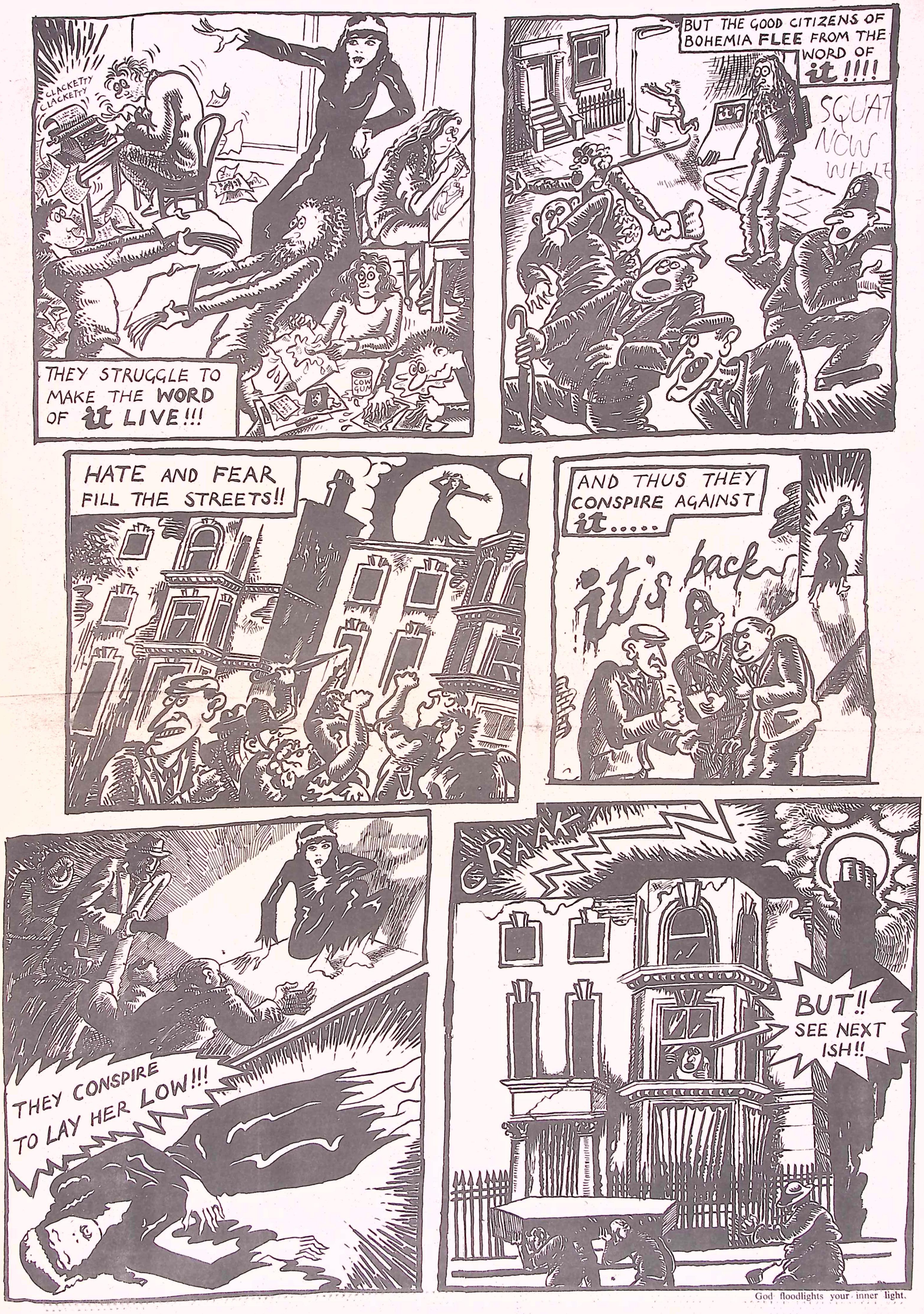
God shags hypocrites to death with bits of broken mirror.


CRAAK!
A NIGHTMARE IN BOHEMIA
EEEEK!!
A SINISTER PROCESSION MOVES THROUGH THE DARK AND DECAYED STREETS OF BOHEMIA TOWARDS THE CEMETERY....
it IS AT REST!!
-AND it SLEEPS PEACEFULLY...
SIGH!
PHEW!
it
BUT.....
CREAKK
it GLIDES INTO THE CITY, TO CAST HER SPELL...
FOLLOW ME!!
I HEAR, OH GREAT ONE
BEATLES
I CHING
-AND THE BEWITCHED ONES GATHER IN A SMALL BACK STREET TO— OBSERVE THE RITUALS OF it!!!

God fixes where people fit together.


CLACKETTY CLACKETTY
COW GUM
THEY STRUGGLE TO MAKE THE WORD OF it LIVE!!!
BUT THE GOOD CITIZENS OF BOHEMIA FLEE FROM THE WORD OF it!!!!
it
SQUAT NOW WHILE
HATE AND FEAR FILL THE STREETS!!
AND THUS THEY CONSPIRE AGAINST it.....
it's back
CRAAK!
BUT!! SEE NEXT ISH!!
THEY CONSPIRE TO LAY HER LOW!!!


CLACKETTY CLACKETTY
COW GUM
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BUT THE GOOD CITIZENS OF BOHEMIA FLEE FROM THE WORD OF it!!!!
it
SQUAT NOW WHILE
HATE AND FEAR FILL THE STREETS!!
AND THUS THEY CONSPIRE AGAINST it.....
it's back
THEY CONSPIRE TO LAY HER LOW!!!
CRAAK!
BUT!! SEE NEXT ISH!!

God floodlights your inner light.

HOMO ZAPIENS AND

"HEY babe! My prick feels like a sten-gun and there's flames running up my legs; why don't we wipe out a Vietnamese village together?"

Her eyes were so gentle. Oh God, her eyes were so gentle, but the pill marked Wednesday wiped out a race.

Women and children first! Especially the women 'cos I ain't into a population explosion — takes all my time keeping this chick happy. You can drop your genius genes along the autobahn, that's fine, but this is a cut down model, no daddys dandlin' little darlins on their knees in this movie, Mama's got a .38 down her knickers and LSD in her tits.

"Pregnant? . . . What d'you mean 'pregnant'? Well I don't get pregnant do I? . . . I thought you were supposed to be hermaphrodite."

The Emanci-plated Woman; much too sophisticated to fall into the Martyred Mother role. She's going to have equality with a capital E, E for ego is what she wants, a separate reality with its own bank account, not a chattel at the mercy of the dominant male. If she don't dig him she's gonna make sure she can split any time she damn well pleases.

Here she comes, here she comes,
Here she comes again,
The Emanci-plated lady
From the brow of the Super-brain.

And here's the hustler, slim-hipped and dead broke looking for a place to stay. He's no danger — like he's broke — she can screw this stud and tell him to get out first thing in the morning — aint that what guys have been doing to chicks for the last 10,000 years? Only thing is to watch he doesn't steal anything.

So she takes him back to her Chelsea pad, or the flat in Kensington that Bobo said she could use while she was staying up in London, plays him some transvestite sounds, smokes some grass, sniffs a line of coke, takes him to bed and screws the prick off him. And he's grateful, Christ, he's never seen anything like this before, the chick's more beautiful than his dirtiest dream, a Goddess at least and knows it. He's almost illiterate, hangs on her every word, she can twist him around her little finger without him even knowing. It's the best fuck she ever had and he hasn't stolen a thing.

Next morning he's right down between her thighs licking her perfumed pussy in adoration while she's smoking a Dunhill and twiddling the knobs of a trani. This is great, she's in full control, he's completely at her mercy, deep down inside herself she feels it, hard and unyielding — the Power Habit.

By the end of a week she's hooked for good, writing cheques by the handful to keep him around, taking him to all the fashionable pads, restaurants and shows. He's taking her round the Grove and the clubs — the exclusive ones that you have to be dead broke to get in — showing her all the worst people. They're having a ball but the guy's getting more upperty every day, like he still does what she says but in a different way — he never tries to make any money and she's pawned almost everything Bobo had — just who is the boss around here?

"Get out!"

"Sure."

"And take off those leopardskin boots before you go."

"No chance dear, I threw my bumpers away when I got a rich little darlin' like you to look after me."

Suddenly she sees herself looking at a different person, from the pawn she's been moving around for the last week has sprung the worst kind of mercenary male.

"Bastard! You didn't talk like that last night."

"Neither did you."

Memories, seven days of memories, ten trillion light years of memories looking at each other. He'd never meant to stay this long in the first place, she was supposed to be a week-end pull, he hadn't intended her to get inside his head like this. As they face each other in full fury they realise that they know each other better than they know anyone else, that during the last week they have had a better time than ever before.

The chick melts, all the common sense that's been driving her turns to water and glistens in the corners of her eyes. The hustler doesn't care, he's seen all this before — except this time there's an invisible hand squeezing his throat and his stomach feels horribly empty. So he pulls himself together and says in an off-key voice, "Take it easy, I'll rip off some bread for us if ya stop cryin'."

All at once she's calm, she walks over to him, takes his face in her hands and looks Bang! right into his eyes — "Why?"

The guy's shattered, his cool was blown a minute back and he's just getting it together when here she is coming on like a flying sorceress shining X-ray eyes right down into his soul. There's no way out of this one, if he doesn't say it now he never will, "Cos I luv ya."

I must have been about 10 when I started exploring the sex trip, I remember masturbating before I was old enough to ejaculate, just getting the feeling but no juice. It was all very innocent and the girls were always slightly older than the boys, but Coventry soon got boring so I went to sea.

My first adult sexual experience took place in dockside Liverpool just before I sailed for the West Indies as a cabin boy. Walking back to the ship at midnight, my drunken footsteps echoing through the empty streets of Bootle, I see a judy in a short skirt leaning against a lamp post swinging her handbag.

"Hello sailor, d'you know what time it is?"

"Just gone 12."

"You don't know what time it is," she mocked and kicked me on the shin.

"Time to go to your place, right?"

She took me back to a huge, sagging bed with a coach and horses in blue plaster on the ceiling above. The Coventry girls had never stuck their fingers up my arse, climbed on top of me and cried out in such abandon. She said she didn't believe me when I told her it was my first fuck, I was so proud I must have been ridiculous.

It should have taken a week to reach Jamaica but we damaged a prop. and limped into port after 29 days at sea, that makes at least 29 masturbations dedicated to Liverpool Dolly.

Kingston; seething ghetto of vice, marijuana and velvet women, rum, bum and black coffee. "Three ways darlin," "Smoke this darlin". The belly dancer in Doris's finger nails half as long as her fingers, body like an oiled snake. Dolly had taught me to freak, the black girls introduced me to weed and sensuality — it was getting better all the time.

Next stop Persian Gulf; Bahrain, Muscat, Mina-al-Amadi, Kuwait, Bazra. The brothels of Bazra were encircled by a high stone wall with one enormous gate. Inside clay houses, iron balconies and stone steps piled on top of each other in a mad cubism. Demure ladies peeped from behind veils, deep brown eyes beckoned the weary sailors into Ali Baba beds with curtains of beads and thighs of Turkish delight. You could buy a chick by the hour, day, week, month, year or for ever, as the desire took you.

From the Persian Gulf we took a cargo of salt to Japan. The Japanese girls were like dolls in a masked mime; white faces, black eyes, red mouths, expressionless, enigmatic with very little hair round their pussies and tiny, tight little holes. We docked at the southern-most island in a region bypassed by progress. The barbaric crew ran ashore with their pricks in one hand and their money in the other and found themselves in the eighteenth century.

The geisha houses were of paper and thin wood, the doors slid open sideways and there were fountains, flowers and aromatic plants inside, everything arranged with high aesthetic awareness and spotlessly clean. This wasn't waterfront stuff, we had sailed into an artwork in which sex had been refined for a long time, there were laws to lust in this movie, sex was a religious rite.

I had changed into a pale blue kimono while Kyoko-san rolled out two rubbery mattresses, each with a tasselled silk pillow richly embroidered with red winged dragons. She is showing me pictures of Hollywood movie stars in a big old American film album while the saki warms. We communicate by smiles and a few English words, looking at the lovers of the silver screen and passing the opium pipe. I'm James Cagney she tells me and she is Marilyn Monroe.

"How can you be a blonde when you've got long black hair? You're beautiful in another way."

The house is in a village just outside the town of Yawata, I have no idea which direction the ship is in and I'm a world away from home when Kyoko, my only orientation, starts doing a strange flowing dance with a smile fixed on her face like a mask, weaving back and forth by the light of the flame that is warming the saki and throwing big black shadows all over the walls. Then I saw Marilyn! Marilyn Monroe shot out of the tiny Japanese girl like a blond bombshell and exploded in the room. Kyoko shrieked with delight when she saw I'd seen, threw her minute arms around my neck kissing and laughing with glee — I would have believed anything she told me if I could have understood her language. The transformation from small, dark Japanese to super-star zap American had blown my mind half way across the Pacific. Kyoko had erased her personal identity and chosen Marilyn from the All-Woman, telling me in a wordless lovers' language that she could become any woman I wanted. Liz Taylor sucking my big toe, Marlene Dietrich running her tongue down the groove of my arse, Marilyn Monroe playing with my nipples as she held my opium pipe.

Fading in and out of the opium worlds, making non-orgasmic love to Kyoko and drinking small china bowls of saki while extrasensory love songs murmur through my nervous system and fill my dreams with golden Buddhas, oriental harlots, dwarf trees and kimono sunrise. Near dawn I came out of a dream and noticed a large picture on the wall above the beds, a line drawing of a woman's face. Looking closer I saw that each line was made up of hundreds of minute skulls, so small they were invisible from a metre away.

"Who's this?" I ask. Kyoko misunderstands, she nods to signify that she can become that woman also.

Many years later I saw that aspect of the All-Woman — A High Priestess of Death — enacted by Maria in a Swiss mountain village complete with skull, candles, four-poster bed and Catholic upbringing. For days after that acid trip I saw the world in terms of death, every leaf that fell was a death knell. People were skeletons with flesh of rotting silk and decaying satin. As an optimist I looked at death with the soft breath of immortality fanning my cheeks, strolling about the Astral Plane watching the eternal myths. For a pessimist it would have been absolute confirmation of the futility of life.

Osaka, Yokasuka, Kuri, Okinawa, Indo-China. Saigon! Ain't that a nice name for an Indo Chinese girl? Saigon was basking in sunshine and corruption on the edge of a huge mangrove swamp, the French foreign legion were running amok through her bars and brothels in a last surge of lust before being sent back to the front. The town had a wildness that Japan hadn't got, this was the sprawling Orient of junks and half-cast races, cosmopolitan melting pot and opium den; whereas the Japanese had been Japanese the Indo Chinese came from everywhere, the variety of available women was vast. I was a kind of mascot, when we docked the crew put it about that I was a virgin so I went along with it for all it was worth.

"Come on, take your pants off, I've seen one before you know. Oh! he is a little fellow, let's make him stand up for his rights. Is this really the first time you've been with a woman?"

"N-no."

"Yes it is, I can tell by the way you said it. Well, what do you think of her?"

"Very nice."

"Put your finger in here. What's it feel like?"

"I haven't felt anything like it before, it's very warm, very nice."

"Well! He does grow up quick, doesn't he? Just follow this little fellow and you won't go far wrong, he'll always point to something nice you haven't seen before."

But there wasn't so much left that I hadn't seen before, at 20 years old I was getting a little jaded. The different races and textures, sizes and shapes, perfumes and perversions were losing their initial excitement, but a pattern was evolving, a picture of an immense figure was in my mind's eye about which the dance of humans was but a swirl of her dress — there was something more to this whole female scene.

The girls were healthy and leaping, I never saw any of the 50 fuck a night variety that are hammered through life by the thrashings of a million pricks, well not many anyhow. The money you gave these chicks they spent buying you drinks the next day. If you had been making a girl and you ran out of bread you carried on the relationship just the same — in fact the real action didn't start till then.

"Spend ya money on me sailor, you won't be sorry."

It's a good life on the foaming brine, seagulls wheeling overhead, dolphins rubbing themselves against the bows, flying fish zipping out in long scratches across the water. The stars that look like little white sparks from land are coloured jewels in seascape, the zodiac lives when you're sleeping on the hatch to keep cool and chewing a little ball of charas. The vessel creaks and groans and the myths spreadeagled across the heavens sway back and forth throughout everylasting time — one more swirl of the dress of the Goddess.

How to fall in love, that is the question. How to find somebody you like better than yourself? It was acid that eventually opened the doors wide enough for me to see the way out of myself, but it was years later before I met a woman who knew the answer to the question. In the meantime I left the sea for the big hustling cities but the search for fulfilment went on.

And then he sees her! And she knows what he's after. Then she looks at him, and he knows he's gonna get it. Their minds touch, their bodies touch, they **come** together and this is **it**, the real real-thing.

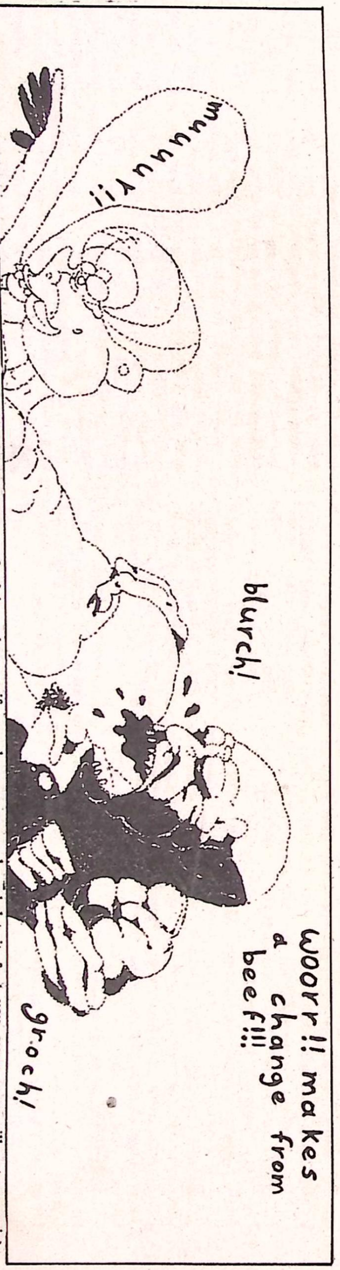
Next morning they're running around each other in circles anticipating each other's every move. But the male is the bread-winner, the great, blond beast that fights off all the lions and snakes

God is a religious maniac.

A DINNER GAME FOR MEANIES

(Sue Jackson)

Seedless satsumas and curdy cat's
 whiskers
Cream on the custard pie
A starched white cloth pinched in
 at the corners
A glance from his hungry eye
A silver spoon spit polished
 mushrooms
my moon face to split at the lip
He sits with his teeth crossed
 licking my womb
inside the wish bone inside his head
Snap goes that fly I squashed
 black into red
and cry at the top of my voice:
"I've a tiny sunset to spread on
 your plate"
I hand him the menu and wait for
 his choice
He sits there does nothing then
 opens his purse
Snap go his fingers for better or
 worse
The bait is caught in the trap
"My vagina is free My smile is
 unreal
The beads round my neck are
 cheap"
He paws at his purse blood leaks
 at the corners
His dead fingers bud in the black
 silk hole
I snatch the skin mouth that grows
 meat from his money
and fold it inside my forfeit bowl


muuuur!!
blurch!
WOORR!! makes a change from beef!!!
groch!

God gives only one proof of its existence, if you bare your soul and let it fuck you, your aura will put on weight.

* * *

PASCOE DOG

(love. Pasco Dog)

The man from the society for the prevention of cruelty to spiritually handicapped children called this morning — while I was out, and he left a white polythene bag, three plastic fire engines, and thirteen black bibles for distribution amongst the poor of the area.

I used the white polythene bag to suffocate a neighbour's black cat, the three plastic fire engines were thrown onto the fire, and the thirteen black bibles I distributed amongst the poor of the area (yes, there are only thirteen of them!). WELL THEN, this afternoon I had a better idea so I returned to the poor people's home and reclaimed the bibles; all except for one which had already been destroyed by a cynical old lady.

I now had twelve black bibles
and the idea deserted me
 so I left them in the pub
but they just got drunk
 and followed me home
 singing
 I threw them into the canal
and they calmly walked across it's
 surface
 smiling serenely
and invited me to do it again
 as it was a lovely day for a stroll.
at the moment I've got them
 hidden under the floorboards
but whenever I have a visitor
 they rattle their chains and
  moan
and when I'm alone
 they giggle hysterically
 like they know what's going to
 happen.

chapter 2 in which pasco dog having narrowly missed getting religion and going the way of Gary Davis, Malcolm Muggeridge and (especially) Kirty-from-Colne — who became a jehova's witness (sic) — continues his search for truth (?)
it is July
the sun turns my white skn
brown
bees hum, caring nothing for
 lyrics,
the day so hot
that I think perhaps
the time
is ripe.
 (get it?)

25th May 1969.
today I looked up the word
 beautiful
in my dictionary
but it didn't mention you. . . .
I must get a better dictionary.

Sunday — midnight
if this night ever ends
I must exchange my television set
 for a mirror
which I can cover up
 when the lightning comes.

and in conclusion . . .
she said time would heal
 everything
but time still leaves me with the
 pain
although
 it has devoured the poetry
 completely.

CONSPIRATIONAL

(Simon Hill)

Thrones of bamboo and sceptres
 glistening eyes.
Dreams of intimate savagery.
Dreams of woodlands populated
 by quiet birds.
Dreams of green hallways sunken
 in the sea.

A lion changing the colour of
its eyes with each blink — from
green to blue, to grey, to
violet — each silent glance
infested with knowledge.

Surrounding the house shadowy,
charismatic creatures; move
softly inwards to sleep. Snake
twists, song moves; trees mould
passers-by with their fragrance.
 Carriages carrying sleepy
monarchs through the forest.
An element is brought into a
chamber. A sceptre of glistening
eyes.

PHILANTHROPIST PHILANDERER

(Tony Quinn)

There is no loyalty in cabbage
 patches
Nor am I offering life assurance
Anything I may give is in
 anticipation
If not in retrospect. . . .

The public benefactor has a guilty
 conscience
For failure to provide more than
 money
Buying all the goodwill in the
 world
But who knows what secret hatreds
 stem
From seeds of forced gratitude?

Let nothing come between us save
 a richer man
I will never forget the touch of
 your fivers
Debts and loans may break my
 bank balance
But there's no accounting for
 taste. . . .

GROWING OLDER

(Angie Gilligan)

It is not that the songs
Abandon us —
Embarrassed guests
Leaving a party early

It is not that the good times
 crumble
Formless between timetables
It is not even that love fades
Freezing against the office blocks

It is just the belief
That deserts.

* * *

WHAT IN THIS LIFE IS WORTH MORE?

(Eduardo Embry)

What in this life is worth more,
why don't you tell me,
absent-minded gentleman,
you who don't know I've got
 you in the eye of the viewfinder,
that I'm taking a photo at 300
 with 22 to infinity,
that I've got you now
 instantaneous,
harmless, even tender you look
on this semi matte Ferrania paper.

What in this life is worth more,
why don't you tell me,
absent-minded gentleman,
you who don't even know I'm
 looking at you
and that because of your
 photograph
I ask my wife
what in this life is worth more,
one of those politicians who can
 hardly get through the eye of
 the viewfinder,
or the bunch of flowers I bring
 you every other Friday
so you can pray to the spirits
that when the boy grows up
he won't get a paunch
and he won't want to be
a pawnbroker or a moneylender.

uuuurrr!!
shloirp!
brurp!
grunch!
fucking luvly! sukulent!

WEDDING WITHOUT INVITATION

(Val Leibson)

you laughed
and said
as
you
climbed into bed
divorced
of course
i agreed
with speed
at
your invitation
to
celebrate our
mutual
annulment.

THE THING IS THAT THE TRUTH IS RELATIVE

(Eduardo Embry)

The thing is,
for us not to get sectarian
and make religion of ideas,
that the truth is relative.

For the sun not to dazzle its rulers
and rulers not to make their
 principles dogmas,
that the truth is relative.

For man to grasp reality
and deal it out to his brothers
to behold the beauty of the
 movement of the stars
and so know how important
 we are,
the thing is that the truth is
 relative.

COBWEBS
BARRIER LANGUAGE

(Simon Lee)

PRE: PEPSILOGUE:
 behind the cobwebs
 the language
 in front of the barriers
 the language
 the cobwebs
 behind the comwebs behind
 language

 the Barrier Reef's raw
 the Corn Beef's jaw
 and cobwebcobs
  webcobsweb
  webscobweb

COBWEBS
BARRIER LANGUAGE

PROBLEM PROPOSED: How to
 fly through the cobweb without
 getting caught.
FOLLOWED by and later in its
 place laurel wreathed duckbilled
 QED.

BOOX

THE ILLEGIBLE SPLIT IN THE SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL

PARIS 1968 was rich in nameless wildness — sous les pavés un plage: under every paving stone, a beach. Je suit Marxiste, tendance Groucho. The police could be rubbished, the orgone bomb exploded. The revolution was suddenly more than a room above a dingy pub where people went to have a meeting about a meeting mainly in order to save on the gas meter.

It was marred by a small group of embittered scene-creamers who called themselves the Situationists, and who tried in typically French fashion to intellectualise the whole mood out of existence, and with their very name tried to colonise it. Failed activists and mini-Mansonettes who boasted that all their books and pamphlets (leaving the 20th Century, the Veritable Split in the Fourth International, etc.), had been produced from the proceeds of a bank robbery when even the most lavish of them could have been produced for the price of a few tins of cat-food from Safeways (one tiny exception being "Ten Days that Shook the University" by Omar Khayati).

Their heroes are a legion of mad bombers: Ravachol, Valerie Solanas, Nechaeyev, the IRA, et al., though on the purchase of their latest publication "The Catalyst Times" from two of them while psychotically insulting one of the purchasers and threatening to fire the city, it became clear that neither of them was equipped with a match and it was doubtful if either of them could pause long enough from their virulent splutterings to light one.

Their mood is humourless emnity — they rejoice in division, but their Vishnu capers are confined to bar-room slagging matches.

In their latest manifestation their former friend Paul Sieveking (who incidentally supplied them with much of their copy) is spewed on for his harmless involvement with Rajneesh. Chris Gray, producer of the liveliest situationist pamphlet "King Mob Echo", is also decried, slagged off as an illustrious corpse, for no more reason than nursery jealousy.

As soon as any of their number steps into the limelight another kicks him in the groin while the rest try and fuse the lights. Downers are their diet, and they aggrandise their cult of the bring-down by calling it Nihilism.

The tactics of these situationists is to throw a cabbage and then run away without daring to look over their shoulder to see if it's hit the mark. Their great taboo is the "society of the spectacle", reasonably excoriated by Vaneigem but the impression you get from reading "Catalyst Times" is that merely being alive is a cop-out.

Their jealousy leads them to attempt to be more deadly than the death-culture they allegedly despise. "Catalyst Times" is sixty pages of stale vitriol, redeemed only by one mild joke: "Humpty Dumpty was pushed. . . ." Well, it seemed funny at the time. Most of it is a mish-mash of poorly printed situationist jargon: "That which the spectacle has taken from reality, must be re-taken from it." How? Why? What with? Does vomit have great catalic powers?

Ginsberg is alleged to live off investments in armaments firms. Burroughs is inaccurately alleged to have fallen victim to scientology, despite his hard-nosed piece of investigative journalism on the subject originally published as a series in "Mayfair" and then in book form as "The Job".

"The Catalyst Times" is nothing more than a gigantic and inaccurate gossip column of which William Hickey or Nigel Dempster would be proud, and the descant to it all is: Nothing is a gas. Nothing is right. Nothing is redeemable. It's sad to see a group of people disappearing up their own arseholes, though it's a not inconsiderable spectacle.

Out of paranoia and an inflated view of their importance in the eyes of the Special Branch, they've put no address on their flabby bundle of breathless misanthropy. But if you spy two well-fed gentlemen trying to understudy Raskolnikov, scowling and shuffling between Portobello and the Edgware Road, two cosmic kill-joys claiming to be purveyors of state secrets, you will have tracked down the source. "The Catalyst Times" has catalysed no one but themselves. You catch more flies with honey than with vinegar.

H.W.

The Fall of Scotland Yard
Barry Cox, John Shirley and Martin Short.
Penguin Special, 80p.

"BEFORE Sir Robert Mark's appointment, Scotland Yard's upper echelons tolerated, where they did not actively encourage, a system of detective work that led to a dangerous collusion between the police and London's criminals."

Written to preserve the work done for two notably tame TV programmes in the more permanent medium of print this book masquerades as the frank and fearless exposure of corruption at Scotland Yard. It isn't. In fact *The Fall of Scotland Yard* is a barely disguised PR job for Robert Mark. And like Mark it has indulged in a subtly effective white-wash of London's "Finest".

Corruption is effectively limited to the acceptance of bribes and then limited further — by implication — to the three cases spotlighted here. All three cases — the Michael Perry affair from 1969; the Drug Squad; and the Porn Squad — have been well publicised before (the Perry case being the result of *The Times* photographing and taping three cops taking bribes and, more importantly, boasting of "a firm within a firm"), another means of reassuring "the public" that corruption is not widespread.

All three events are presented in great detail, interesting enough in itself, but they can't see the wood from the trees (which I suspect was Mark's intention from the beginning). So concerned are they to exhibit Mark as the saviour of the Met's reputation that they can't see the obvious — that only the highly publicised cases were ever prosecuted. They muse for two whole sentences on the possibility that cops who merely resigned or retired early (often moving across to lucrative jobs in the security industry) were getting away with something — one law for the law, one law for us — dismissing the idea by the very briefness of the thought. The development of that thought — that only those too thick to keep their noses clean for a short while were forced to leave — is also missed.

The zeal with which they attempt to establish Mark as Public Hero No. 1 knows no bounds. They even go so far as to smear (by implication only) his main rival for the Commissioners' job, Yard hard man Peter Brodie. Their implication (as I read it) is that Brodie only avoided a forced resignation because he had led a public campaign against Mark's appointment. Brodie is named as one of the cops whose obstructive efforts led Home Office Inspector of Constabulary Frank Williams to resign, publicly condemning police tactics, during the "Perry Inquiry" (another was DCS Bill Moody who turns up again as a member of the Porn Squad involved in "licensing" porn shops). They go on to express surprise that Brodie, "such a worldly cop . . . failed to see what was happening" (the widespread corruption), offering the doubtful proposition that knowledge of this corruption only went as high as the rank below Brodie.

So has organised corruption ceased? Is the Yard clean? The authors certainly think so, offering usual liberal panacea of "eternal vigilance" as the only defence against its return but I think they're pissing in the wind. For a start, corruption of the legal system doesn't end with the cops. Nor just Mark's favourite — bent lawyers — but throughout the prosecutorial network. Some 10 years ago a criminal aquaintance casually moaned to me of how much extra he was going to have to pay to get his case dropped "because it's gone on to the DPP's office and they cost five grand". Nothing I have learnt since then gives me reason to believe that the situation has altered.

No, corruption hasn't ended, it's just gone underground again (it was getting quite embarrassingly obvious before Mark's arrival). Mark has simply wiped the dogshit off the cops' boots to stop the smell getting about. Those cops too dumb to keep it quiet have been quietly dealt with, the publicly notorious individuals have been publicly dealt with and the even more notorious licensing systems operated by the Porn and the Drugs Squads have been shut down. Then he set up the much vaunted A10 department to ruthlessly track down the naughtiest boys in blue. A10 is, at present, itself the subject of an investigation. Who guards the guardians indeed?

Certainly Mark has made it more difficult for the CID to continue systematic arrangements for receiving kickbacks. This situation might even survive for a few years. But he did not (and I would suggest deliberately) do anything to attack the more insidious forms of corrupt behaviour. Casual violence towards those arrested — "he fell down the stairs guv" — continues; black kids are still regularly fitted up on "suss" charges; slack investigative attitudes continue to result in people being charged because "he'll do"; notebooks continue to be "adjusted" to fit the prosecution case; ID parades are still fixed (in the Ince Case an ID parade which was totally discredited during the Barn Murder trial was suddenly found to be purer than the driven snow for the Bullion trial. Ince's relationship with Charlie Kray's wife makes one wonder whose orders the Essex police follow); petty criminals are still terrorised into becoming informers and then *agent provocateurs,* and the Irish community and other political views, the list is endless.

It's on those grounds that I count *The Fall of Scotland Yard* as a failure. It also fails to achieve it's own stated purpose of being a frank exposure of corruption by supplying nothing but entertainment background detail to a few cases and regurgitating the approved Mark line on the whole business. What it does do well is its hidden function: that of reinforcing two myths, that corruption has been cleaned up and that Sir Robert Mark is responsible. Mark may be the Shining White Knight of police purity to these three liberal apologists but I'll

God is a tightrope made of penispermia with no safety net.

wait until I see someone begin to deal with the *behavioural* corruption of the cops *before* I start to wave any flags.

Manalone
Colin Kapp.
Panther, 75p.

MANALONE is, unfortunately, only too characteristic of '70s "hard" SF. Once again we have an unusually gifted individual pitting his wits against the State. Except this time it isn't just the State. Manalone (who said symbolism was dead?), a brilliant computer scientist and problem solver discovers that both the law of momentum and the law of gravity seem to have altered. Man against the cosmos? Ever the keen one, Manalone begins tabulating his data — alterations in gravity, a government intent on wiping out all traces of the past, fixed elections, continued population growth without the predicted eco-crisis, a sinister group behind the government whisperingly referred to as "The Masterthinkers" (groan!) and so on and so on — resisting all the while attempts by the State to persuade him to leave well alone. Attempts that include the assassination of his close friend (later reconstructed as a traffic accident on TV as a display of their control over the media) and the wiping of his computer record which effectively makes him a non-human. The security forces eventually decide to kill him (he escapes from their headquarters!) but he happily carries on with his investigation. While the State is busy dropping all these hints Manalone loses his wife (not that he semed to notice her anyway — she was as always, beautiful but money-grabbing), sets fire to the water-front hotels, sabotages the railway system and generally creates havoc.

All good clean fun you might say but fuck it, why do we get this crap? My objection isn't just that it's reactionary nonsense, this romantic idea of one man against it all, it is the sloppy lay attitude towards writing, the contemptuous view of his readers that Colin Kapp is displaying. Manalone is a novel that totally lacks internal consistency (it is necessary to ignore vegetation and animals for the final climax to work, therefore Manalone as a character never notices them until the end), it lacks believability — if the State is as repressive as it's portrayed then there should be a discernible air of tension and paranoia, instead we have a passively content populace and one or two intellectual opponents — and the final conclusion is so absurd that I had to laugh at Colin Kapp's nerve. This book is insulting nonsense.

Hazell Plays Solomon; Hazell and the Three Card Trick; Hazell and the Menacing Jester.
P. B. Yuill (Gordon Williams and Terry Venables).
All Penguin, 60p.

NOT content with writing the best football novel ever (They Used To Play on Grass — Mayflower, as Williams & Venables), this unique collaboration between a quality author and top-flight soccer manager is now offering a trio of paperbacks that threaten to topple Raymond Chandler from the top of the Crime-Fiction tree. And believe me, they are that good.

Hazell, a fly little bugger if ever there was one, is as grittily authentic as Philip Marlowe any day. He breathes authenticity; a fact that has much to do with Terry Venables' ear not just for the slang but for the entire linguistic construction of that shadowy interface between crime and honesty that exists in all slums and ghettoes.

Hazell is a wide boy — invalided out of the Flying Squad after a gang had bounced a car door on his ankle a few times too many — who sets himself up as a one-man detective agency. He's razor sharp, not bent exactly, but well willing to keep his eyes open for the chance whilst retaining a fierce commitment to doing a good job for his clients.

The realism carries over to his casework. No glamourous heavyweight investigations for this lone stranger. His first case (Solomon) is typical. A "friendly" lawyer employs him to trace an East End housewife for some rich American lady. Hazell first traces her, then fucks with her, then struck by a sudden case of the loyalties starts to puzzle out what this American woman wants from the housewife. This side investigation leads into the full complexity of the case and the novel. As this develops and Hazell is slowly trapped into a situation where he must play King Solomon (which child goes where) he goes home to visit his parents (as every good working class lad should) and is told that a mobster he put down when a cop is out and searching for him with a shotgun. Hazell is the punchbag in the middle, a position he seems doomed to fill. He's got style though, and it is the style with which he threads himself through the maze to a not always triumphant conclusion that sets these novels apart. No super-dramatics with guns popping off left, right and centre, just good solid action that keeps things hotting up nicely. Gold Star Books without a doubt. If Terry Venables manages Palace as well as he co-authors these books, it'll be Palace for the League title next season, mark my words.

The End of All Songs
Michael Moorcock.
Mayflower, 95p.

AT last the final volume of The Dancers At The End Of Time trilogy is available in paperback. True Moorcock fanatics will of course already have the hardback but for the rest of us this will be a welcome sight. It is in this trilogy that Moorcock has frequently reached the peaks which he has so often promised but failed to deliver. For those of you frustrated by his "oh god am I due to deliver another book next week" Swords and Sorcery pulpettes should check out this pleasantly bizarre fantasy. This volume takes Amelia Underwood, castaway from the 19th Century, and Jherek Carnelian, the End of Time's Cornelius, from the Palaeozic era where they were stranded at the end of the last novel back to their friends at The End of Time itself — a superb vision of decadent ennui — to love, marriage, parodied marriage and then back to the Palaeozic. If only Moorcock would edit his output before it reached the publisher his position as a leading "literate" SF writer could be confirmed. As it is he is too easily dismissed as a hack writer who occasionally makes it all hang together. The DATEOT trilogy is a work where not only does he hang it all together but he also makes it sing. Something for which to be most grateful.

Junky
William S. Burroughs.
Penguin, 60p.

THE first time that this seminal novel has ever been published complete and unexpurgated. Brilliant. Go and buy it

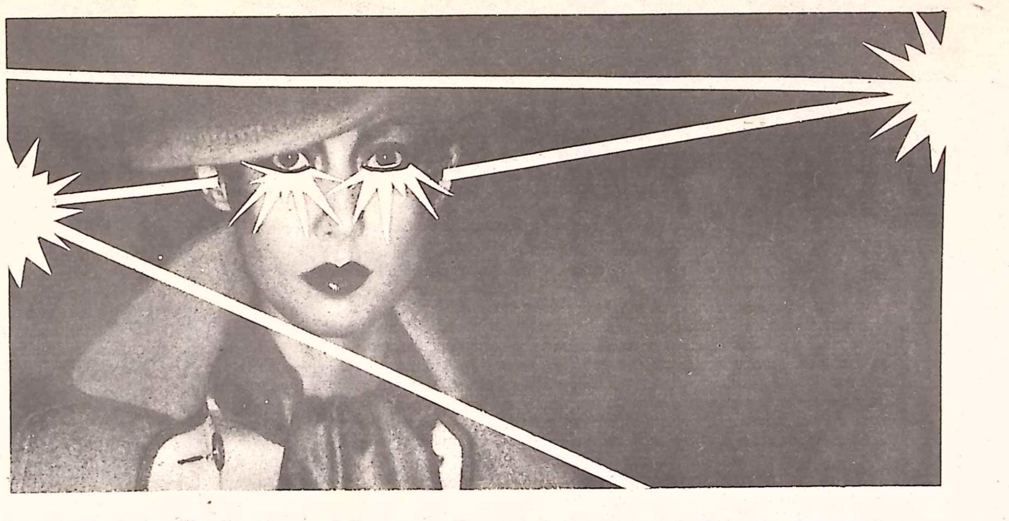
Andrew Ellsmore

COSMETIC COSMOS

POSTERS on the tubes call it a laser musical. The blurb outside the Metropole Victoria announce that Lovelight covers four billion years odd in 40 minutes. It is also 125 pennies in 40 minutes but if it's new, expensive technology, the overheads must be high. Hope I will be, too.

Munching a mind-expanding choc bar I enter the circle to face a huge parabolic screen hanging over the auditorium like a dentist's light but hopefully with pleasanter connotations. The Floyd's "Wish You Were Here" is playing for tasters. Memories of Wembley and Knebworth swirl inside my head. Geometric pillars swirl in front of my head reminiscent of the Acrop in Pearl and Dean ads. Are these the fabuloso laser beams or just interlude software? The lights dim. Set the controls for the heart of the sun. . . .

Having long since been interested in psi phenomena, having read in Lyall Watson (where else?) about electric photies of forcefields around cells resembling Tibetan Mandalas and having seen any number of computer films by the Whitneys, I'm all set for a voyage into the mystic, the dance of DNA — after all it is four billion years of space-time we're here to see.



For me, Lovelight gets off to a bad start by having a voice over, posh and solemn to boot, run down on the discovery of Laser and evolution of its technology that I forgot immediately and would prefer to see written on a handout. No matter, the voice exits to be replaced by a celestial gang of musicians and singers sounding like a cross between the cast of Hair and the Cliff Adam Singers. Animated drawings etched in light form, move and dissolve — spirals, moebius strips, amoebae, fishes, spiders and butterflies. But I'm beginning to get zonked out by the music. Instead of complementing, it's distracting. More butterflies. Hope this isn't going to turn out one of the more banal versions of the summer of love scenario. Up north they'd say this lot was wet.

I have a lot of trouble with representational imagery like this, especially in animated form. So much effort for seemingly crass ends. The effects are building up though. The retina is being bombarded in all directions. Maybe it will take off soon and we'll step beyond the senses five and undergo a systematic derangement.

More spirals, moebiuses and what have you but it's no go. My cortex is refusing to have any empathy with the retinal flow. This show is not going to gell in the memnonic traces like listening to Jefferson Starship in years of yore. I am not enroute to headphone Andromeda although a UFO obligingly synchronises on screen, flitters awhile and heads off after the butterflies. The music is getting worse. The word "Universe" is being repeated like a cosmetic mantra. At Windsor once, I heard Garce Slick sing "You're mind has left your body" and it had. "Universe" in the Metropole Victoria reminds me that I have melted choc-ice on my jeans.

Sudden lift off. The screen, hitherto occupied only in part becomes alive with multi-imposed flashes, spirals et alia whizzing about all over the place. Lots of voices merging. "Hey can't you take the lights," "Startrek was never like this." An element of humour at last. Shit. Maybe I've been taking all this seriously when all it is is a light hearted demonstration of what you can do with lasers. No, that can't be right. This is the work of some inspirational laser freak, not an admass special. A lot of hard graft and belief went into this.

In the same way that I can't stand ELP or Yes for all their ornateness and mastery of instruments, I can't help but be turned off by the same predictable images. For a four billion year extravaganza Lovelight is utterly soulless. To cap it all I can't see that much difference between laser as shown here and the special effects painstaking effort can produce in 2d celluloid.

For the remainder of the 40 minutes I get the occasional buzz of Brigid Reilley optics, Escher drawings, intellectualise on the wheel of Dharma, music of the spheres but the music always interrupts reverie however brief.

And so the finale — a heart with two lovers therein. Yuk. Let there be earth for my baby and me. Lew Grade puffs on his cigar. Silence, then astonished gasps. Me, I leave hurriedly, paranoid that this was a cosmic moment and I blew it by cynicism. Try it for yourself. Daily about roughly once per hour.

PS — Outside in the street the first thing I see is a sunset sky behind billowing trees. Beautiful light effects. More my line I'm afraid.

ALF CENTAURI

God is alive and well and living in sin with the world.

The Syd Barrett Story

The release of Arnold Lane in April 1967 saw the beginning of a new era for music. The psycedelic scene–entrance the Pink Floyd had started.

While many people who know nothing about the Pink Floyd have heard Dark Side of the Moon, the origin of the group is less widely published because, it has sometimes been said, the present members would rather forget it. It's not that easy.

It all began with a young lad called Syd Barrett.

The Screaming Ab-Dabs (1966) was the first group that contained most of the original Floyd members:– Roger Keith (Syd) Barrett, a Camberwell art student, Bob Close, a jazz guitarist, two very bored Regent Street Poly students of architecture–Nick Mason, Roger Walters and Right Wright–a music student.

They all originated in Cambridge.

The Screaming Ab-Dabs were generally considered to be appalling. They played terrible impersonations of groups like the Stones and the Beatles; nothing original but versions of Louie Louie and Road Runner.

Syd had an album by Georgia Blues Men, Pink Anderson and Floyd Council, hence he thought of combining the two names to give the Pink Floyd sound. The first casualty of personality clashes was Bob Close who was into the traditional jazz approach whereas Barrett was into mysticism (I Ching, Sant Sanji), the Stones, John Lennon, Jimi Hendrix into pulling chicks, painting and drugs. Bob Close left the group.

Syd Barrett had won a scholarship to Camberwell School of Art in Peckham. Dave Gilmore commented that Syd showed "exceptional potential" as an artist. But with Syd Barrett's reformed Pink Floyd things began to happen. Peter Jenner, a lecturer at L.S.E. and John Hopkins were in the audience for one of their gigs and were impressed enough to offer them a management deal. It was through Hopkins that the Pink Floyd sound got a regular weekly gig (Oct. 1966) at London Free Schools sound/light workshop in All Saints Church L.F.S. was a community self-help scheme organised around the Notting Hill area made up of working class people, the hippy community, and black power activists, including Michael X. Hopkins went on from here to start the legendary U.F.O. club and helped to start Britain's first underground newspaper: International Times. The start of I.T. was heralded by a large party thrown at the Round House in Camden Town.

It was at the UFO club that Barrett's Pink Floyd perfected their lighting and sound techniques before the Games For May: a festival held at the South Bank Queen Elizabeth Hall in May 1967. To have pulled off this solo performance was a daring feat for their manager Pete Jenner considering the exclusiveness of this hall.

The first record that launched Pink Floyd onto the music scene was a single called Arnold Lane composed by Barrett. This was a very serious and direct insight into the bizarre and surrealistic twilight wanderings of a transvestite fetishist called Arnold Lane. Musically it was an amazing innovation. It saw Syd Barrett perfect the early blues guitar playing into his own unique and now familiar descending bass style.

"See Emily Play" was composed especially by Barrett for the festival at South Bank. "I was sleeping in the woods one night after a gig we'd played somewhere when I saw this girl appear. That girl is Emily". (1967). That was Syd's version of how Emily originated because, even at this stage, it was impossible to say whether he was being serious. We can only assume that the origin of Emily is associated with a very gentle episode or era in what was fast becoming a nightmare for Syd and the rest of the group.

See Emily Play was recorded in May 1967. It was a monster hit. An album, "Piper at the Gates of Dawn", was released. It did well enough to make the top ten album charts. Pete Jenner later remarked that it was an amazing achievement at that time to actually get an album deal for a band.

The single launched the Floyd onto the "hit band" scene. But at this point the pressures on Barrett were enormous. Since he was the main song writer he was being forced by the other members of the group to come into a routine and produce material for commercial use on a regular basis. Not surprisingly he felt he was being got at by the others. His whole attraction to song writing was for pleasure. This was not to be.

The pressures of playing to unresponsive audiences where the Floyd had to go onstage for half hour sets, do a rant of numbers and finish with their big hits–Arnold Lane/See Emily Play, was not his scene.

The effect of personal problems were also manifest. As the rest of the group tried through his closest friends to force him into a routine, he rejected this even further and his paranoia increased to endemic proportions.

After an initially successful career Syd just vanished. He half left and half got kicked out by the others. Roger Walters replaced Syd as the main song writer and tried also to replace him as the main focal point. However, due to Walter's basic introversion, cynicism and non-appeal to the girls and young groupies, he settled for the more conservative secure role as main song writer/sound-effect man leaving the focal area for the new member Dave Gilmour. Dave and Syd had earlier busked around the South of France. It was Dave who originally taught Syd some basics of finger picking. He did not particularly relish the idea of replacing Syd when it was suggested to him. Syd's estrangement was intensified by the no confidence the rest of the group had in him.

It was at the very end of Syd's relationship with the group that Scream your Last Scream, Vegetable Man and Jugland Blues were written by Syd. These are classics, not only for the innovation and surrealistic effects which they have but also show where his head was at this time. It was under intense pressure and bad vibes almost exclusively on one side that Syd left Pink Floyd.

Pete Jenner also split from the Floyd to embark on the short though not unsuccessful career of Syd as a solo artist. Some of his best works are found on "The Madcap Laughs" and "Syd Barrett". Syd Barrett has now grown to legendary proportions–particularly in the States and France and even as far afield as Japan. Interest in him is fired by his reclusiveness and rumoured twilight existence. No one knows where he is now or what he is doing, although rumours abound from grave digging to busking on the streets to New York. But one thing is clear, we have not heard the final instalment of the Syd Barrett story.

Patrick Emek

XEROX

IF you like to sit at home with your hi-fi listening to superstars twice your age at three quid a throw then there's nothing wrong with the music business. Or if you like to sit at the wrong end of an airport hangar nursing a torn-up £2 ticket-stub watching half a dozen sequinned ants mime to the footlights then there's nothing wrong with the music business. Or if you like being told that your bloodstained tapes have no commercial potential, sorry pal, by some jaded coke-head with a Volvo estate and a Weybridge pied-a-terre then there's nothing wrong with the music business.

But for the rest of us the music business is a heap of shit riddled with ageing hustlers tossed to the top of a freak-boom industry by default. On talent alone they couldn't fight their way to the front of a dole queue.

Enough.

There **are** alternatives.

April Records have done it in Germany. They give us the how-to here. In Britain there are still hopeful stirrings on the punk scene despite wholesale cop-outs by so-called New Wavers: The Sex Pistols for instance are sticking to the pub-circuits playing under assumed-for-the-night names to kids who would be there digging the music whoever it was. And lesser-known unknowns like The Desperate Bicycles are making a bid to establish Xerox Music (anyone-can-do-it-sounds) as a plastic guerrilla alternative to the million-dollar midgets.

The management of Embryo Records at a board meeting.

THE German underground started to really swing in 1970. Ton Steine Scherben (TSS) was a big influence among student rioters, occupations and communities in Berlin. This group refused to work with existing record companies and produced and distributed their own records. In 1975 the situation got much worse. Anarchist, left and freak bands lost contracts with the major recording companies. Commercial packaged music from the UK and USA was brought in and hyped into super-success. By 1976 the concept of an alternative label had to become operational. Embryo (Germany's dirtiest band), Missus Beastly, TSS and Sparfunkal founded April records. The idea was to work together to put an end to isolation. After one-and-one-half years April has become an example to other bands on how to get their own stuff together. The groups on the April label split Germany into four parts, each group becoming responsible for one part. Each group contacted record shops, newspapers and youth centres. They each received a big response from the public; people in every town were willing to publicise and distribute the April label. The idea was also spread at concerts. Each band produces their own records on their own costs and distributes the whole programme. The money from sales is directed back to the band who made it. Every two months all the bands gather for a meeting to discuss problems and successes. All the bands help each other out at gigs and with equipment. The April label also includes a publishing company which does a lot of promotion. When April started to succeed many bands wanted to attach themselves but it was felt that to remain effective each set of groups had to remain small and personal. So now April Two and Three have been formed. Each "April" remaining economically autonomous. However, there is creative interchange between the Aprils. A newspaper is in the making to promote a closer relationship with the public. On the same basis they have organised distribution in Austria and Switzerland.

The economic situation: Each band tours for most of the year and earns between 600 and 1,500 DM. A cheap studio in Switzerland is used to record and the mixing is done in Munich. The bands are experienced enough to record in three to five days and do the mix in one. All told it comes to between 5,000-8,000 DM. The cost of printing the record is 4.50 DM per 1,000 including the cover. One-third is paid in advance. Usually the band will print 2,000 copies but up to 5,000 have been printed. Records sell to shops at 11.70 DM. We set a price limit at 18 DM. For more info contact: APRIL RECORDS, LEONROD STR. 7,8 MUNICH 19, GERMANY.

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MUSIC

THE Desperate Bicycles, number 30 in the New Wave Charts at the time of going to press with their second self-made plastic xerox, gave us a rundown of their trip.

They told "IT" that their costs broke down as follows: The Recording Studio cost £14 for three hours' recording plus a further one-and-a-half hours' mixing on a TEAC four-track machine. The tape was then mastered onto a cassette and made into a lacquer and an acetate (the latter not really necessary unless you need it for a demo). This was done by Brian East of the Press Factory, Lystone Recording, 7-9 Wedmore Street, Upper Holloway, N19 (01-263 1378) who pressed 500 records for £86.67 — cheap price because both tracks were pressed onto the same side. A friend of the band printed the sleeves for £9 (full commercial rate would be about £15) while the labels were printed by the Shalford Press (85b Bradford Street, Braintree, Essex) at a cost of £21.60. Finally the logo was designed for a fiver. Total cost — £153.75 — works out at just under 31p per record which were then supplied to shops at the standard price of 43p. Having saved £60 by running two tracks on the one side, the Desperate Bicycle Band made themselves a total profit of £60 to invest in their next recording.

Other alternative music contacts:

London: Henry Cow, 5 Silver Thorne Road, London SW8 (01-622 8834). Left Virgin a year ago and are now only interested in independent record-making and distribution. Strong links with similar groups in Europe — mutal distribution, etc.

Leeds: Tim Myers, 90 Spencer L Place, Chaple Town, Leeds 7. Red Ladder, 7.84. Music for Socialism (huh?); independent record distribution and help.

Manchester: Music Force, Martin Hannet, 178 Oxford Road, Manchester 13; Nor Media, Dick Witts, Top Flat, 6 Kingston Road, East Didsburk, Manchester 20 (061-434 6340).

Bristol: Bristol Musicians Co-op, Ian Menter, 36 York Road, Montpelier, Bristol (Tel.: 559226); Steve Mulligan, 18 Church Lane, Clifton Wood, Bristol.

Bath: John Eaves, 100 Sydney Place, Bath (64413).

There will be a conference on the subject of Independent Record Distribution on 1 and 2 October, possibly at The Oval. Contact Neil: 977 7670.

Plastic People Busted Again

LAST November we carried a story about the trials and tribulations of Rock groups in Czechoslovakia when on 17 March 1976 at least 27 musicians from five underground rock groups were arrested. Fifteen of them were released while the rest ended up in jail convicted of "organising hooliganism" by staging "Unlicensed" Rock concerts. Following on from the arrests came a wave of media abuse not unlike the sort that we are witnessing over Punks now. However, that is where all similarities end between Rock music here and in Czechoslovakia.

Having to contend with official government oppression while trying to get your rocks off by playing music is not an easy cross to bear. But the Plastic People and DG307 and a host of other groups have been continuing to play together, reunited after their jail sentences and firm in their resolve to keep the music flowing.

Because they are not allowed to play in public, they are forced to confine their playing to private parties and weddings. It was at one such wedding a few weeks ago that the Plastic People and their friends were busted again in a remote house in the countryside. At the moment it is still unclear what is to become of the Plastic People. More news next issue.

The Plastic People before their fall to fame.

PUNK O' THE MONTH

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WARSAW PAKT

SOME kind of explanation is due for the short bit that is offered here instead of the reams of amphetamined wordage that has been my wont of late. The first and most obvious is (yes, you've guessed it) that this was done straight in a TV commercial break and the fact that Max lent me a quid had something to do with anything being at all. On insinuating this miserable scribble officewards I encountered more official hassle than usual for not devoting more minutes to manuscripting. This is true. Each day recently has brought another time-consuming bore through my door, mostly dressed in blue but some not. At least the Civil Courts will make a change from those criminal chambers I usually frequent.

I am totally flaked with fatigue, harrassed by the horrors and finally lucked out — till my next sleep anyway. Keep smiling it can always get worse.

WORD of mouth insinuations lately have implied that Warsaw Pakt Tapes recently given a hearing at Stiff Records office were of prime quality. So Ace Ligger and two friends felt it expedient to arrive early enough at the Nashville last Saturday to catch their supporting set.

Some thoughtful person had provided a fine PA (courtesy the Doctors of Madness if the stencils are to be believed) and for a new band the amount of collective hardware left no doubt about whether they wanted to pierce your eardrums or not.

A five-piece line-up comprising drums, bass, two guitars and vocals, their approach was hard and fast, totally obliterating any new/old wave argument, the relevance of which must surely by now have become so old hat as to induce only mass boredom in anybody.

Not being familiar with the names of the band, Warsaw Pakt mu
remain anonymous except for John Marley, who combines a
Armstrong C-thru six-string with a Marshall stack — all three cor
together creating a wholesome sound.

There was once this niftily worded little card placed on
strong in a Shaftesbury Avenue music store. It said, and I
"Just like Keef uses, you've got to keep your flies b
this one." J. M. did not fuck his guitar on Saturday
joy induced by playing such a machine could easily
presence of strangers and carry on regardless (a joke
readers).

As far as I know the band haven't done many gi
least one of the delightful ladies in my company
ends of the songs were rather weak, something that on
irons out anyway. Suffice to say I welcome my next opportu
the band. Purveyors of meaty music are always welcome in
the woods.

rently!! (Tony says thanks to everyone who sent him love and letters of support)

I'd like to thank my Probation Officer, D. S. Halliwell, the Harrow R
Drug Clinic and Laurie Driver who got me in free for allowing this review to take place.

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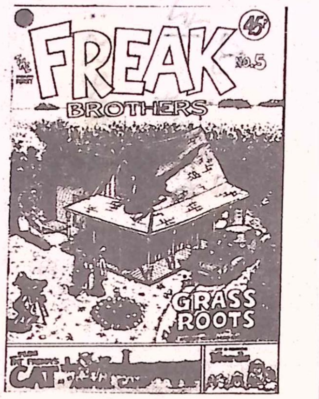

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settled for th Virgin Sperm Dancer.
man leaving the
had earlier buske ever, pure coffee
taught Syd some b
idea of replacing Sy ~~Ms Greer's~~
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It was at the very en
Last Scream, Vegetable
classics, not only for the
also show where his he
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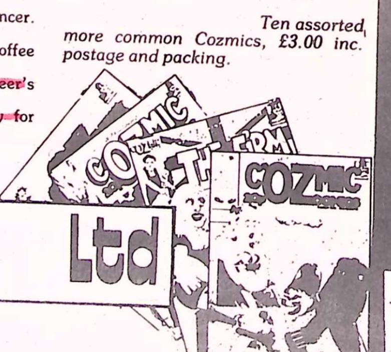

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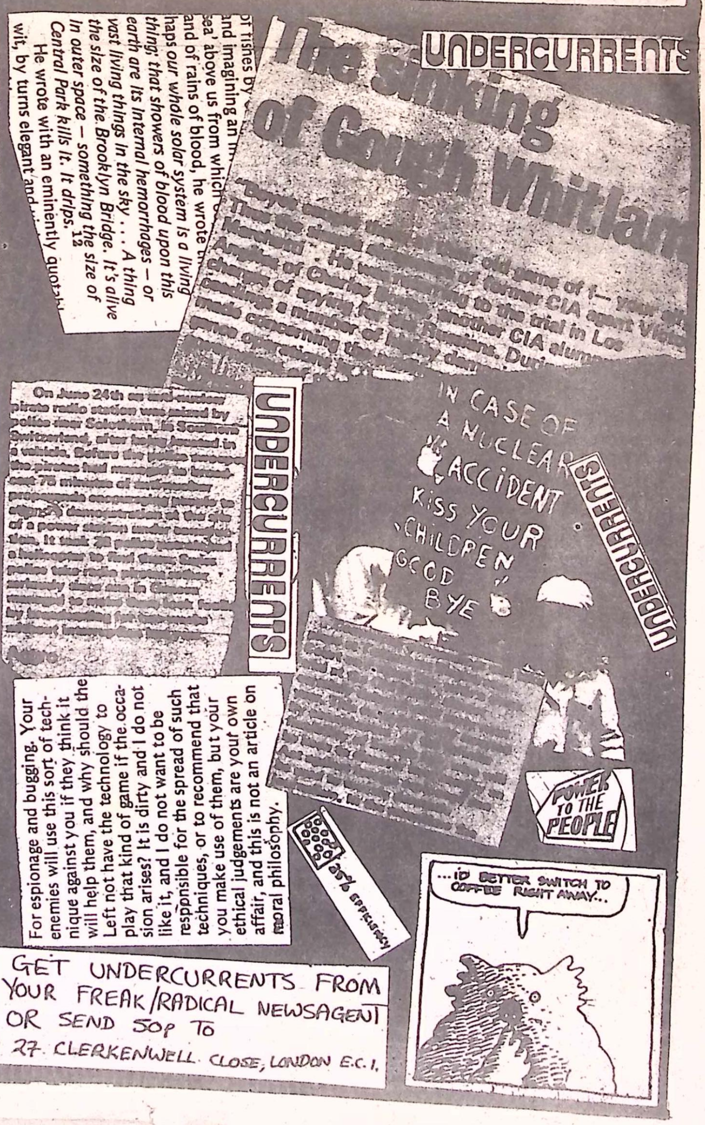
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of fishes by
and imagining an
sea' above us from which
and of rains of blood, he wrote
haps our whole solar system is a living
thing; that showers of blood upon this
earth are its internal hemorrhages — or
vast living things in the sky . . . A thing
the size of the Brooklyn Bridge. It's alive
In outer space — something the size of
Central Park kills it. It drips.12
He wrote with an eminently quota
wit, by turns elegant and

The sinking of Gough Whitlam

On June 24th an anti-nuclear pirate radio station was seized by police near Solothurn, in Southern Switzerland, after being located in a vehicle. Before the police

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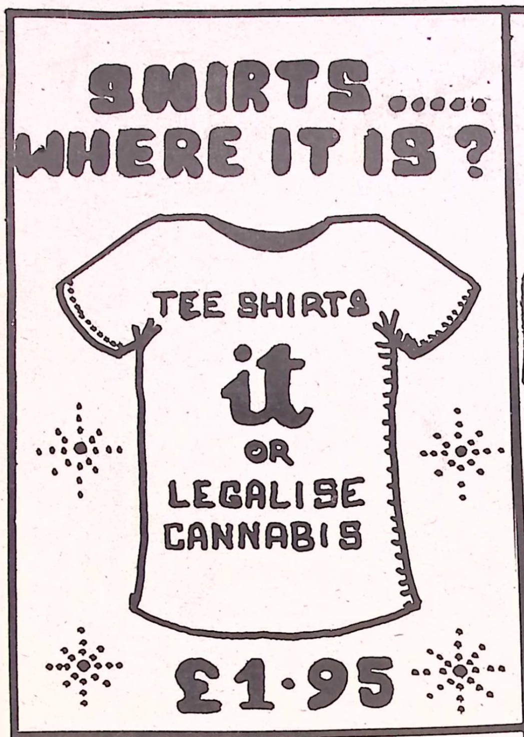
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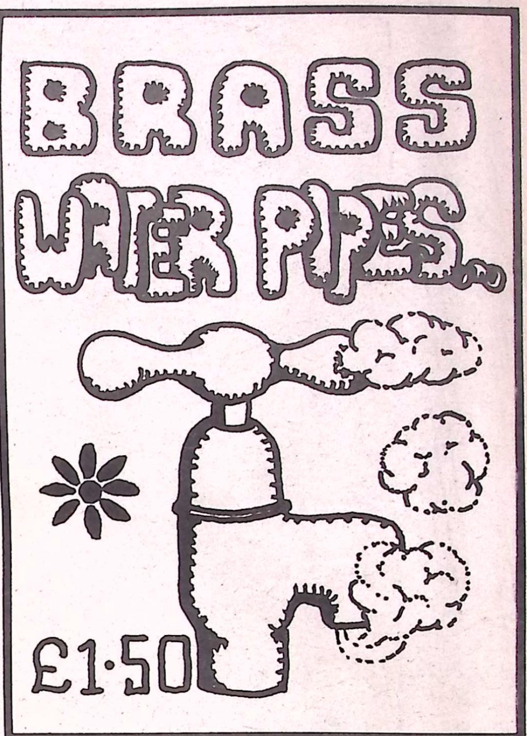
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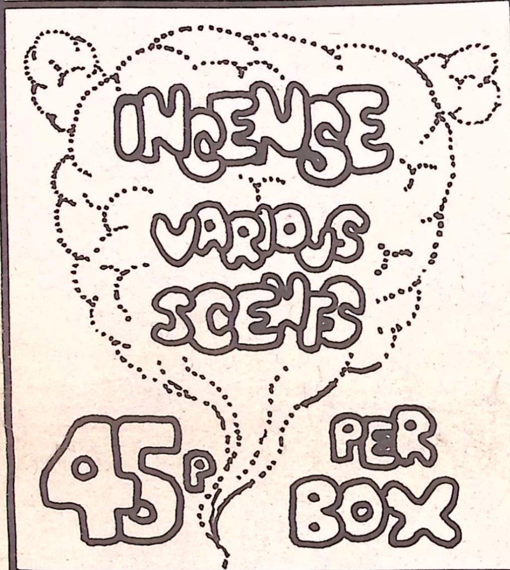
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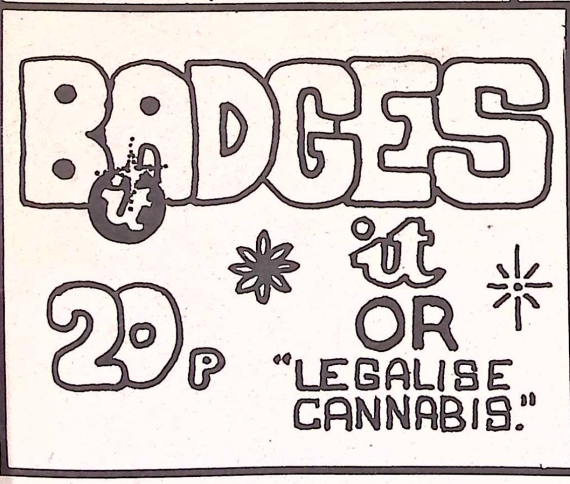
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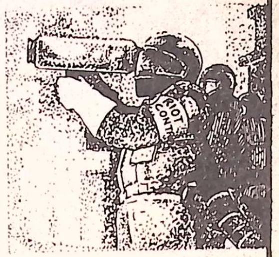

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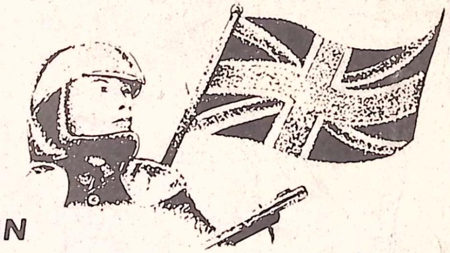

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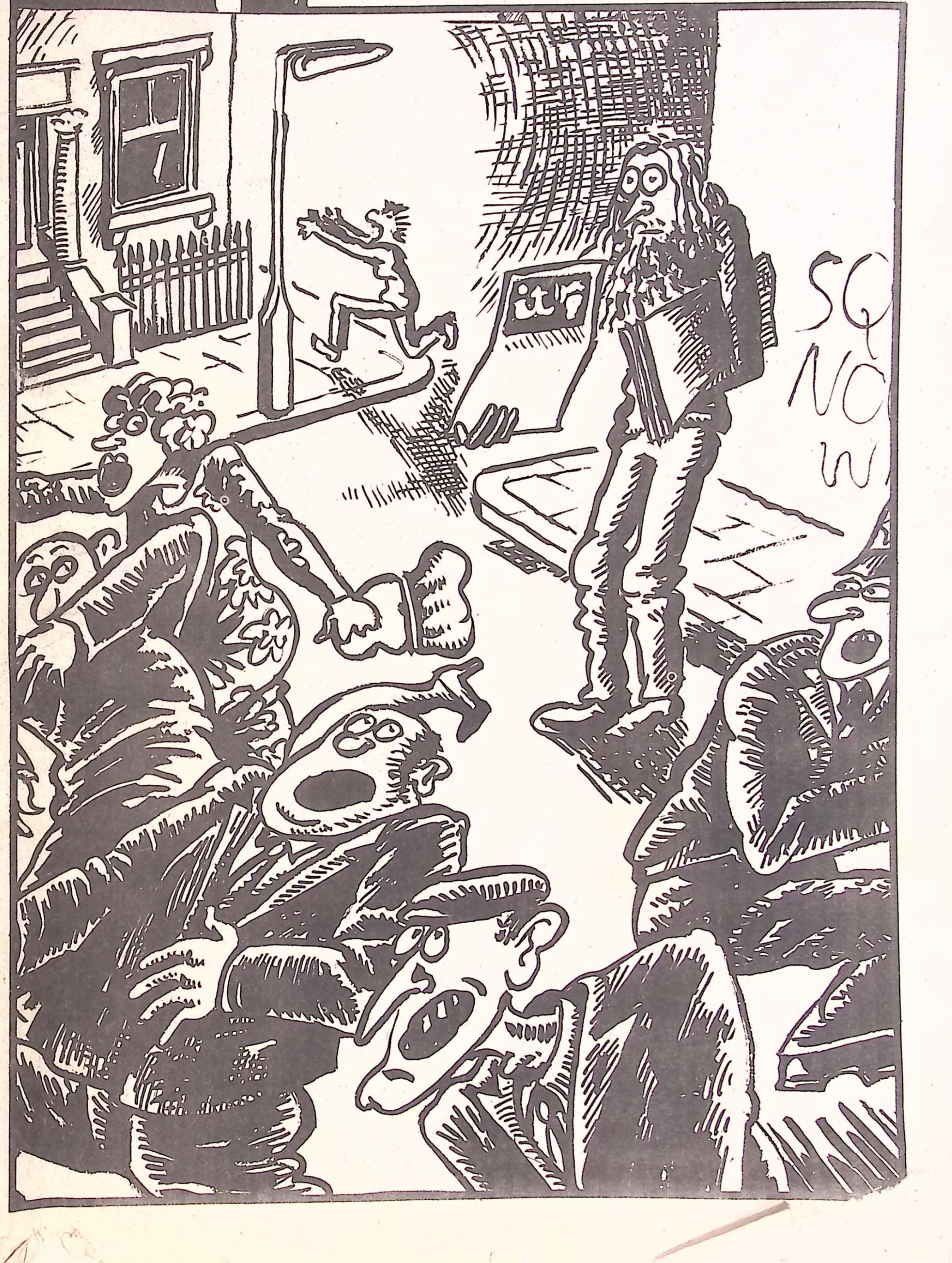

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IDEALOGICALLY UNSOUND

FREE INSIDE! BACK ISSUE

1978 makes 1984 look like 1967

MONEY causes cancer, says Dr. George Moor of Denver General Hospital, who inserted sterilised coins into rats' abdomens.

IN her airport speech to West Berliners last month the Queen slipped in a neat rabbit-punch among all the mutual back-slapping. After praising the people of Berlin, who had won "the sympathy and admiration of the British" she added, rather shrewdly, "you have kept burning the flag of freedom." Nice one, Liz. Now who else is burning flags of freedom these days?

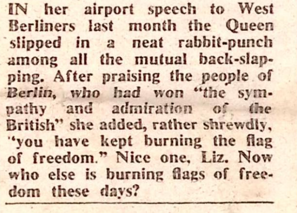


Fig. 92.—Effect of the electric current on a frog's legs;

THE rapid increase in the number of frogs' legs being exported from India is posing an ecological problem.

Scientists are complaining that frogs are disappearing from the rice fields and wetlands, where they protect crops by devouring damaging insects, at a disastrous rate.

The Government has therefore banned exports during the breeding season — from mid-June to mid-October. The scientists, fearing this will not solve the matter, have suggested the establishment of frog farms to ensure an adequate supply of this valuable export.

COMING soon — The Trial of Stuart Brickell, who last year endured a ten-day police siege in an attempt to defy an eviction order from Islington Council.

Stuart, a forty-one-year-old accountant and ex-Navy officer, was sacked from the Thames Water Authority in 1975 before circulating a letter to the national press called "The Thames Water Authority Bomb" which put forward evidence that IRA bombers had been framed.

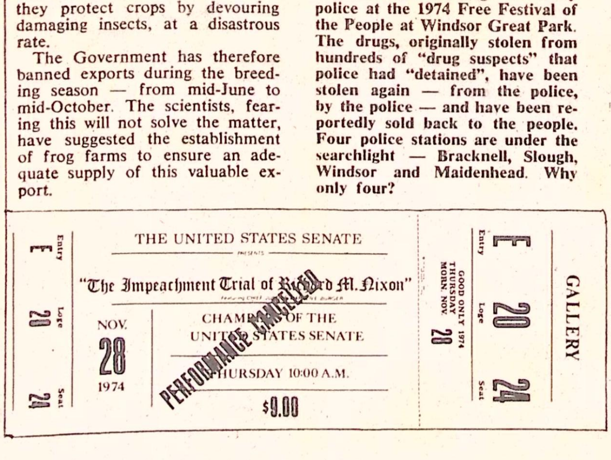
He had been a tenant of a private landlord for many years before the Council purchased the block in which he lived, told him that they wanted to "renovate" his flat and asked him to temporarily vacate it to facilitate the work. Stuart refused to leave unless the Council posted a £300 bond and informed him in detail of the work they intended to carry out because other homes in the area had been smashed up and declared uninhabitable after being vacated. The Council refused, the bailiffs tried to evict and two policemen staggered out with head-wounds delivered by machete. Hence the trial — for unlawful and malicious wounding and intent to cause grievous bodily harm. Media coverage of the siege spoke little of the trip through which the police put Stuart in his tenday nightmare. They occupied every adjacent room and replaced the door of his siege-hole with wire mesh. They boarded up his windows from the outside and, "because it was dark they played searchlights on him and watched for twenty-four hours a day. They set up video and tape equipment to record his every move and breath. After ten days they rushed him, because "his condition was deteriorating rapidly".

A week later he refused bail. Last month he refused legal representation and told the Court he would speak on his own behalf.

Although on remand, Stuart has spent half his time in prison in punishment cells.

Islington Councillors D. G. Hopkins and M. Watson, responsible for ordering the "urgent and essential" repairs six months ago, might have the courtesy to explain why no repairs have yet been done. After all: Stuart might be acquitted and go home. What would they do then? Evict him again to repair his flat

AN inquiry is being conducted into the fate of drugs stolen by police at the 1974 Free Festival of the People at Windsor Great Park. The drugs, originally stolen from hundreds of "drug suspects" that police had "detained", have been stolen again — from the police, by the police — and have been reportedly sold back to the people. Four police stations are under the searchlight — Bracknell, Slough, Windsor and Maidenhead. Why only four?



THE UNITED STATES SENATE
PRESENTS
"The Impeachment Trial of Richard M. Nixon"
featuring CHIEF [illegible] BURGER
NOV.
28
1974
CHAMBERS OF THE
UNITED STATES SENATE
THURSDAY 10:00 A.M.
$9.00
PERFORMANCE CANCELLED

Entry E
Loge 20
Seat 24

GOOD ONLY 1974
THURSDAY
MORN. NOV.
28

Entry E
Loge 20
Seat 24
GALLERY

Photo: G.M. COOKSON [Socialist Challenge]

COLLECTORS of Operation Julie memorabilia will be interested in the record of that name put out by The Idiots on their own Blue Angel label.

Available for 95p from Blue Angel, Fulford, York.

All the informers and the underground agents
Were told to keep well away,
Given a telephone number to call up once a day.
The wives and the sweethearts became suspicious
When they heard their loved ones say:
(Chorus)
Hey Operator, get Julie on the line,
I want to talk to Julie one more time.
Tell Julie I'm doing fine.

Julie, she's a sergeant in the Police Department,
Just twenty-seven years old.
She made the tea and kept the records for the boys out in the cold.
She was the one that knew what had to be done
When those long-haired officers called
Saying Hey Operator, etc., etc.

It was five a.m. when they broke in at the back
And said "Good morning, this is a bust"
Two of the officers stayed behind to guard that cosmic dust.
Well, they were laughing at the TV and singing in the bar
I think they must have had it sussed,
Singing Hey Operator, etc., etc.

(Fade out to):
Julie, Julie, I'm feelin' alright now,
Julie, Julie, won't you come out tonight now, etc., etc.

"Why does politics turn men into toads" is the B side.

SEVERAL dozen people in Prague took part in a 48-hour hunger strike to protest against the rearrest of Ivan Jirous, 33-year-old member of the dissident rock group, the Plastic People, following his parole last October. He is at present held in Prague's Ruzyne jail.

Source: Black Flag.

AN executive of Firestone Tire and Rubber has been indicted for "having stolen most of $1 million in corporate money that was supposedly being used for illegal campaign contributions."

THE first words to be broadcast from the Houses of Parliament were "Order, order".

THE bobcat is an endangered species says the US Government, whose interior department killed 4,059 in 1975 and 76 under a predator control programme.

LEGALISE CANNABIS CAMPAIGN

THE Legalise Cannabis Campaign is a new national organisation aiming to legalise cannabis in the UK. Started in April, 1978, with the support of doctors, lawyers, journalists and other concerned individuals the Campaign held it's launching meeting on Saturday June 3 at 2.00 p.m. at the Central Hall, Westminster. The meeting was chaired by Maureen Colquhoun MP, and speakers include David Offenbach, a prominent drugs lawyer, and Reverend William Deane from the National Organisation for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) in the USA.

Tim Malyon of the *Legalise* Cannabis Campaign says: "Cannabis is the most widely used illegal drug in the UK today. Five million people have committed a criminal offence trying it. Despite the enormous amount of research which shows that cannabis does not constitute a major health risk, the Government is still dith ering about legal changes. Every year they dither 10,000 people are likely to be convicted of cannabis offences, jeopardising their employment, educational and travel opportunities, even their liberty."

International opinion is rapidly shifting towards a liberalisation of cannabis laws. The two most recent major Government inquiries into cannabis (Shafer Committee, USA, 1972 and LeDain Commission, Canada, 1972) after exhaustive examination of the health and social impact of marijuana laws, both concluded that possession of a small quantity of cannabis for personal use should not be a crime.

All are welcome to join the campaign. £3 membership fee, £1 for claimants. Contact: Legalise Cannabis Campaign, 29 Old Bond Street, London W1. 01-289 3881.

THE Constitution of West Germany permits citizens to use "illegal means" to curb the actions of a maverick state that is acting contrary to the interests of the population. Attempts to argue that the occupation of atomic power sites is justified by this part of the constitution have been (predictably enough) rejected by West German courts. Protestors have responded by occupying churches

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HAMBURGERS in the US are subject to 41,000 state and federal regulations.

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foe furore

DEAR Daisy Mae — Writing as I do from the puddle in the street that you seem to regard the Friends of the Earth as — I got slightly uptight about your kindergarten piece "With Friends Like These".

You must try and remember that important political issues such as the nuclear one are everybody's property. As Leary used to say about acid — everyone wants to claim sole rights on the new experience.

The straights in FOE certainly have as much right to spout away on the nuclear issue as the freaks and well heeled pseudo-revolutionaries of the left.

I accept the fact that you like lots of part-time revolutionaries have only just noticed the nuclear issue in the past six months whereas we in FOE have been doing the spadework for four or five years.

I remind myself — as you should yourself — that as long as a person is fighting nuclear power it doesn't matter how straight he is or how weird he is — it certainly doesn't matter what sort of bog paper he uses!

Whatever our "isms" or lack of them, we should all be sharpening our wire cutters at the moment. — **Kurt Thrust,** 6 Church Cottages, Ennerdale, Cumbria.

IN REPLY: My kindergarten piece, as you so profoundly call it, was based on a real anger towards FOE which I, and many others, have expressed to them personally.

I am well aware that the nuclear issue, like all eco issues, is rooted in a political death system which exists to benefit the few by stealing from the many.

To be specific about FOE: a group of people decided to organise a nine-day cycle rally from Windscale to the demonstration in Trafalgar Square. They approached FOE for support and got the cold shoulder. After having arranged the whole affair, food, accommodation for the cyclists, a support bus, promotion and publicity, etc., they asked FOE for some Windscale demo leaflets to distribute along the route. FOE asked them to pay for these leaflets. This is hardly building solidarity. Also "Nuclear Times", a one-off paid for by FOE, was considered by them to be "a bit radical, you know".

FOE distrusted the editor and staff so much (people well respected in their fields and working for peanuts) that they had a guy hanging over their shoulders up until deadline and then had the gall to demand that a note went into "Nuclear Times" saying that FOE didn't take responsibility for the contents. Also, FOE consider that the direct action / civil disobedience taken by SCRAM at Torness is not good for the cause and they do not condone or support "that sort of thing".

FOE would do well to climb out of their self-made strait-jacket and remember that DA/CD went a long way to getting the Yanks out of Vietnam and the passing of the equal rights and anti-racist laws. The eco/nukes issue will never be able to draw the heavy support of groups like Rock against Racism if it continues to be controlled by FOE.

As for "just noticing" the nukes issue — two of "IT's" editorial collective were on the last Aldermaston *march which is something like* 16 *years ago! And it* does *matter what bog-paper you use! If the dye in it is non-biodegradable it is possively poisonous to fish and waterborne organisms. Tighten up, there, Kurt.* — Daisy the Fox (AKA Mae).

DEAR Daisy Mae — Happened to see a short article by you in "IT", 4/7, the other day, about the launching of FOE's "Nuclear Times". Probably fair comment — FOE, Poland Street fail to see themselves in an "eve of conciliation" with big business, and it has its drawbacks. But Friends of the Earth doesn't only exist in Poland Street; there are at least fifteen groups round the country trying to create their own employment, of which we are one, and I think if you come to see us you might get a different impression. I certainly get pissed off at always being associated with FOE "Head Office", and feel that what is happening locally is often ignored; which is no bad thing in some ways — leaves us to get on with changing the world in our own quiet way — but does mean that we're often tarred with the sort of brush you wielded in your article.

If you're ever in Brum, stop in and see us. There's usually a genuinely veg lunch on the go; no way do we wear suits, and the sex balance is about 50/50! Look forward to hearing from you. Love and peace, — **Peter Raine,** Friends of the Earth, 54-57 Allison Street, Digbeth, Birmingham 5.

DEAR "IT" — I was amazed by your article on Friends of the Earth ("IT", vol. 4, no. 7). Very well put.

I have written to FOE asking them to confirm or deny that they are getting funds from Cadbury-Schweppes. No reply, predictably enough. The local group gave me the story though: yes, they are getting money from the Cadburys (from the Cadbury Trust, not the firm itself, though the distinction seems meaningless to me). They were very surprised to get it and it won't affect their policies at all! The corruption apparently is not of the simple money-grubbing type, but stems from their role as a bureaucracy and the myopic nature of their politics. They can't even see that there is anything wrong with being funded by the enemy.

Things are beginning to happen that will soon dispose of FOE central as an effective force. Many of the people in the local groups are intelligent radicals and are beginning to see which way the wind is blowing.

How about an article about the positive side of the eco-movement, like perhaps about the Clamshell alliance or the recent SCRAM thing at Torness?

L. & P., **John Roberts, c/o 108 Bookshop, 108 Salisbury Road, Cardiff, Wales.**

art

DEAR "IT" — Art training at public expense was first instituted in 1837 with the purely financial motive of breaking the monopoly of the continental designs used by British manufacturers. That is the role of the old Academies and they should now be scrapped and the money given to artists. Art schools are instruments of the State. Their function is to direct art according to State policy. Of course their principals don't get direct orders from the government, but they codify a system of artistic rules which ensure the continuation of traditional types of art reflecting the State's ideology.

The idea of the art/polytechnic school centralises artistic training and regularises standards and judgements. One of the proofs of this is the activities which remain outside its control, community, folk or "popular" art, are dismissed. Instead, non-existent problems are created. Works of art are made about other works of art. When one goes into an art gallery and talks to artists you can hear conversations that bring to mind the discussions between mediaeval theologians about how many angels could stand on the point of a needle. *(Considered* a very serious problem in the Middle Ages.) Not that too many people go to art galleries, the public has been largely traumatised by art or what passes for art in most galleries. The people who do go, set up a kind of elitist clique as though art were a kind of private club. It's often said that even galleries like Agenews or the Malborough are open to the public at large, and they are free. But we need not doubt that if large numbers of the public went to visit the galleries listed in the "Art News" exhibition guide something would be done to discourage them. The whole art scene encourages the idea of select groups; the high cost of art books artificially inflated the idea of the limited edition print — a straight example of elitism in action. No wonder the public often regard art as some kind of confidence trick.

It's my belief that now is the time for artists to re-examine their role in society. — **John Upton Brighton.**

drugs

DEAR "IT" — The plant on the cover of "The Book of Grass" by Andrews and Vinkenoog is not cannabis. It is Hemp Agrimony (Agrimonium Cannabium). Very strange for a book that has been accepted as an authoritative history of cannabis for so long. The resemblance is superficial, but should be enough to confuse the police.

Hemp agrimony is a member of the sunflower family. It has palmate leaves and serrated edges. If it were growing all over the place, prosecution for cultivation of cannabis would become almost impossible. All growers take note!

Sincerely, **Lance.**

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WHICH MAG DARES FLYPOST THE LAW COURTS, THE CENOTAPH AND BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO PROMOTE ITS VISIONARY WARES??

THE FANATIC! Issue number Five out now: with Robert Crumb on This Here Modern America, Abbie Hoffman fucking Communism up the Bum (from somewhere on the Run), David Solomon (author of first acid anthology) writes on the New Ordure, or the Shape of Shit to Come, extracted from **Shit Power!** (to be completed when the powers that shouldn't be release him from Bristol Jail), John Michell finally demystifies Hitler & reveals him as a failed comic with some hitherto unknown and choicely selected sparks from the Fuehrer, the Love Life of Elizabeth II, Hermaphrodite Spread Shots, the full text of the Secret Gemstone File, Unusual Tortures, Nameless Wildness and much much more that's either unmentionable or unspeakable. 60 heavy pages plus colour "A stunning new bloom in the radical press desert.." £1.25 (incl) from **OPEN HEAD PRESS**, 2, BLENHEIM CRESCENT, LONDON, W.11. INN.

The Festival Of Mammon And Bullshit

Heathcote Williams.

"COME on, this way please Madam." "Get your festival programme here, all you need to know, one pound please sir."

The first words you hear on entering the nine day Festival of Mind and Body at Olympia (tickets £1.50 per day) indicate an attempt to regiment you into a supermarket truth seeker, and to relieve you of only one earthly problem: your wallet.

As people battle their way through concrete gullies in this celestial stock exchange, they're besieged by hucksters lurching at them out of their tawdry stalls and bullying them into buying their particular brand of illumination — be it Co-Freemasonry, The Universal White Brotherhood, the Solar Quest, *the Water Drop Picture* Company, Sut Anubis, Pyramid Products, Niagara Therapy Aromatic Oils or The Eck Masters to name but a few . . . and not for nothing is one stand called simply Blind Awareness.

Legions of barbi-dolls employed by Ladbrokes the gambling empire plaster the unwary with stickers printed with the demand MAKE CHILDREN HAPPY, a reference to their Cashcard scam, a lottery set up by Ladbrokes ostensibly for charitable purposes, and also serving as the name of their stand. A great irony this, since it was Ladbrokes who recently demolished the house in Bayswater where J. M. Barrie wrote Peter Pan.

Other stands which reflect the organisers' low minded and opportunistic choices of "New Age activity" are the Dolphin Shower Company peddling a tinpot bathroom unit which can be acquired more cheaply through Exchange and Mart, familiar Portobellow rag trade hustlers, Creamery Ice Creams which taste like plimsolls, several "New Age" shoe shops flogging ugly sandals with veal soles and uppers, Moon Foods whose products belong just where they're named after, Romany Ltd. run by a dyed blonde lady who if she was ever a Rom went into brick generations back and is selling some hideously varnished chairs ("varnished according to ancient gipsy traditions") which should never have been exhumed from their peaceful skip for £25.

Some of the wilder nuts have been driven to the wall (this is the second Festival). The Discordian Order of Druids (motto: Y Gwyr Yn Y Bwd — The Truth Against the World), for example, were censored and refused permission to display any of their wares. And where were the people who believe that the Ark of the Covenant was a neutron bomb? Or the people who believe that Hitler thought he was losing the war because he hadn't got the Holy Grail, and therefore mounted an SS expedition to Glastonbury Tor in 1941 to dig it up? Ah, how are the mighty fallen.

There was, it should be admitted a herbal cure for self-abuse being proffered, and there was also a gang of dowsers with a few pairs of bent windscreen-wipers who poddled round twitching them somewhat impractically above the Earls Court concrete. The lady on the Reincarnation Stand was kind. She gave away free cups of coffee, on one occasion reportedly saying: "Come on dear, you only live once." But that's about as far as it got.

The organisers use the shibboleth and "New Age activity" with compulsive insensitivity. It's the catch-phrase of this Aquarian "It's a Knock-Out," and their protection against accusation of opportunism. But what brand of New Agesim could possibly have inspired them to lease a stall to a large gang of blubbery bums dressed in Ancient Greek costume and purveying a walking machine, on which you stood pacing above a motorised conveyor belt?

And what could possibly have inspired the Ancient Greekmechanical walking machine manufacturers to set up shop here? Perhaps they'd been told that the Festival would be so jammed that there would be thousands of people rendered immobile by the Festival crowds queueing to use their device. A mystery.

Information or products of practical value were very thin on the ground, and when they surfaced seemed to be treated as if they were almost heretical by New Age lechers. One purveyor of "Nuclear Times", the anti-Windscale broadside, buttonholing a prospective customer received this pretentiously transcendent response to his sales-pitch: "I have lived before, and I will live again." "Oh yeah, well try plutonium as an elixir next time round, and the next and the next."

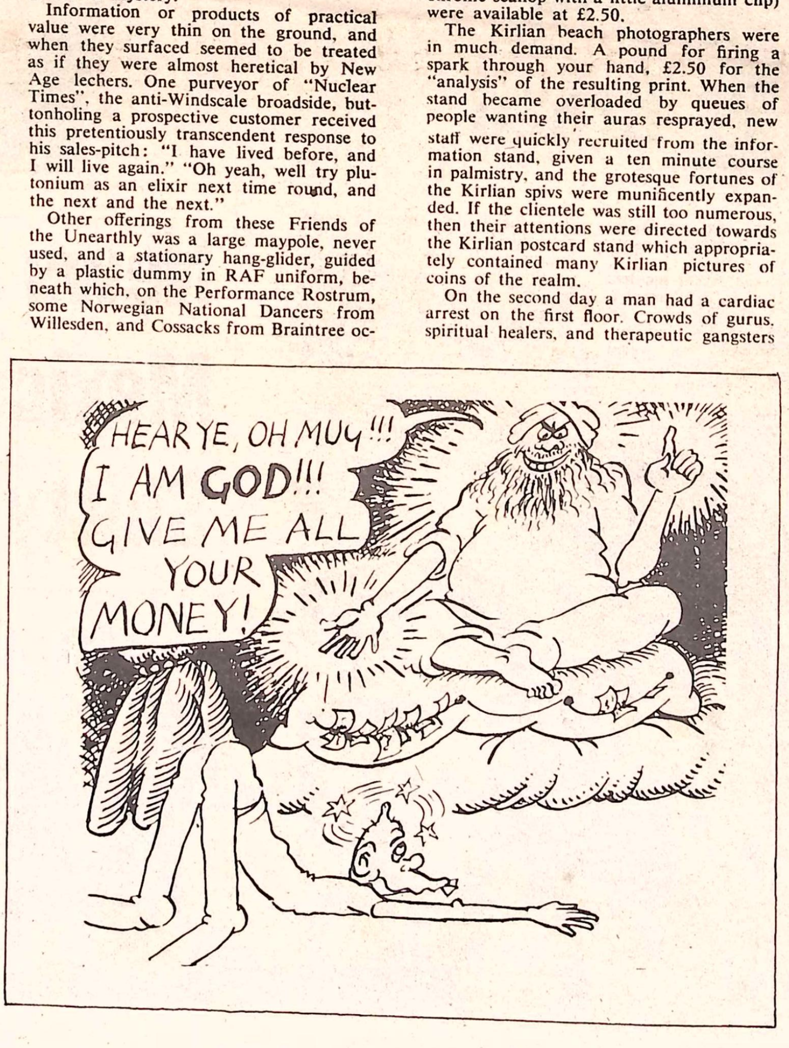
Other offerings from these Friends of the Unearthly was a large maypole, never used, and a stationary hang-glider, guided by a plastic dummy in RAF uniform, beneath which, on the Performance Rostrum, some Norwegian National Dancers from Willesden, and Cossacks from Braintree occasionally performed to a perfunctory PA.

The Great Dome of British Mysteries, widely and expensively advertised posters on the tube and on the buses revealed nothing more than a few plants, doubtless much mystified by the darkness and stench within, and irritated by a stuttering series of slides of Stonehenge, mainly out of focus.

Alternative Technology was represented by a small American windmill (plugged into the Earls Court mains), some crudely cast pig-iron boxes, ranging from £150 and grandiloquently known as Woodburning Stoves. In case you were wondering what else our New Age Technologists have been scheming up all this time for our betterment: Solar Cigarette Lighters (a plastichrome scallop with a little aluminium clip) were available at £2.50.

The Kirlian beach photographers were in much demand. A pound for firing a spark through your hand, £2.50 for the "analysis" of the resulting print. When the stand became overloaded by queues of people wanting their auras resprayed, new staff were quickly recruited from the information stand, given a ten minute course in palmistry, and the grotesque fortunes of the Kirlian spivs were munificently expanded. If the clientele was still too numerous, then their attentions were directed towards the Kirlian postcard stand which appropriately contained many Kirlian pictures of coins of the realm.

On the second day a man had a cardiac arrest on the first floor. Crowds of gurus, spiritual healers, and therapeutic gangsters spun round him like vultures screaming "I'll do it," "No *me*, let *me*!" In the end unfortunately, he proved quite recalcitrant, and the St. John Ambulance had to be called to bail out his heart.


HEAR YE, OH MUG!!!
I AM GOD!!!
GIVE ME ALL YOUR MONEY!

Spontaneity was from then on much discouraged. John Nicholson, compiler of the classic Anarchist tract: The Primer of English Violence, felt inspired to disport a large placard on which the words THE END IS HERE were wittily displayed, only to be harried by the festival organisers who put a call out to their Securicor men to "throw out Mr. Doom".

Another spontaneous outburst occurred beside the Anti-Metrication Stall. An ally of John Michell, the stall's yardstick, adopted the role of fairground barker in order to arouse interest in anti-metric issues and to lure people to the stall: "Yowzah, yowzah, yowzah," he cried jovially. "If Jesus Christ had believed in metrication, he'd have *only had ten* disciples . . . read all about it in a *special* issue of *the 'Fanatic'* on sale here! 'THE FANATIC'! The News of the World of the Seventh Astral Plane!" A coo-eyed, bearded gentleman was observed spitting into his intercom, and security guards were summoned to quell another errant spirit.

However, this errant sprit stood his ground, with the assistance of friends nearby who outnumbered the security men — one of whom revealed to him that the complainant was none other than the chief organiser of the Festival, a Mr. Graham Wilson. Such was Mr. Wilson's reputation at the time (and now), and so many unpleasant rumours about him rife, that it was proposed to the security men that Mr. Wilson himself was clearly the offending party and that they would more properly be carrying out their duties towards the New Age if they ejected him. A triumphant stale-mate ensued and Mr. Wilson retreated, disappearing up his divine intercom.

• • •

And where did it have its origins, this Tesco New Jerusalem? In the minds of two retired estate agents, turned ad executives who flashed on New Ageism as a commercial opportunity . . . "just think of all those nuts who'd rent a stand for a grand". Their soul-less sweet-talk attracted a plethora of acqusitive loonies, who were persuaded to join this giant spiritual sell-out and line their etheric bodies with earthly wonga.

The Festival's turnover was, according to a BBC researcher (nosing around for the TV programme Everyman) £600,000, and the only kick-back William Blake got was the "Magical Moment" which was constantly announced over the tannoy on the last day. It consisted of Graham Wilson marching onto the podium with a cupronickel glint in his eye, flanked by his gang of C&A loreleis mouthing to a cassette of And Did Those Feet in Ancient Time, and then scurrying off well before the last bar, doubtless, as one observer sardonically commented, "unable to wait to get back to the till".

The Aquarian Admen's peace and love bottleneck was corked up for another year.

GI's Stuff Eleven Atoll Isles into Bomb Hole As US Waste Cloud Hits Brazil

US soldiers are attempting to scrape plutonium - contaminated top-soil from eleven of the forty islands in the Pacific atoll of Edewetak. The plan is to move back the remnants of the Erewetak people who were shipped off in 1947 prior to the nuclear bomb testing of the '50s.

The techniques used for cleaning up the island are the most advanced known to science: the irradiated top-soil will be carried in open trucks and barges to the island of Runit where it will be dumped into a water-filled bomb crater and sealed in with 18 inch cement. The island will then be off-limits for 250,000 years. The soldiers must also locate and excavate buried caches of radioactive debris which were bulldozed underground after the test blasts.

Meanwhile, residents in the neighbouring Bikini atoll, who were returned to "cleaned up" islands in 1970, have a suit pending in the Hawaiian District Court claiming that radionuclides in their bodies have risen higher than levels considered acceptable by US authorities.

Suggestions that the Bikinians and the Erewetak are being used as lab-rats in real-time experiments on the long term effects of exposure to radiation have been denied by the Defense Nuclear Agency which is responsible for the repopulation.

Source: Pacific News Service.

MEANWHILE

A MYSTERIOUS poison cloud struck the Rio Grande du Sol province in Southern Brazil during April. As the cloud swept in over Brazil and northern Uruguay three people were killed instantly and thousands of others suffered from dizziness and vomiting. Livestock and marine life were also afflicted. "Sea lions bleeding from the nostrils have been crawling onto the beaches in the stricken area and collapsing dead on the sand," UPI reported on 20 April.

Less well publicised has been the cause of the lethal cloud. It came from casks of Agent Orange gas, used by the US in Indochina and dumped off the Brazilian coast several years ago. The casks apparently ruptured and sent the deadly chemical bubbling to the surface to form a 286 mile long toxic cloud.

Responding to what Brazil's minister of environment called the greatest ecological disaster in Brazilian history, the governments of Brazil and Uruguay have rushed biologists, oceanologists and toxicologists to the stricken area. But the damage has already been done, and the long term effects could prove devastating. During the war in Indochina, the US used Agent Orange to defoliate nearly five million acres of the Vietnamese countryside. The gas contains the known carcinogen dioxin. And medical workers in Vietnam have linked the poison to sharp increases in both birth defects and cancer. Eventually these discoveries and mounting international outrage forced the US to ban further military use of Agent Orange and to ditch vast quantities of it in the Atlantic.

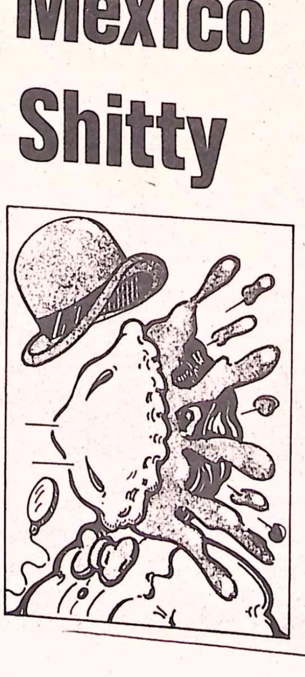
Even before the recent incident in Brazil the toxic defoliant has appeared in Latin America. An April 1973 story in the "Washington Post" observed that Agent Orange may have been used to flood the Latin American herbicide market "in the name of international development and improving the US balance of payments". And in several western states in the US, citizens are currently battling to block use of Agent Orange by the US forest service.

PNS/LNS,

DON'T B

"And then after the world's

News From Mexico Shitty



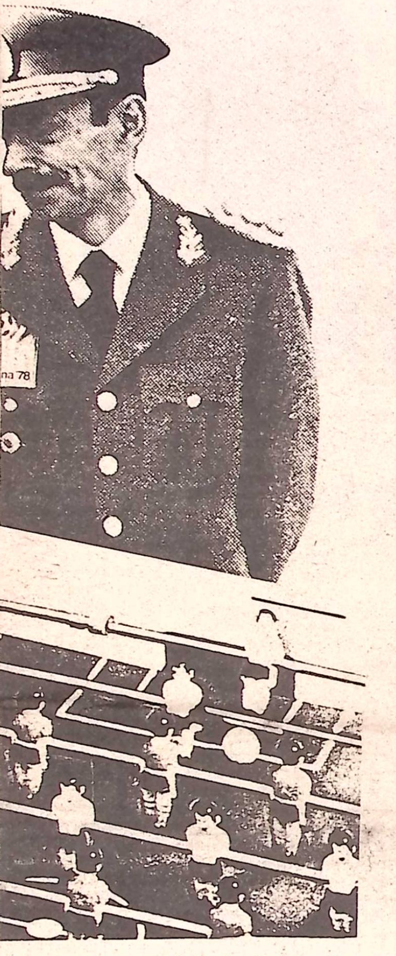
FELIPPE Soiano, the rector of the "Benito Juarez" University of Oaxaca, and 45 of the university's professors, were arrested on 7 February by members of the Brigada Blanca, a para-military organisation composed of soldiers and police operating in concert with government forces. They are being held in complete isolation in Mexico's number one military camp, accused of being members of the guerrilla organisation, "The Union of the People", which has been active in both Oaxaca and Guerrero states for several years.

The accused have denied the accusations, but have been tortured in a government attempt to obtain signed confessions. The fate of an unknown number of students arrested during clashes with the police during the last three or four months is not known.

Mexico now seems set on the same violent roads as Argentina and Uruguay, with massive peasant demonstrations, demanding land reform, being broken up by armed soldiers, with many deaths. Some reports state that napalm has also been used against demonstrators. Oaxaca itself has in fact been under virtual occupation by government forces since December, when over 20,000 soldiers moved in under the guise of "manoeuvres", setting up road blocks.

Source: Black Flag.

EED ON ME ARGENTINA



press has gone we light the barbecue."

THE soft-floored, air-conditioned, room-service finery of the Sheraton Hotel, Buenos Aires, towers, and according to the experts, bends slightly in the wind. . . . "A fresh wind" says Mr. Campbell of the local British Chamber of Commerce "which carries Argentina forward within a new concept, with confidence restored. . . . The stormy weather is left behind us on the horizon, the skies are clearing."

In Argentina today, Mr. Campbell would probably say the "harvest is blossoming" for, as long as his favourable "atmospheric" conditions prevail, the skies are also clear and bright for each incoming dollar of foreign investment which now produces no less than 14 dollars in dividends, royalties and interest for the chaps back home.

Argentina is now "A land of rolling pampas, modern cities and freedom" if you believe the glossy brochures put out by New York PR merchants Burson and Marsteller. Their references for the million dollar contract they landed with the Generals include the skilful work they've done for South Africa; holiday adverts, sun tans, good jobs, your own landrover, wide open spaces, good for the kids stuff and so on. Ask our Conservative MP for Canterbury, Crouch, about B&M — he's one of the directors.

And they deliver the goods. Argentina is now a good bet; Lloyds ($100 million in 1977) Bank are even advertising in the "Financial Times" about it, their name is in the hit parade, they are part of contingency plans for more than one Rhodesian farmer and, "Thanks to the efforts of the security forces" says Brig. General "Saint" Jean "Argentina has been saved from being a slave to the crafty commissars of International Communism."

The last two years have been busy ones for the authorities. They have had to deal harshly with the "contamination" as they call it. In 1976, just after the coup which brought the army to power, Police Chief Feced announced "We're starting an all-out war against the guerrillas and subversion. I'm telling all extremists that from this moment they have twelve hours to leave the city: if they don't we'll accompany them to the cemetery."

And with God's blessing too according to the propaganda: "Where blood flows there is redemption. God is redeeming the nation through the armed forces . . . who have purified themselves in a Jordan of blood." (Army Vicar).

General Videla, President of Argentina, leader of the armed forces ("While Videla governs, I kill" says one of his commanders) believes he is a Christian and a Crusader — even if it is of the type that builds more fortresses than Churches.

His definition of a terrorist goes like this "A terrorist is not just someone with a gun or a bomb, but also someone who spreads ideas that are contrary to Western and Christian civilisation." And that includes priests — more than 50 have either disappeared, or are known to have met a violent death.

His answer to armed resistance is this: 70 executions after the attack against the Federal Security building; 40 executions after the attack against the Defence Ministry; 50 executions after the attack against the Police Department in La Plata . . . and so forth ever since he came to power.

He presides over a country with 170 per cent inflation and which took a cut in real wages last year of 50 per cent. His government spending on security and defence is nearly six times spending on health and education combined. For the World Cup they have devoted £350 million — £1 for each of the 350 million people who will watch it on TV throughout the world.

For the record: Since 1976 the number of "disappeared" people has been estimated to be between 15 and 20,000. Amnesty estimates the number of people in what they call "official custody" to be 8,000, 7-8,000 people have been killed by death squads.

Every Thursday in the capital's central square, the Plaza de Mayo, where the president has his offices a small group of women gather by the fountains in a silent protest before being hustled away by police "The Plaza de Mayo nuts" according to Videla.

Resistance takes many forms besides the usual guerrilla tactics (which many feel give the government excuse for further repression). Strikes are illegal (imprisonment of three to ten years) and so there are resignations instead. In March last year all the teachers in Buenos Aires and Cordola resigned. The government threatened to use soldiers as "teachers" but eventually gave in to demands for higher wages. Fifty teachers "disappeared" soon afterwards.

There have been more than forty recorded "interferences" with TV and radio programmes in support of the resistance, mainly made possible by studio technicians. The most famous of these, and one that the government could not cover up, was a five minute broadcast by the leader of the Monteneros which appeared on TV during live satellite coverage of a middleweight championship between Italy and Argentina.

In the factories there is sabotage. On the motor-car production lines they make the bodies just a fraction too small for the engines to be fitted, and they mix piss with the spray paint so it all peals off. The production of cars in Argentina last January was 43 per cent less than in the same month last year.

The pro-government daily Lan Nacion admits that "sabotage could give us more problems than any other form of protest", and went on to say how at Fiat one batch of 200 cars had 91 damaged through sabotage.

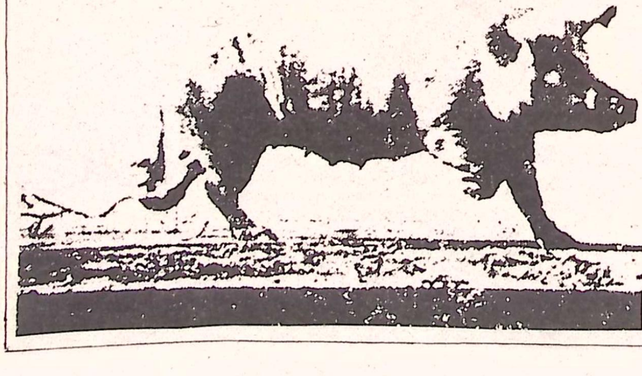
Another more subtle form of resistance is that of "working sadly". This is not as pronounced as a go slow which can be detected and punished, but it can cut production by 20 to 30 per cent when a whole factory is participating.

The strategy of the two main resistance movements; straight left (Monteneros) and Trotskyite (Peoples Revolutionary Army is centred around the struggle in the cities where 70 per cent of *the* population live. Attempts to have a rural baced armed struggle Che Guerava style failed dismally though guerrilla armies still operate in four regions of the country.

Andrew Lloyd-Accesscard.

Spigs cut teeth on homeless

THE Special Patrol Group has been practising smash-and-grab techniques on London squatters over the last three months. One area, in Islington, scene of Boadicea's last defeat and host to many ancient tumuli, has been raided thirty times in the last five weeks. The attacks are usually in the early hours of the morning; front doors are unceremoniously hammered in and between thirty and a hundred SPC (who have adopted the cobra as their unit insignia) break in and tear through the house. In their first three-night orgy of strip-searches at Hargrave Park, Islington, damaging nine houses, carrying drug-warrants or solen property warrants, the boys in black managed to take in one suspect for possession of a homeopathic remedy and one other that was wanted by the local police.

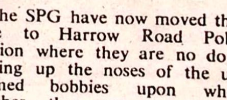


Squatters feel they are being used as a training ground for an under - employed anti-terrorist squad, although the new activity may be part of a longerterm plan to soften up the squatting movement before the Government begins applying its new Criminal Trespass acts.

It is also possible that the police are getting the wobbles from watching events in Italy and Germany; finding it hard to take the Dreadful Calm on the British scene. "It's damned quiet out there, lieutenant. *Too* damned quiet!"

From Islington the SPG moved on to the Covent Garden area where the squatted shops opposite the tube station have taken a few pastings — one neatly timed to coincide with the absence of most occupants who were off picketing the High Court in The Strand which was hearing applications to evict the core of the organised squatting movement from Huntley Street. SPG, carrying open warrants to search six houses, smashed up loos and tore down anti-NF posters yet made no arrests. On their way out they smashed front door locks even though the doors were open.

A week later they hit the next nearest squat centre in Sandringham flats. They greeted an offer to open a flat door by key with the reply "that's not our style" before a brief sledge-hammer display.



The SPG have now moved their base to Harrow Road Police Station where they are no doubt getting up the noses of the uniformed bobbies upon whose patches they are so ungently treading. No doubt the heavy mob will shortly turn up a bunch of freaks with some dynamite and then they will be able to play the anti-terrorist games they were promised when they joined the unit. In this way the police will create the very monsters they fear. Without a doubt — when the State uses physical violence against the people, the people will use physical violence aganist the State. And so on, and so on, and so on.

Sydney Street

scram UNFURLS ANTI~ NUKE FLAG

SCOTTISH CAMPAIGN TO RESIST THE ATOMIC MENACE
NUCLEAR POWER NO THANKS
STOP NUCLEARPO

OFF to the SCRAM demo at Torness, campaigning against the construction of a nuclear reactor on that site. £9 return bus fare from the London Greenpeace offices, we finally move off in dismal rain, a two-bus caravan, three or four languages jabbering in all directions.

It seems like we're going to stop at every service station, big scrambles into the neon for Fortes Delight, eco-freaks suddenly hit the stage in the queues of old ladies going home to Newcastle. "The young aren't like we were. They never had to fight a world war. Where are you going then?"

"We're off to occupy a nuclear power station in Scotland."

"Well I hope they put you all inside."

Maybe this is the beginning of our world war.

As the service caffs begin to eat into my brain I bed down in the bus under an old raincoat and dream of travelling through the night by bus under heavy rain.

There are beautiful blue skies over Berwick-on-Tweed to wake to and in the grocer's on the main street they nod approvingly when we tell them where we're going. Nuclear power is obviously English power to them. They wave goodbye and have a "Nuclear Power, non merci" sticker on their door.

We arrive at Dunbar, the nearest town to the site; a little harbour with crowds milling around on the wharf among the fishing nets. Overlooking the harbour are old field-guns, now daubed with PEACE and Ban the Bomb signs and festooned with playful children. Down the hill someone is playing bagpipes. More and more buses are arriving every minute and we all wait for the Greenpeace boat anchored offshore to deliver a windmill, the sign that the march to the Torness site will start. Then, suddenly, a Scots band in full tartan and busby fig appears and, striking up a march, leads the demonstration through town. Five miles later at the entrance to the site there is a sign saying, "East Lothian District Council — Mussels and winkles should not be collected from the foreshore as they may be polluted." They haven't even started building. The site is a large marquee, a scattering of smaller tents and a small stage with PA equipment. A contingent from Bath Civil Aid ladle out vegetarian food for almost twenty four hoursa day at twenty or thirty pence a plate. There is a plastic tipi/dome run by an Edinburgh radical bookshop and an "expressionist tent" with tables, chairs and writing equipment where people can write or draw whatever seems relevant and stick it on the wall — cartoons, poems, jokes, slogans or propaganda. Someone had stuck up "things experts have said: "the sun goes round the earth, and man will never fly in a heavier than air machine." An East Lothian Disaster Unit van doles out shit food like hot-dogs and hamburgers. I ask them if they will be running the soup kitchens when the fabric of society falls apart and they say that the unit is just for their own men, organised to look after themselves first and other people second. He says there are similar groups operating all over the country.

Half an hour after the march arrives on site, the speeches start.

Bob Edwards from SCRAM — Hello. We're very glad the sun is shining. The main reason people are against nuclear power is that it takes power away from the people. One of the common local reactions to antinuclear activism is "you're probably right, but the government will do it anyway".

Robin Cook, MP for Central Edinburgh — (Unfortunately I was too into my vegetable chapati to catch anything except something the Editor of "Nature" had said.)

Gordon Rene, farmer — "on behalf of the local opponents of the menace".

The site has been a human settlement since the Bronze Age and there are still remnants of the Iron Age and Anglo-Saxon settlements. The soil is exceptionally fertile and has been farmed by the Hope Brothers for 50 years and their father and grandfather before them. It is known as the Land of Hope and Glory. The whole area is renowned for the quality of its harvests and I myself have received compliments from the British Army garrison in Hong Kong for the quality of any spuds (titters from Anarchists and Reds in the audience). The promise of local employment is an empty promise. The assurances of safety are also empty because the average speed of the wind in these parts is 30 mph, which means that if there were an explosion at Torness, Dunbar would only have ten minutes to evaculate.

Margery Linklater of The Orkney Heritage Trust — I have come to warn everyone of the sinister way the government works. In the Orkneys they held out threats of compusory purchase or offered bribes of vast fortunes to farmers upon whose land they had discovered deposits of Uranium by tests carried out in secret. No official plans were revealed until a small ad in the local paper announced their application for planning permission to mine uranium. The Orkney Council voted against this permission and wrote by-laws forbidding the mining of uranium, forever, but these by-laws can be over-ruled by the Secretary of State who, in turn can be over-ruled by the European Commission. The Orkneys feel that all their autonomy has been taken away.

French Friends of the Earth — You have to create a new movement. In France we don't know where we are going to end up, but we're very happy with what is happening. The ecological movement has restarted in Brittany. The Feminists, the Regionalists and the Ecological Party are all ahead of the old political parties who don't know what is happening. Let's hope we all arrive in the same place.

George Thompson, MP for Galloway — We must resist the peephole state. The names of modern power stations are a list of modern pilgrimages. We have to march to resist the demons of the twentieth century.

Wolfgang from BUU in Germany — In Germany demonstrations have been banned and almost made illegal. Protestors are called potential terrorists and a threat to democracy. Our experience is that we cannot trust Parliament, the Courts or tribunals. The German experience has shown that atomic power also means an atomic state.

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Dave MacTaggart of the Greenpeace Organisation — (who had just rowed ashore from the Greenpeace boat in a little rubber dinghy). I'm a sailor, not a speaker. I've spent five years fighting the fucking French. It may look a little heavy with that boat out there, but we're off to do some things with whales. I've been in jail five times. Anybody got a joint out there. I was down at Trafalgar Square last week. A lot of people might not like to hear what I'm going to say, but when those motherfuckers start digging that trench for the power station up on those hills behind you, we've got to go get them and not let them have a go at us.

Master of Ceremonies He makes it all sound like Woodstock.

I spent some of that afternoon with a Japanese monk who had been annoying some Manchester anarchists on the march to the site by beating a drum and chanting a mantra non-stop. We noticed together how the festival passing on around us was reminiscent of the festivals of yester-year, except that now the energies were centred towards a much more defined purpose and weren't nearly so drug orientated or fashion conscious.

He said the '60s was a time of seeking, a necessary process to come to this time. He told me the matra he had been singing was "Life and Peace", that 370,000 people still suffered the after effects of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima, that members of his order burned themselves to death in protest over Vietnam, joined the demonstrations in Paris '68, and the Ban the Bomb movement. More recently they opposed the airport in Japan, helped occupy the nuclear site at Seabroke in the States, and have supported the anti-nuclear movement elsewhere as best they could in their own way.

At the non-violent civil disobedience workshop we learned more about the Seabrook occupation and how it was done. One of the women running the workshop had been involved in it. They organised for two years and in that time trained 3,000 people in the techniques of non-violence, 2,000 of whom participated in the occupation in which 1,500 were arrested.

"They were not merely protesting at nuclear construction" someone said. "They were actively trying stop it."

And they did. The arrests backfired on the authorities. The spirit of the occupation was so high it captured the imagination and support of public opinion in a way that no violent clashes would have done.

Soon afterwards Seabrook and plans for two other plants in New Hampshire were scrapped and perhaps in response, California banned the building of nuclear plants.

The Seabrook occupiers (the Clamshell Alliance) organised themselves into units or "affinity groups of 10 or so people, each person assigned a particular role, each unit independent in food and supplies. The roles assigned included spokesperson, medic, food person, and at least one person whose job it was to avoid arrest and serve as an outside liaison through protracted occupations or incarcerations.

They acted out the various possible scenarios that might occur in turn playing police, media, medics, and themselves so they could see the possible dilemmas that they might be faced with from every perspective. (Later they learned that the police had also done role-play training.)

The strength of the non-violence resistence strategy lyes in the possibility of neutralising the aggressive tendencies of aggression on the part of the police by not giving them any obvious excuse or reason to panic, by actively reducing the tensions of confrontation, by isolating any flash points that may occur in a way which defuses them. It is all done by preparation — every one knows exactly what to do, communication — everyone knows exactly what is going on even if they can't see; and by mutual support — members of each affinity group know and trust each other and stick together. It is this sort of organisation that enables a relatively small number of determined individuals to achieve almost anything.

We had just split up into game groups to act out what might have happened if police had attempted to divert our march away from the Torness site when a curious event occured: someone ran up to announce that four people had been busted for dope, that twenty or thirty people were sitting down in front of the cops, and that two or more hundred were milling around wondering what to do. There was a rumour that police had called in reinforcements. "OK you're the direct action experts, what we gonna do?"

The people running the workshop suggested we break into groups of six to discuss what should be done.

Someone said "Is there anyone from Release here?"

Someone else said "Forget it, it's not a nuclear issue".

"If we do that the Fuzz will continue to be heavy on dope as a way of harassing us".

Another, "Regardless of how we feel about dope, we should back each other up in our different struggles."

"There's going to be an announcement on the microphone."

"We should join the people sitting down."

More news from the front: One person has been arrested, not four; it was plain clothed police who made the bust. They had been hiding in a ditch and popped up when someone lit a joint. Tensions are running high.

Someone says we should go there to prevent any violence developing — "We don't want a battle over a joint."

Someone else "Are we going to sit hear and discuss civil liberties while they bust us?"

At the entrance to the park there was a police van carrying two men; in front a lot of people were milling around, some jeering and tensions were indeed high. The chief cop and a few of his men were there looking worried. then suddenly they seemed to come to a decision and start to move forward, at the same time the people in front of the van sat down and the rest crowded around, it looked like the van wouldn't get through, and then almost as soon as they sat down the 30 or so stood up as though by a pre-arranged signal and parted to allow the van through.

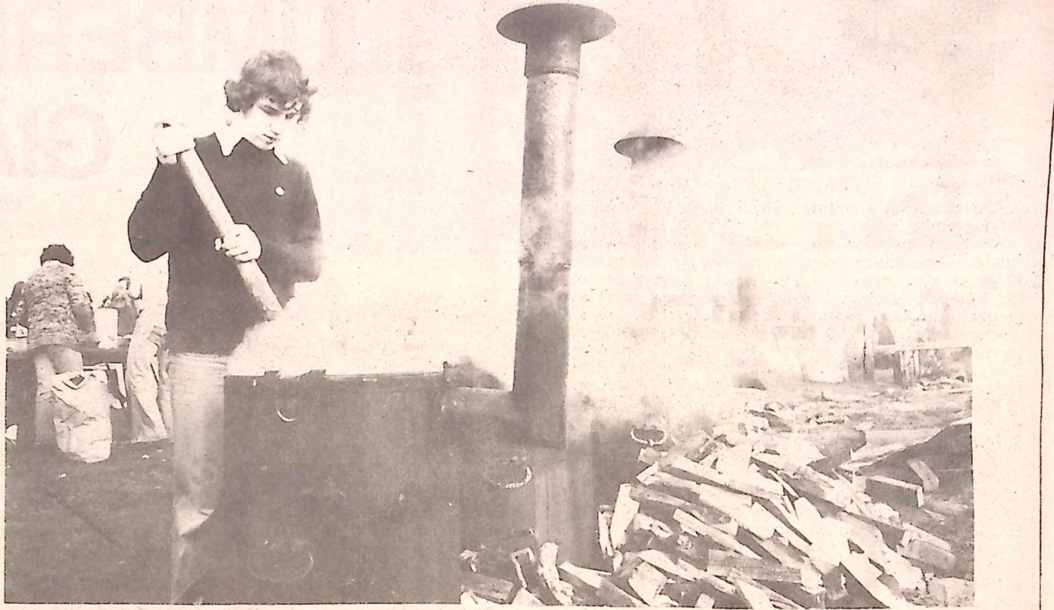
Later it turned out that the men in the van were plain clothed police. The arrested man was released and the police agreed not to allow any more plain-clothed "activity" on the site. It seemed that the effect of people rallying in peaceful resistance had the desired effect for we were not to be bothered again.

Back at the workshop I couldn't help noticing that the veterans of non-violent resistance had stayed behind. Someone else arrived, who went with the purpose of trying to keep things peaceful and said they were glad they did because they managed to stop a guy with a chain from attacking the police van.

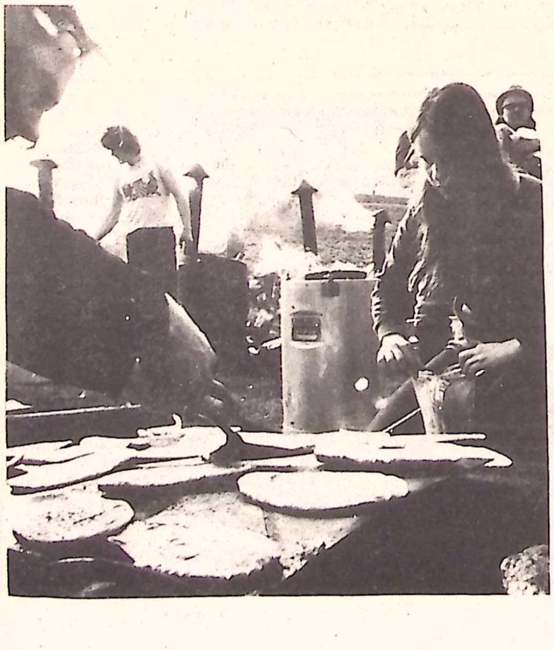
That night we watched films from Germany and the States in a tent next to the stage. As the screen flickered with *images* of white helmeted German riot police fighting demonstrators, heavy *funk-punk* blared into the night, virulently supplementing the soundtrack as we watched the lengths to which a State is prepared to go to stop anti-nuclear action: Germany brought in *one-third* of its police force in the largest police/military deployment since World War II to stop the demo at Kalkar last year. They blocked roads and trains and borders as much as 300 miles from the site to try to stop people getting there . . . but still 50,000 got through! It aroused some interesting discussion afterwards as much of the talk of non-violent action seemed very important in the face of the jackboot reactions of the German state which we might expect here.

To balance all was a film about Sam Love Joy, who single-handed chopped down a 500 foot weather tower at a proposed nuclear site at Montague. He chose the day of Washington's birthday, and once he had done it he turned himself in for trial, bringing the issues into public debate. It was all done with such humour and style, that he could not fail to win the hearts and support of the local people and eventually the go ahead for the plant was prevented.

THE SECOND DAY



A day of discussion and planning for the future, first in small groups and then all together, the groups reporting on what they had talked about.



I learned of an incident at Hinkley Point seven months ago when a burst steam pipe put the cooling system of the power plant out of action. But for some quick thinker putting a hose-pipe in the hole we would have lost Bristol. I learned that Friends of the Earth are considered by some to be little more than a consumer protection lobby, content to argue the merits of Advanced Gas-Cooled Reactors against those of Pressurised Water Reactors. I learnt that non-violent resistance at Malville was met by percussion granades from the French police; that in July '77 the biggest anti-nuclear demo in the world took place in the Basque country of Spain, where 200,000 people marched on Bilbao (and someone let off a few bombs). I heard that in Australia the unions are more anti-Nuke than in Europe and the main campaigning is against multi-national companies digging up Aborigine land for uranium, and I discovered that opinions about how to handle the nukes issue are as numerous as stars in the sky.

We discussed freaky subversives and scientific reasonablists, and changing the whole nature of society, and communication to conservative people in rural areas. We heard of the example of Aschendorf in Germany where they wanted to build a Windscale type plant. The ecologists had to persuade a very conservative population, they did not organise demos, or speeches or posters, but instead contacted the few local people who were friendly and used them to persuade the rest — in November '76 1,500 local people with 800 tractors occupied the proposed site, and the plant has yet to be built.

We heard that many of the Unions are pro-nuclear including the Municiple Workers Union who think that nuclear power plants will give them more jobs. We heard how Scram organisers went to meet the cops to arrange the march and the Special Branch man there wanted to know which groups would be there but was uninterested in what they told him until they mentioned the Unions: "Which unions" he demanded, and was told that a very large contingent of the National Union for Mineworkers was expected . . . unfortunately for him the detailed information he then urgently required was not forthcoming.

We heard suggestions for a permanent occupation of the site, the infiltration of women's institutes, Rotary Clubs, and the subversion of local Priests and Mothers' Unions. We are told that it's "No good if Surrey freaks tell Scots farmers what to do, we must go home and work in our own areas." There are calls for the establishment of a non-violent training centre in preparation for future actions and someone else says "We need non-violent training for trainers" which made some people laugh; just a little. Someone gets up and says "Sabotage the building equipment!", and then sits down.

A guy from Lancashire says that a nuclear power station is being built near where he lives at Echam and that he hopes to organise a demonstration there, but it may not be till next year.

Someone from SCRAM says "This took a year to organise and several people are now economically bust — the hat's going round now".

The Declarations of Resistance was read out, and after each section we all said OM long and peacefully.

About then a guy, middle aged and looking like he came out of some sort of institution starts filming with a camera which goes wirrrrrrr in a jerky sort of way breaking the spell of all the OMs. Someone near him jumps up and covers the lens with a coat. "You musn't film without explaining what you are doing and who you are." He says he works for Border TV, someone says that's OK and he even gets a clap.

"The presence of Scottish TV ends any possibility of free discussion" someone says. "But we need exposure to the media" says another.

"Yes, but we must choose the time and the place".

And on that note the meeting ended.

It became clear that although the National Friends of the Earth were stuck in the mud, the local FOE groups were very radicalised. There was much talk of occupations and non-violent disobedience, not only related to reprocessing plants, but to all nuclear power, whatever the design. People swapped addresses and promised to meet back home.

A "Stop URENCO" meeting was held on the grass in front of the stage. Eighty or more of us including people from the Netherlands, Germany, the USA and France, sat in a big circle in the sun and heard the complicated story of URENCO, a uranium enrichment company. Complicated because it's a multinational enterprise, involved in the rapid expansion of the nuclear industry on an international scale using all kinds of long-named, heavy-duty, deadly-sounding hardware.

We hear that it was set up in 1971 and seems to be Europe's answer to the Americans' attemps to monopolise the world's soon to boom (if it's not already) uranium enrichment industry. It's, owned 60 per cent by Germany, 30 per cent by Britain and 10 per cent by the Dutch. It appears they can't resist the prospects of vast contracts worth millions, spreading nuclear power and all that goes with it (including the possibility of home-made bombs) to countries like South Africa, Iran and Brazil. The going rate for a ton deal of enriched uranium in London or Bonn is £250,000 and they've already got orders for 20,000 tonnes.

The enrichment of uranium is one of the lynch pins of the nuclear process; after mining, it is the first step in the nuclear fuel cycle, essential before the uranium can be used in a power station. Urenco operates two enrichment plants: one at Almelo in Holland, the other

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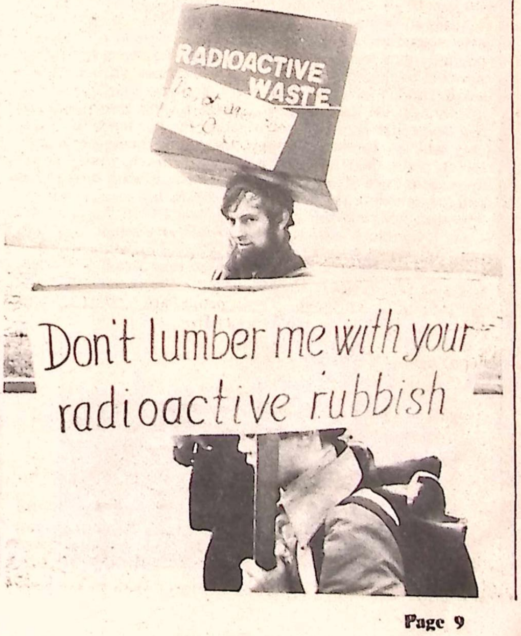

RADIOACTIVE WASTE
Don't lumber me with your radioactive rubbish

at Caplehurst in Cheshire, which opened for business last September.

We learn that now they want to expand their capacity for enrichment so they can supply the needs of 50 or so *more* nuclear power stations deemed necessary for Europe's Nuclear Future, and to make good their foreign deals. On 13 January this year they met with representatives from Brazil's military dictatorship and signed a vast deal to supply enriched uranium to go along with the eight 1,300 megawatt nuclear power stations the Generals have brought off W. Germany.

The people from Holland tell us how when news of the planned expansion at Almelo came through last year a huge campaign was immediately started, culminating in a very successful demo of more than 40,000 people in March of this year. During the campaign they sold 150,000 copies of a special issue paper, 80,000 sold door to door. The campaign was organised by the National Energy Committee; a coalition of eight eco groups and leftist parties, with the support of nearly 50 other local and national groups. They say that because of the success of the campaign it is now unlikely that the government will allow URENCO to go ahead with the expansion at Almelo. At the same time as the demo at Almelo took place there was one at Caplehurst . . .of five people.

Someone from Germany says it is very likely that, as a result, the expansion will take place at Caplehurst and possibly at a new plant to be held in Germany. Though this depends on how much Germany can bend the War Ward II peace treaties which forbid her to develop the bomb-making potential which such a plant would give her.

Discussions then developed about when to have a demo at Caplehurst; the sooner the better seems the consensus. The students say their exams don't finish till after 17 June; someone says Seabrook is being reoccupied on 24 June: "Gives us longer to plan" says someone else; the Dutch and the Germans say the 24th's OK and so an international day of anti-nuclear action in Britain, Germany, Holland, America, and possibly France and Australia is arranged for 24 June, 1978. SCRAM will be acting as the contact point for Scotland, FOE, Birmingham for the Midlands, and Greenpeace/CIMRA for the London area and main co-ordination (tel. 01-263 0253).

Someone says "But if we just arrive outside it will be just like the CND movement." Another wants to occupy the site with a windmill. "*Do we really want to be in their horrible death-factory?*" was the answer to that; someone else wants a blockade — "There's truck loads of uranium leaving every week." Planning meetings are organised throughout the country to decide exactly what will be done.

The meetings over, I went for a walk along the beach, came back through the caravan park, bought a Scottish newspaper (it had a little bit on the demo but not much), saw the chief copper and his side-kick drinking tea from the East Lothian Disaster Unit, and took in the sun.

I met a French couple who used to buy "IT" in Paris a few years ago, and a girl from Germany who wanted to study ecological agriculture at university but found it very difficult because none of the professors knew anything about it

Waiting for the bus now — "See you when I'm in Denmark / London / Huddersfield / Stonehenge / Paris," and so forth.

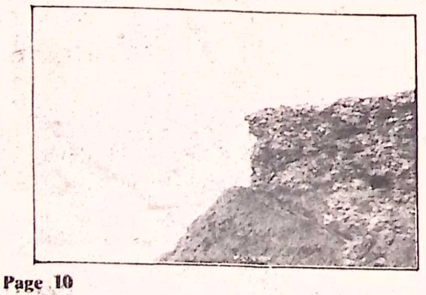
Strangely we don't seem to be stopping at so many service stations on the way back.

Finally arrive in London, it's three in the morning, a beautiful warm night. I give the German girl and two French people a crash pad for the night

They are all going to Germany in the morning and they wonder if they will get through the border with "IT". They say -- "yes things are bad in Germany, but still lots of people are struggling in ways which never make the headlines, and the repression is not always as bad as is made out, but then again sometimes it is".

In the morning the headline in the "Guardian" reads "Sit-in Heralds Campaign of Civil Disobedience Against Building of Atomic Power Plants".

The ubiquitous Bradley-Martin



SLUMBERING GIANTS STIR

THE Rock Against Racism meet gathered together a staggering number of people — estimates range from 68,000 (official) to over 100,000 (jubilant). There were more punks than blacks at this white-man's anti-racist rally and one couldn't help but wonder, as three gigantic and wonderfully-made carnival heads of Hitler, Webster and Tyndall swayed through the streets of London to the baying mantra of "Smash the National Front" whether the demons of violent prejudice were being invoked rather than exorcised.

The Windscale demonstration was a wistful affair — 10,000 stalwarts turned up at the Trafalgar Square shrine to hear the guardians of the nuclear conscience exhort them on to greater vigilance. One speaker tentatively suggested that there was a remote possibility that in the future a little civil disobedience might be necessary and, for a moment, the crowd caught light with applause.

The crowd is ready for Civil Disobedience NOW. It's time for the recipe-experts to get out of the kitchen and let the hungry get at the griddle.

WINDSCALE
WE WELCOME DISCUSSION

Free Radio Hit

FOR the first time in the history of the "free" radio stations in France, the police have intervened. While they were on the air, Radio 93, which broadcasts from Saint - Denis, near Paris, was raided. Witnesses said that several police cars and black marias arrived at the building from which the broadcast was taking place and arrested all those involved in the transmission. Listeners heard a voice say "Who is in charge here?" followed by complete silence.

About half an hour after the arrests the building was sealed off by uniformed and plain clothes policemen, who barred entry to the building to everyone. Meanwhile a search was carried out. It is believed that the authorities, while offering no official explanation, may have been motivated by the spontaneous character of the broadcasts. Radio 93 was well known for broadcasting telephone calls from its listeners live, with no attempt at censorship.

Liberation/PNS.

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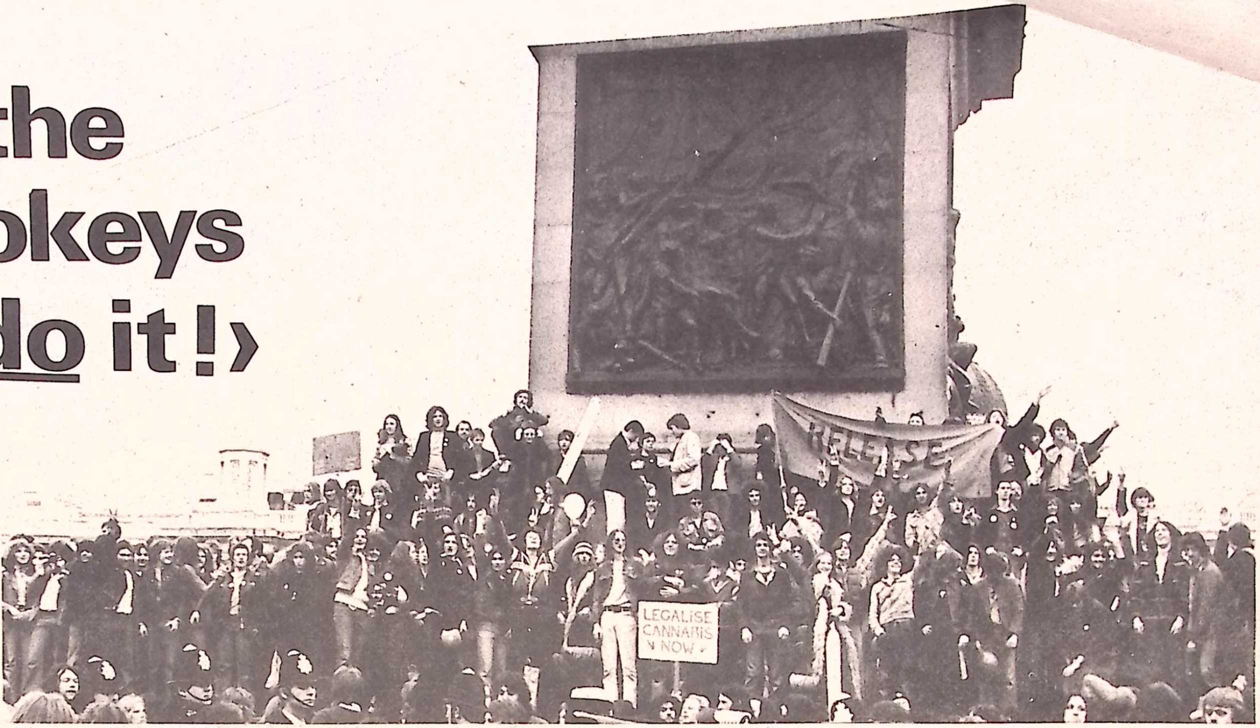


The Smokey Bears' picnic started off lamely. Two hundred nerds sitting in Hyde Park's green desert acres under a cloud of smoke looking like an Iron Age village out on a coach trip. The crowds began to swell and police buses hove to like UFOs from a pirate planet and burly thugs disguised as hippies leaped out of the crowds and grabbed the people with whom they had been smoking. Uniformed police formed a tight cordon, holding the crowd captive while their colleagues searched systematically and thoroughly. An eerie calm hung over the scene as twenty-four arrests were made and the victims were driven off, pale-faced in the police coaches.

Suddenly someone began to bang a drum and the cry went up "Trafalgar Square, Trafalgar Square. The crowd formed a ragged bannered column which police tried to stop leaving the park. "This is an illegal demonstration!" they shouted.

"Legalise Cannabis!" came the reply as the crowd flowed over the railings like smoke itself. The police realised that there were now 10,000 people determinedly hoofing it along Piccadilly, and they changed their tune, "Keep in there. Let's make this an orderly march."

"Legalise Cannabis!" came the reply and the mob wheeled into Green Park to get to Buckingham Palace.

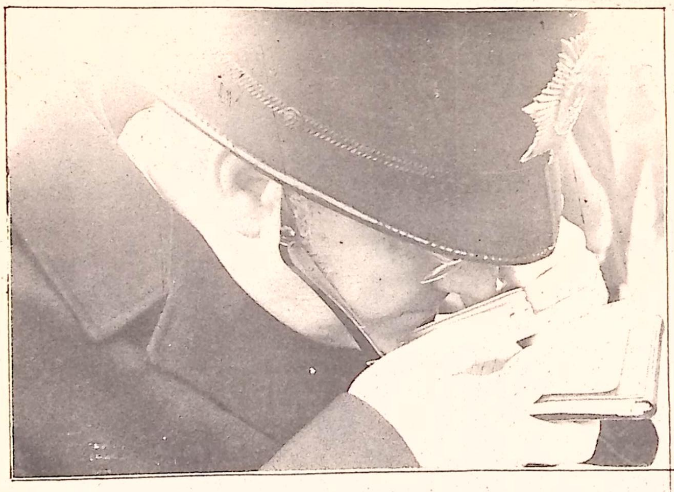
"You're not allowed to demonstrate in the Royal Parks!" shouted the police. "Legalise cannabis" came the reply.

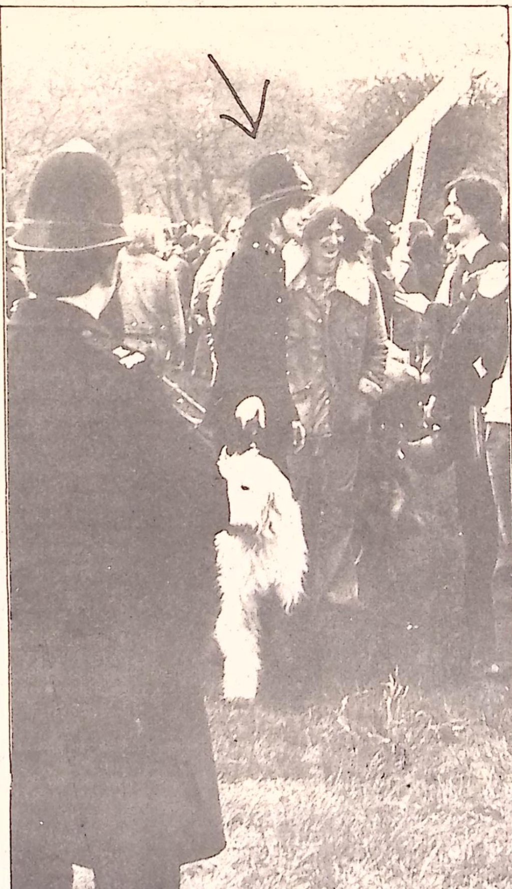
Feelings began to run high as the crowd realised it was doing something that London hadn't seen for years — the people were taking the streets, taking them back from the police and the lazy law-makers who have failed to implement the suggestions of the Wootton Commission that have been lying on some dusty shelf for ten years while the shreds of the counter-culture get busted day and night for possession of a plant.

By the time the mob had paid their respects to the Queen and then moved on to take Trafalgar Square the police were beginning to panic. It wasn't meant to be like this. There was supposed to be a short demonstration of infiltration and arrest and the hippies were then supposed to get back on their trains to Bradford licking their wounds. Instead, the faded hippies of the frozen 'sixties had stepped through a time-warp into 1978 and were walking around the streets as though they owned them!

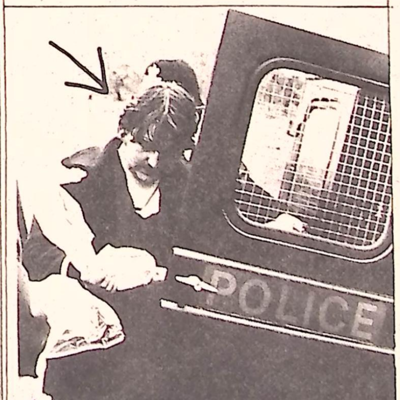
As the mob set out from Trafalgar Square towards Downing Street and the House of Commons, the cops lost their cool and came unhinged, hitting out at demonstrators and tourists alike in a desperate attempt to splinter the march. By the time the mob reached the Commons there were ugly scenes: a pregnant girl had to be rushed to hospital in an ambulance after a policeman had punched her in the stomach. Her husband was arrested for obstruction when he objected. A long-haired youth wearing a policeman's uniform from the 19th Century and leading an Old English sheepdog on a beribboned lead was arrested for impersonating a policeman even though, an hour earlier, in Hyde Park, he had been searched for drugs twice by his supposed colleagues in the Force. There were arrests for assault and there were assaults. The police violence worked a treat. The march evaporated. Most of it drifted back to Hyde Park where, ironically, a pleasant and peaceful smoke-in had been going on ever since the police had gone off with the march.

Witnesses to any arrests are urgently required by Release. Please get in touch if you saw anything at all.





At the Smokey Bears' Picnic in Hyde Park this gentleman was searched twice for drugs and then arrested for "impersonating a policeman".



At the same time, this gentleman made several busts by impersonating a Smokey Bear. He was not arrested.

TRAVEL NOTES

Contributions welcome.

euro bit survival

THIS time Bit have laid out some real gems from their new "Complete European Address Network", which they are publishing soon.

In most European countries children under twelve are NOT allowed on the front seats of cars.

If a shark attacks you, kick it on the nose.

If lice adopt you, use Gamma Benzine Hexachloride.

Swedish department stores have a baby-sitting service.

In Greece, sweets and chewing gum may be used instead of small change. Going rate: approximately 10 sweets to a drachma.

On Danish telephones you can make more than one call with the same coin.

If a Belgian policeman offers you a breathaliser you are allowed a half-hour "sobering up" period before breathing into it.

Lancaster — Community Project/Information Centre is at 78a Penny Street, Lancaster. Tel. 6538. They also run a book shop.

Leeds — The info is at 13 Wharf Street.

Diggers — Some to be found at 27 Princess Avenue, Hull, East Yorkshire.

Birmingham — The Peace Centre is one place, 18 Moor Street, Ring Way, Birmingham, tel. 643 0996.

The red axe sign on French streets means that cars parked there may be towed away.

The inhabitants of Corsica object very strongly to nude bathing.

The recognised distress signal in the Alps is six signals a minute, pausing for a minute then repeat.

The Swedish telephone directory contains instructions for self-protection in the event of an enemy invasion.

Smoking is forbidden on all Greek buses.

The information desk at Munich station is a computer.

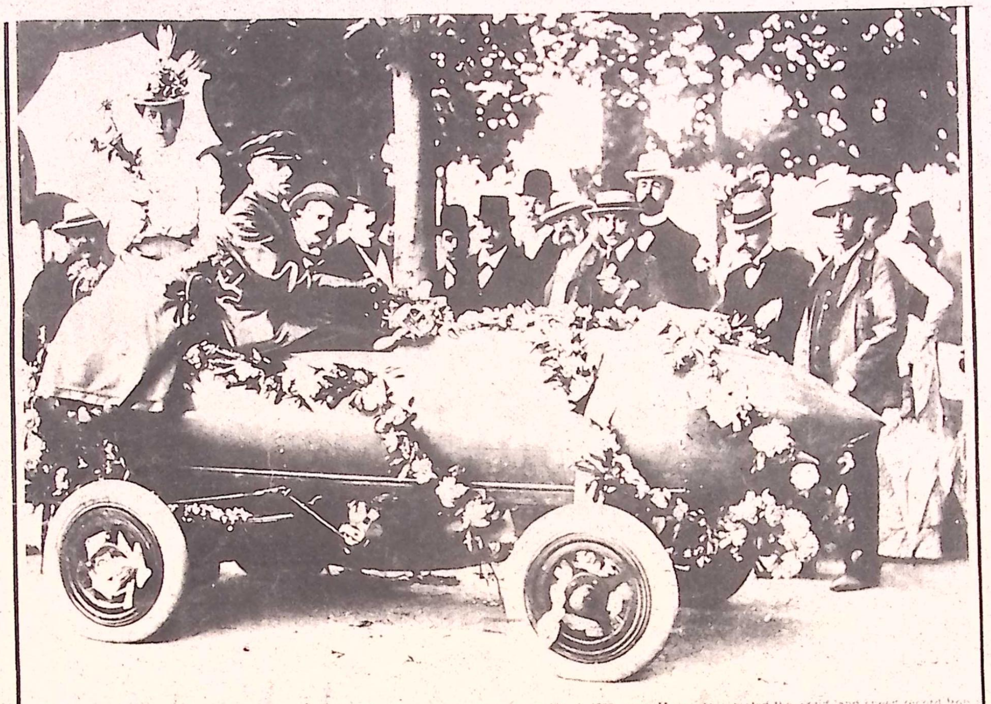
Most Greek museums are free on Thursdays.

Perfume or aftershave will increase risks of sunburn.

There are no camp-sites in Malta.

Tourists who are fined in Spain can get a 20 per cent reduction and have the right of appeal.

A 25c coin will give you unlimited time for a local call in the Netherlands.



Electric cars led the field in the early days of motoring. Their greatest triumph was on May 1, 1899, when M. Jenatzy wrested the world land speed record from his rival the Comte de Chasseloup-Laubat. Both men used electric cars: here Jenatzy's La Jamais Contente is garlanded after its victory, when it was the first car to go faster than 100 kilometres an hour. The glory did not last. Jenatzy soon abandoned electric cars to score new successes with the petrol engine.

france

Hitching's always said to be a drag in France — but you can phone up a radio programme now on RTC saying where you would like to go — Tel. 720 22 11, ask for Max. He will connect you with lorry drivers going in the direction you want. Near Paris, at Rungis where the drivers load up, they may give you a lift if you help.

canada

There are many places to squat and build log cabins. But find out where the forester lives and avoid him.

Some good books have been published about log cabin building and all that it entails. In Vancouver you will find them on Fourth Avenue at "Banyan Books" and "Peregrin Books". There's also some very good restaurants and information boards on Fourth Avenue — like "The Naam" across the road from "Banyan". Try "Life Stream" for rip off prices but a good info board.

Places to build your cabin — the Coast — north at Pender Harbour, the Islands (the northern ones like Quadra and Cortes and Northward), the Kootenays — Nelson area, New Denver.

tipi

materials will cost you £125-150 for a large tipi using the right kind of water proof canvas. You can do it at Tally; a secret, sacred valley in Wales. (Just keep asking until you find it.) Stay in a Community Lodge (a 26 foot red and white tipi that is also the school for the kids). Plans are available, there are sewing machines and you can cut the Lodge Pine nearby (10p a tree). At Tally they have probably the best sweat lodge around and most things are done by moon phases. If you find it you know you're in the right place.

denmark

Christiania 77. The Rainbow Army of women and children don mock battle dress to resist the threatened eviction with gentleness.

christiania

For work register at the "People's Register", Christiana. If you work in Copenhagen for three months or more and then get yourself fired — the unemployment pay is £60 a week. It is also rumoured that you can get a free ride to England by going to the SS office in Copenhagen — and it's *not* repatriation.

Rock music — At the Hard Rock Cafe, Axeltorv 9, by Vesterpert Station, open 9 p.m.-5 a.m.

More music — The Purple Door, Fiolstrade, 28.

Information of all kinds is available in the "USEIT" Offices at Magstraede 14, tel. 156518.

belgium

Der Tea Pot is a macrobiotic place in Kactiuzersstraat 23, Brussels, tel. 5126395. For information contact JSC Snuffel who also run a Sleep In with 38 beds. They're at Ezelstraat 49, 8000 Brugge, tel. 050 333133.

The Agener Societe Co-operative in Brussels are the people who are co-ordinating the anti-nuclear and alternative case for the "hearings" which the EEC Commisision is planning —they also support the Larza Farmers. Send them information if you have it, there at Rue Hobbema 13, 1040 Brussels.

usa

It's now legal to swear in Massachusetts, the 1697 Blasphemy Act having been repealed and yes they will even buy your blood — about $4 a pint, try the Blood Bank. But beware septicaemia from dirty equipment. New Hampshire — open fields, woods and deserted beaches, Nuclear Tourists go to Seabrook.

Maine — the coast consists of hundreds of coves, inlets and islands, go to Booth Bay or the Two Lights.

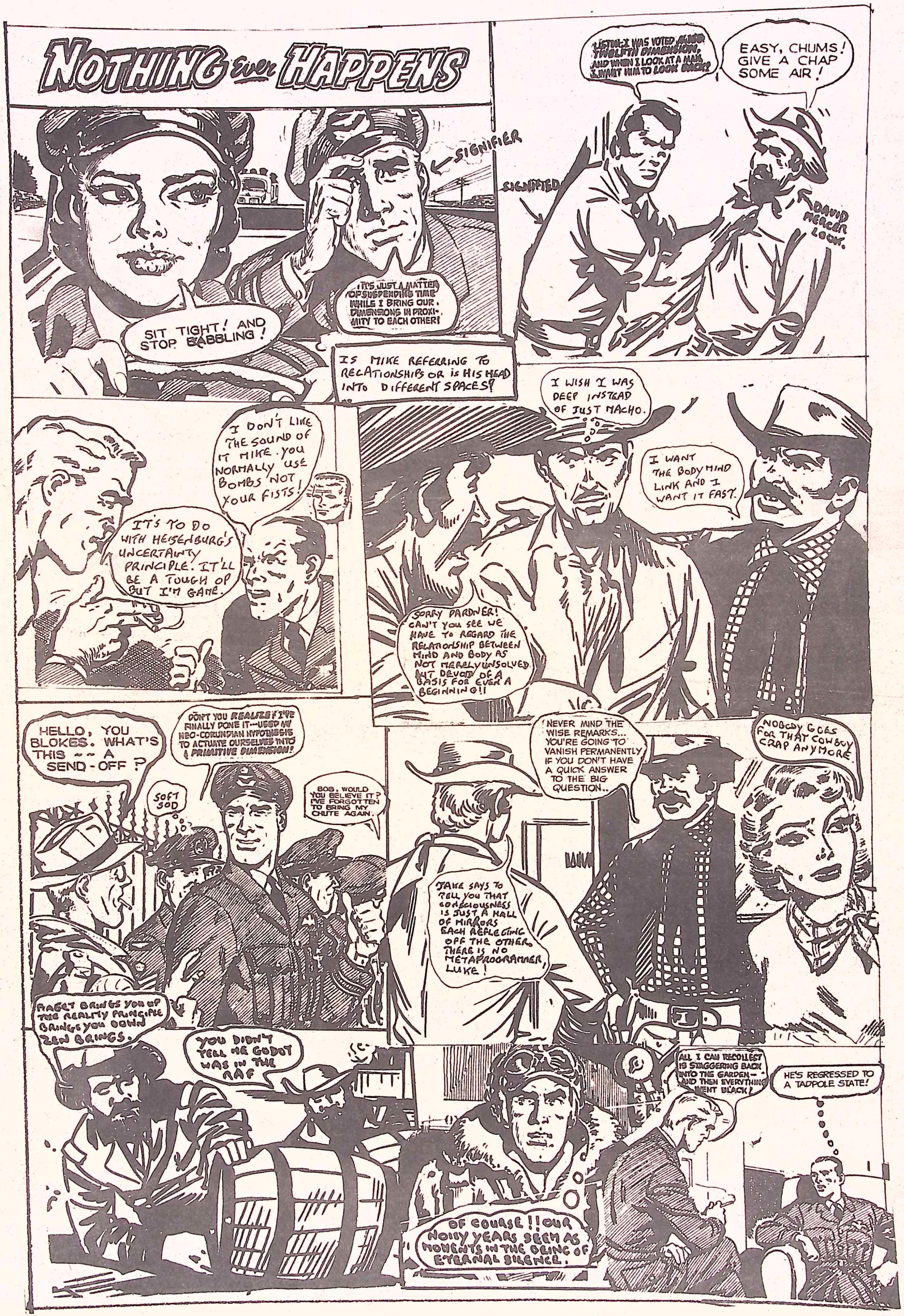
Vermont — The Green Mountain State — rolling landscapes and lots happening, and good people — go to the Common Ground Restaurant — nice hang out. Says one who's been there "Vermont is one of the most beautiful places on earth".

— The New York information exchange is called "Refer Switchboard" and is at 332 Hudson Ave., Albany NY 12210. Tel. 518 434 1202, 24 hours every day.

a'dam

Getting there: One way besides the usual ways is from Sheerness — a boat goes daily and is meant to be very cheap — ring 07956 3355. At the moment there are several thousand squatters in Amsterdam, one thing they do is have a communal financial fund which they contribute to each week and then buy things collectively. One of the main squatting areas is Nieuwmarkt where there are no less than four information centres and a newspaper called "Kraakkrant" which is produced — from Prins Hendrikkade 150. There is also The Gilded Crow Bar for a good meeting place — and good beer at Haarlemmerplein 17. There is a place that describes itself as a meeting place for disorderly people and ideas at Bethanienstraat 20, tel. 25 31 50; open Monday to Saturday 12 to 5. They also promise "the most extensive subversive international reading table of Amsterdam." The house dealer at the Melkweg doesn't exist any more. Someone says the "Sleep In" is the cheapest place to score now and the cheapest place to eat is the Kitchen behind the Damrak. We got sent a thing from Adam and Eva who offer free live music four nights a week and jam sessions all the other nights — bring your own instruments, it's at Sarphatistraate 105, Amsterdam, tel. 020-246206. There is a centre of avant-garde theatre and films which organises a dozen or so festivals a year at Filmmues & Lantaarn, Gouvernestraat 133, tel. 365983 or 362016.

Kreatief is a centre for creative studies . . . just go along and be creative, it's at Gordelreg 117.


NOTHING ever HAPPENS
SIGNIFIER
SIGNIFIED
SIT TIGHT! AND STOP BABBLING!
IT'S JUST A MATTER OF SUSPENDING TIME WHILE I BRING OUR DIMENSIONS IN PROXIMITY TO EACH OTHER!
IS MIKE REFERRING TO RELATIONSHIPS OR IS HIS HEAD INTO DIFFERENT SPACES?
LISTEN—I WAS VOTED [illegible] TWELFTH DIMENSION, AND WHEN I LOOK AT A MAN, I WANT HIM TO LOOK BACK!
EASY, CHUMS! GIVE A CHAP SOME AIR!
DAVID MERCER LOOK.
I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF IT MIKE. YOU NORMALLY USE BOMBS NOT YOUR FISTS!
IT'S TO DO WITH HEISENBURG'S UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE. IT'LL BE A TOUGH OP BUT I'M GAME.
I WISH I WAS DEEP INSTEAD OF JUST MACHO.
I WANT THE BODY MIND LINK AND I WANT IT FAST.
SORRY PARDNER! CAN'T YOU SEE WE HAVE TO REGARD THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN MIND AND BODY AS NOT MERELY UNSOLVED BUT DEVOID OF A BASIS FOR EVEN A BEGINNING!!
HELLO, YOU BLOKES. WHAT'S THIS -- A SEND-OFF?
SOFT SOD
DON'T YOU REALIZE I'VE FINALLY DONE IT—USED MY NEO-CORUNDIAN HYPOTHESIS TO ACTUATE OURSELVES INTO A PRIMITIVE DIMENSION!
BOB, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? I'VE FORGOTTEN TO BRING MY CHUTE AGAIN.
NEVER MIND THE WISE REMARKS... YOU'RE GOING TO VANISH PERMANENTLY IF YOU DON'T HAVE A QUICK ANSWER TO THE BIG QUESTION..
NOBODY GOES FOR THAT COWBOY CRAP ANYMORE
JAKE SAYS TO TELL YOU THAT CONSCIOUSNESS IS JUST A HALL OF MIRRORS EACH REFLECTING OFF THE OTHER. THERE IS NO METAPROGRAMMER LUKE!
PIAGET BRINGS YOU UP THE REALITY PRINCIPLE BRINGS YOU DOWN ZEN BRINGS.
YOU DIDN'T TELL ME GODOT WAS IN THE RAF
OF COURSE!! OUR NOISY YEARS SEEM AS MOMENTS IN THE BEING OF ETERNAL SILENCE.
ALL I CAN RECOLLECT IS STAGGERING BACK INTO THE GARDEN— AND THEN EVERYTHING WENT BLACK!
HE'S REGRESSED TO A TADPOLE STATE!

TAKE YOUR WIRE-CUTTERS TO STONEHENGE !　SOLSTICE: 21 JUNE, 1800 G.M.T.　STONEHENGE FOR THE PEOPLE

June 10-15 Trentishoe, Callicombe, N. Devon.
June 17-25 — Stonehenge.
June 24 — Knebworth (commercial rip-off last year), starring Jefferson Starship and Genesis.
July 1-9 — Glastonbury.
July 21 — Free festival somewhere along the A46 to Bath. GONG.
July 21-24 — Deeply Vale, Lancashire (contact Rochdale 56287).
August 17-20 — Rivington Pike, Chinese Gardens.
August 19 — Another Knebworth.
August ? — Meigan ?
August 27-29 — Windsor Free Festival.
September 8 — Cambrian Psylocibe Festival.

FREE FESTIVALS !

INVASION OF STONEHENGE

The Department of the Environment have taken Stonehenge away from the people, on the pretext of protecting it for posterity. Last year, on the occasion of the fourth Stonehenge Festival, the Stones were surrounded by a vicious inner and outer perimeter barbed-wire fence and the area was patrolled by large numbers of police.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION

Many of the people who attend Stonehenge Festival are followers of pre-Chritian religions, in the tradition of the Celts and the Neolithic races who actually built Stonehenge. Neolithic and Celtic religions are characterised by reverence for natural things: rivers, springs, trees, and the sun and moon.

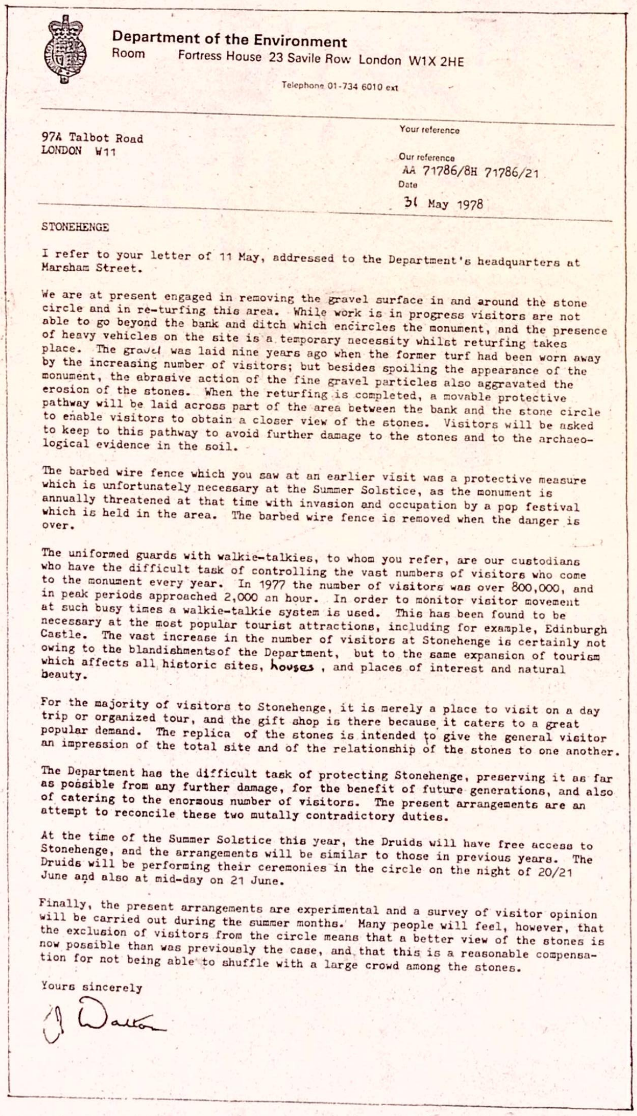
An important part of the Celtic faith includes touching the stones and, at the very least, moving among them, but now we are excluded from our place of worship.

FESTIVALS

Modern Free Festivals embody many of the characteristics of so-called "Pagan" and early Christian festivals: Mode of dress, the use of naturally occurring drugs like psylocybe to increase spirituality, the gathering around wood fires for music and dance. Even the Government working group admits that Free Festivals are chosen because of their historical or mystical significance.

LEGAL PERSECUTION

The police take a different view. To them a Free Festival held in a stubble field is a threat to law and order. As a deterrent they search for drugs. They slap fines of up to £20 on Festival truckers for "driving otherwise than on a road", and this year they will no doubt bring the new Criminal Trespass law to bear and turn even more of us into criminals.



Department of the Environment
Room　Fortress House 23 Savile Row London W1X 2HE
Telephone 01-734 6010 ext

97A Talbot Road
LONDON W11

Your reference
Our reference AA 71786/8H 71786/21
Date 31 May 1978

STONEHENGE

I refer to your letter of 11 May, addressed to the Department's headquarters at Marsham Street.

We are at present engaged in removing the gravel surface in and around the stone circle and in re-turfing this area. While work is in progress visitors are not able to go beyond the bank and ditch which encircles the monument, and the presence of heavy vehicles on the site is a temporary necessity whilst returfing takes place. The gravel was laid nine years ago when the former turf had been worn away by the increasing number of visitors; but besides spoiling the appearance of the monument, the abrasive action of the fine gravel particles also aggravated the erosion of the stones. When the returfing is completed, a movable protective pathway will be laid across part of the area between the bank and the stone circle to enable visitors to obtain a closer view of the stones. Visitors will be asked to keep to this pathway to avoid further damage to the stones and to the archaeological evidence in the soil.

The barbed wire fence which you saw at an earlier visit was a protective measure which is unfortunately necessary at the Summer Solstice, as the monument is annually threatened at that time with invasion and occupation by a pop festival which is held in the area. The barbed wire fence is removed when the danger is over.

The uniformed guards with walkie-talkies, to whom you refer, are our custodians who have the difficult task of controlling the vast numbers of visitors who come to the monument every year. In 1977 the number of visitors was over 800,000, and in peak periods approached 2,000 an hour. In order to monitor visitor movement at such busy times a walkie-talkie system is used. This has been found to be necessary at the most popular tourist attractions, including for example, Edinburgh Castle. The vast increase in the number of visitors at Stonehenge is certainly not owing to the blandishmentsof the Department, but to the same expansion of tourism which affects all historic sites, houses , and places of interest and natural beauty.

For the majority of visitors to Stonehenge, it is merely a place to visit on a day trip or organized tour, and the gift shop is there because it caters to a great popular demand. The replica of the stones is intended to give the general visitor an impression of the total site and of the relationship of the stones to one another.

The Department has the difficult task of protecting Stonehenge, preserving it as far as possible from any further damage, for the benefit of future generations, and also of catering to the enormous number of visitors. The present arrangements are an attempt to reconcile these two mutally contradictory duties.

At the time of the Summer Solstice this year, the Druids will have free access to Stonehenge, and the arrangements will be similar to those in previous years. The Druids will be performing their ceremonies in the circle on the night of 20/21 June and also at mid-day on 21 June.

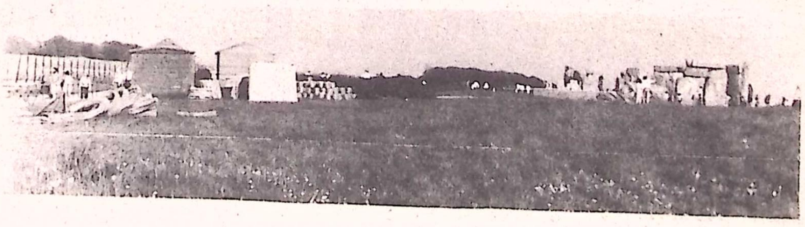
Finally, the present arrangements are experimental and a survey of visitor opinion will be carried out during the summer months. Many people will feel, however, that the exclusion of visitors from the circle means that a better view of the stones is now possible than was previously the case, and that this is a reasonable compensation for not being able to shuffle with a large crowd among the stones.

Yours sincerely

J Dalton

history of the stones

3000 BC
—First pre - megalithic Stonehenge built by Neolithic population
2500
—Salisbury Plain, first notable population centre in Britain — Egyptian pyramids
—Trilithons erected
—Bluestones erected
2000
—Bell Beaker people come to Britain — Hebrews settle in Canaan
1500
1000 — Earliest Chinese Dynasty
—First Celts in Britain
—Main Celtic immigration
500
—Druids come to Britain — Roman Empire
0
500 AD
1000
1500
—Christians destroy Stones with fire and hammers.
—Tourists chip pieces off Stones with hammers for souvenirs
2000
—Stonehenge invaded and fenced off by Department of the Environment, and patrolled by uniformed guards



The Free Festival phenomenon has become a shade tarnished in ver years as police presence and audience inertia dulled the atmosphere of these ancient religious social festivals. But those who take what they expect to find will never be disappointed. A gathering together of people just for the pleasure of being together is a powerful magical tool against isolation and selfishness. The free festivals are a rare opportunity to be with people who want to be with people.

Take it.

The police see free festivals as ngerous "political meets" be- se the language of LAW and der has no words to describe utterly simple motive for hang- out together in a magic eadow to celebrate a green-letter ty in the planet's diary. This mis- nderstanding will result in lunatic olice activity and every allowance hould be made for their ignor- nce. It's not easy for a young op fresh from police barracks to et his head round people fucking n the woods. Give them time. Talk o them. Gentleness breeds gentle- ess. Irradiate them with love and end them back to their units to pread the contamination.

A MIDSUMMER DREAM

lent faces staring from the land
of silence
dream a vision a sense of
wonder.
Vhat is this knowledge called
mystery.
he Temple from Shiva Shanka
Mahotma Hari Gunga.
ouch the spirit, bathe in magic,
breathe the love.
ther Pendragon how dare they
utter so.
old my hand amidst a fallen tear
drop.
ance a thousand celtic souls.
xplode my brain through barbed
wire fences.
ehold the multitude of bliss.
es "Hawkwind" really are a space
ship.
e centre of the military universe.
teachers where are you from?
e are from the land of "Social
Security".

windsor

It's on!

"Evening Standard" Photo of UBI, Founder of the WINDSOR FREE FESTIVAL, being taken to prison after the 3rd Festival for the "crime" of "inciting a public nuisance"

* YOU . . . Young and Old, Rich and Poor, Black and White.
* Annual Election to the Crown of Love – All may vote.
* Food Stalls and Adventure Playgrounds.
* Lots of Bands, Poets, Artists, Musicians.
* Dance/Theatre Groups, Light Shows, Discos.
* Swim + Picnic to fabled Virginia Water – leave noon Sunday
* Convention Justice Movement.

All Mail and Offers of co-operation:
The Clerk, BM–CIRCLE, London WC1V6XX
or direct to: UBI, 3 Gowrie Park, Dun Laoghaire, S.Ireland.

HERE + NOW.

WHILE Inspector Lee and his Thames Valley Drug Squad were scoring acid at the 1975 Watchfield Festival, a bunch of freaks on stage were in the middle of a six-hour jam. It was the first time they had played together but resulted, some months later, in the Here and Now Band, who will be at the Free Festivals again this year at the end of their free tour this month. At some of the free gigs they will be joined by Alternative TV led by Sniffin Glue upstart Mark P and by Blank Space, another Latimer Road squat band.

FREE TOUR DATES

June 7 — **Southampton** University (with Alternative TV and Blank Space).
June 8 — **Bradford-upon-Avon** (open air) (with Waste Band — ex Griffin).
June 9 — **Bristol**. Nethan Playing Fields.
June 10 — **Exeter**. Rougement Gardens (with Trybe).
June 11 — **Stroud.** Marshall Rooms.
June 12 — **Coventry**. Warwick University (with Alternative TV and Blank Space).
June 13 — **Leeds.** Ffords Grene.
June 14 — **Manchester.** Austan College (with the Wiggling Wombats if they're not doing exams that day).
June 15 — **Leicester** University.
June 16 — **London.** Queen Elizabeth College (with Alternative TV and Blank Space).
June 17 — **London**. Woodbridge Adventure Playground. Crouch Hill (with Alternative TV and Blank Space).

ALL GIGS ABSOLUTELY, UTTERLY AND TOTALLY FREE.

1¼ in. Leaf on Real Silver	
1¼ in. Leaf on Silver Plated Ch	£7.00
¾ in. Leaf on Silver Ear Hook	50
Ankh Spoon on Silver Chain	£7.00
Ankh Spoon on Silver Plated Chain	£4.50

THE ORIGINAL
REAL SILVER
CANNABIS LEAF
JEWELLERY

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(adjustable — or send size)

Send money to
ATLAS
2a Kensington Gardens
Brighton, Sussex
(Postal Orders for quicker reply)

TELL "IT" — One million pounds reward for information leading to the downfall of the establishment. Phone or write: 01-221 1543. "IT" is a high security anarchist clearing bank. 97a Talbot Road, London W11.

UNDERGROUND sex mags and comics wanted: OZ, ZAP, SUCK, etc. US or European. Any condition. Details to Box 481, International Times, 97a Talbot Road, London W1.

READ the Manchester "City Enquirer" journal of investigative reporting. No stone left unturned. Subscribe £1.50 (six months). Manchester Enquirer, 178 Oxford Road, Manchester 13.

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violence is cäûsed by gOVERnMENTs, *armies*, POLICE Förce ÷

love them fight them love them fight them get out in the streets and love them.

"LIVE Floating AnARChy" 1977

a live album from planet gong

dävid, gilly, and the here&now band; who've since gone separate ways, dàievid will soon be touring with spanish 'el planet gong'. gilly's forming an all girl punk band, and here and now whO never signed nuffin' wiv nO-One and neVer will, are gOnnna cOntinue playing freE gigs.

"COULD DO BETTER". HEADMASTER.

'AWFUL': N.M.E. 'EMBARASSING': M.M.

'the greatest revelation in the history OF mankind'

special price: £2·25 max. but dont buy it - STEAL IT!

: charly recörds

F118

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C
D

E24

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M30

EVERY MINUTE COUNTS IN REAL LIFE

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Out now on Virgin Records V2100

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1978 makes 1984 look like 1967

it

INTERNATIONAL TIMES

Volume 4 No.6

Price 20p.

FREE THE HEINZ FIFTY-SEVEN

YOU can say goodbye to the Rousham Park Hero and Nuttings Golden Ball. They've already done for the Earliest of All and London Pride. By the time you read these words the White Wonder, The Yardstick and twenty-three others will have vanished without trace. In fact, while you've been sleeping, they've eliminated hundreds of nature's wonders that you never knew you had. Vegetables. They're being rubbished.

It began in 1973 when the Seeds (National — Lists of Varieties) Regulations made it illegal to sell seeds of plants not listed in the UK national list or the EEC common catalogue of vegetable varieties. Plant breeders, it was claimed, were stealing each other's vegetable varieties and selling them under different names. To prevent this commercial trickery thousands of varieties are being eliminated in order to arrive at a list that can be protected as though by copyright. The listed varieties are being selected according to the needs of the agricultural industry — colour, water-holding properties, simultaneous ripening for machine harvesting, easy processing, etc., — and not according to the needs of the self-sufficiency gardener — flavour, resistance to disease or pest, storage quality, etc.

Apart from the sheer folly of structuring nature in order to make a regulation workable, there is also the danger of eliminating vegetables whose qualities may be useful or essential in the future. Dutch Elm disease is not the only plant blight against which man is powerless; the further we walk out on the tightrope of chemical-spray protection, the less chance we have of saving ourselves when it snaps.

At present the penalty for selling the seeds of unlisted vegetables is £40; in June 1980 it will go up to £400 and 1,000 varieties of vegetable will have been scrapped. One hundred and twenty-six varieties went in August last year including the mildew-resistant onion the Up to Date; November saw eighty-one proposed deletions, December saw eleven, January saw thirty-eight, including the Little Gem Squash and the Bush Blue Lake French Bean.

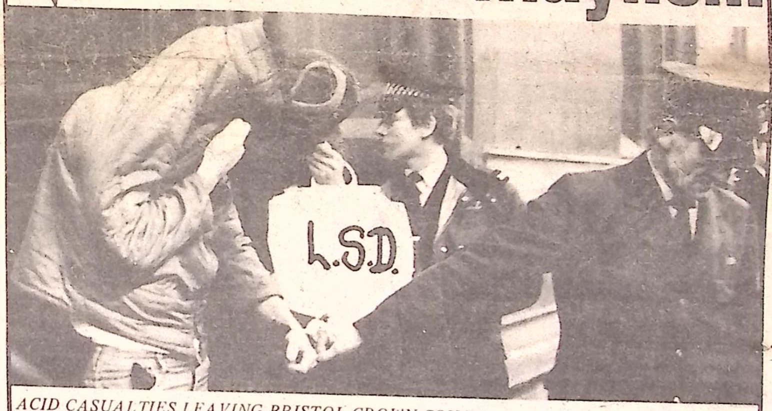
The position would be less critical if deleted varities were conserved in a living museum of vegetable varieties. Although there is much support in principle for this idea from some Universities and plant breeders, it is likely that, by the time the numerous committees deliberating the matter have made up their minds, there will no longer be any of the sturdy, old-fashioned varieties left to preserve. Seeds alone, under normal conditions, may last for five or even ten years, but will then fail to germinate: end of vegetable.

There is a rice library in the Philippines; a maize library in Mexico; a bean collection in Central America and a potato library in Peru. At Wakehurst Place in Sussex, the Royal Botanical Gardens have a "gene bank" where they are gathering seeds of the 200,000 endangered wild flowers of the world. It's a weird kind of world which the far-sighted are pressing for life-imprisonment for the vegetables; but, for the time being, it's a better deal than the death penalty. One of the groups most voluble in the agriculture counterculture is the Henry Doubleday Research Foundation, Convent Lane, Bocking, Braintree, Essex. If you run a patch of soil and want to join the underground underground, write to them and find out what you can do to slot into the national resistance network.

But bear in mind that the risks may be high. Two years from now the penalties for pushing the Primo cabbage or the Cooks Delight beetroot will be tougher than those for pushing marijuana.

inside

Microdot Mayhem



ACID CASUALTIES LEAVING BRISTOL CROWN COURT
This picture shows how excessive use of LSD can blow your head off.

inside

Berlin Punk

READ MERCURY RISING IN HOT SEA HASSLE!!
SHUT UP!!

inside

Free Festivals

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LIGHT IS PURE INFORMATION

Letters

High Times

The "If feet were illegal, High Times would be a shoe catalogue" controversy. Part II.

DEAR "IT" — It's good to have "IT" back after all these years. But what a drag to see you devote a lavish centre spread to Bradley Martin's petty, unreflective, holier-than-thou and generally inaccurate attack on "High Times", ("IT" Vol. 4, No. 4) which was and is one of the finest things dopers have ever done, and to whose success every head can claim to have contributed. As a dedicated British reader of "High Times" — I happen to have every copy too, and know the staff personally as well — I protest that not only is Martin's article full of lies, falsehoods and self-promoting mis-statements so ill-founded in their understanding of the "counterculture" as to make one wonder what the hell it's doing in "IT", but it is also, on the whole, stinkingly typical of our famous impotent English envy of things the Yanks have done first, done best, and deservedly profited from.

Mr. Martin might have made more of a case if he attacked our freinds at Trans-High Corporation (THC, get it?) for their general *editorial* attitude which is indeed generally quite pro-capitalist. But this is very subtle, and Mr. Martin, who boldly declares his own ignorance. — "I've read the thousand pages or so of "High Times" . . . and the only residue left in my head is the ads." — is probably not familiar enough with economics in general or the marijuana industry in particular to follow the subtleties involved here. In the first place, for what it's worth, "High Times" editorials have always paid lip-service to the Revolution, but have been concerned mainly with getting a fair crack of the whip under the capitalist system, which as they are aware is likely to be with us for some time. The problem is, now that pot reform is so far along in the States, the tobacco and liquor monopolies are in heated pursuit of the profits to be garnered therefrom, once it's all nice and legal. The trouble is, these people want to cut out the smugglers and dealers who've risked their lives to make it all possible. And "High Times" most consistent political stand over the year has been an unflinching insistence that these bold entrepreneurs be allowed to continue to bring in the dope as they've been doing so well all along. If that isn't revolutionary, Mr. Martin, what is?

"High Times" coverage of dope trafficking and the activities of narcs around the world has been simply *revolutionary*, as journalism that is — as if Al Capone had put out a bootlegger's newsletter during Prohibition — and absolutely priceless to anyone involved in the dope business.

That's what journalism is for, some of us think — to turn us on to what we need. Since "IT" can generally make that claim for itself, why attack "High Times" for doing the same thing and reaching, it must be said, *millions* more with the good news? In conclusion, all dopers and hip nondopers should go down on their knees and thank whatever gods they know for sending us "High Times". Fuck Bradley Martin in the ass. Yours sincerely — **Percy Frobisher**.

In Reply:

I deny feeling any great "envy of things the Yanks have done first, done best, and deservedly profited from". They dropped H-bombs on Hiroshima and microbes on the moon. As far as I'm concerned they are just a bunch of UDI renegades and when I seize power in this country I shall nullify the treaty that ended the American War of so-called Independence and take the truant colony severly in hand before it destroys us all. When that day comes, the name of Percy Frobisher will be high on my hit-lists of Quislings and Haw-Haws.

Anyone dumb enough to adulate a latter day version of a "bootlegger's newsletter" and at the same time complain about the tobacco and liquor monopolies that his hot-lead heroes left behind deserves every crack of the whip he can hustle. I agree that legalisation will be tough on the "bold entrepreneurs" who have been "risking their lives" to bring in the weed. Life will seem as dull to them as it did to their predecessors when Lincoln canned the African Meat Market. But if they want adrenalin they can always eat monkey glands.

Frobisher asks what else is revolutionary, so I'll tell him: the only revolution that doesn't strip its own cogs is the perennial green one; but no doubt singing to a window-box wouldn't suit a war-comic wanker like Percy.

As for fucking me in the ass (how quaint to see homosexual love-play still used as a form of abuse): if Frobisher goes down on his knees to his "High Times" god, then the only thing he'll be in a position to do to my ass is kiss it.

Love, peace, good vibes, false-bottomed suitcases, etc. — Bradley Martin.

Acid Trial

DEAR "IT" — To try to answer some of the "Unanswered Questions" in your excellent piece under this banner on the recent major LSD trial: — you ask "Why has no-one come forward to defend acid itself?" and "Where are all the people who tripped out on acid?" Well they are around and keeping a low profile. To stand up and be counted, as you seem to suggest, means only to stand up to be shot down, as I'm sure you know. We are living in a dark phase of society, and the insane and destructive forces which were unleashed against the victims of this trial, the benefactors of you and me, would like nothing so much as to wipe out all of us in a similar manner if they could define us so clearly. Therefore most acid heads past and present prefer several degrees of secrecy from the powers that be, if only to ensure that not all the light is locked away in prisons.

I don't know about the "tarnished idealism" of the defendants but I was deeply sorrowed to hear that they and their products will be lost to the world for so long. The cruelty of the state is the most horrific thing, yet anyone who does what they did at the present time does so in the awareness of the likely consequences. Your slogan "Chemists reunite we need acid" is right on in one sense, but in another it implies pain and suffering for those very chemists who may very well become victims of the state in satisfying our requirements. So what is to be done?

We take acid because we wish to turn on, and the true goal is spiritual enlightenment, even though many voyagers do not seem to achieve it. Psilocybin mushrooms grow wild all over rural Britain and will serve the same purpose as acid with much less risk of a bad trip, while the legal dangers of being caught with a bag or two are nothing compared with the fiasco of a busted acid lab. It's natural to expand the self-support scene of growing your own grass into also picking your own mushrooms, and getting away from the need for mass distribution of psychedelics along with every other aspect of a consumer society. It's also possible to make the same spiritual trip without drugs, whether through Hare Krishna or whatever.

Light is certainly concentrated in acid but it's not confined there or anywhere. Love and peace — **Peter.**

Dear IT

I AM disgusted and angry with the passing of the severe sentences in Bristol last month. But I reserve my wrath, not for Mr. Justice Park who is really no more than a sober jobsworth, nor for the "Julie" operatives who maybe did more than their jobs were worth, but for that select band of ignorant sluggards who call themselves the Advisory Council on Dangerous Drugs. It is they who are responsible for assigning acid as a Class "A" dangerous drug with a fourteen year maximum sentence tag. And it is they, as so-called experts, who should know that acid, as Mr. Justice Park stated, is "non-addictive and causes no direct physical damage". Acid is *not* a dangerous drug. If acid is the scourge and plague they would have us believe, then let them bring out their dead. Show me an acid casualty and I'll show you a terminal lung cancer patient. Show me an acid head who thinks he can fly and I'll show you a drunk who things he can drive. I say again — Acid is not a dangerous drug — so that it may be daubed on the brick wall that is the Advisory Council. For too long now they have been the silent partners in the paranoiac "witch-hunt" against hallucinogenic drugs that has cost too many "excellent characters" their freedom. — **A. L. (Bristol)**.

Guten Morgan

DEAR "IT", — Steve Abrams' piece (Vol. 4 No. 4) on the two Everyman TV programmes about "flower power ten years on" was extremely interesting. He was, however, unnecessarily offensive about Jenny Morgan, a researcher for the programme. For no apparent reason he mentioned her name, hurled a low insult and then passed on to other matters. Ms Morgan spent many weeks diligently seeking out and talking at length with almost everybody in reach who had left visible traces on the period. Her research was far from superficial. She visited many contacts several times to cross-check new information and unearthed a well-nigh complete account of the decade. Ignoring this, the programme producer adopted the shallow and lazy technique of laying bad film from the BBC archives alongside new film of the same people being asked "What went wrong?" and "Why didn't it last forever?" No wonder the responses seemed stupid and confused! The resulting programme was not only a waste of viewing time but also of Ms Morgan's considerable talent. Please set the record straight. Sincerely — **Pius Alexander**.

Fuck J.Rotten

DEAR ALL — Just read the last "IT" and it weren't at all bad, although I fell asleep with boredom at some of the stuff — especially the interview with Johnny Rotten — who cares what he eats for breakfast? Also a lot of the stuff was sort of second hand and just put in without comment giving the impression that few people are writing for the paper *(too right, come in and help)*. Frankly I've seen more exciting stuff on the bog walls at work. But as I'm in a magazine collective (Anarchy) myself, I know sometimes it can be tough getting the feedback we need, especially when there is fuck all happening all around us anyway.

Let's see some more ANARCHY bursting to get out of your pages and destroy the authority around us. If we can get ourselves organised *(pull the other one)*. Use a bit of guts, show the rulers that people will not be pushed around like sheep. Today was great — a meeting of the London Federation, then an attempt to get the Animals' Liberation (demo against seal-murder) to storm the Canadian Embassy; that having failed we spray-painted South Africa House, stole some books from a Commie bookstore and finally ended up at an Anarchist party in Harrow Road School. Keep up the good work. To see you . . . nice. — **John**.

Conspiracy . . . from con-spirare: to breathe together. . . . Life.

£ BILLION ACID GANG GET 1000 YEARS

BRISTOL Crown Court in Corn Street is the old Council Chamber — a kind of War and Peace ballroom, lavishly carpeted and hung with epic paintings celebrating Bristol's conquests over Slaves, Chartists, Cromwellians and the Hun.

Today, for R. v. Kemp and Others **(twenty-five others), it is filled to capacity. One barrister is overheard saying, as he glances around the room taking in more than twenty fellow-barristers, their clerks, the same amount of solicitors and their clerks, the court officials, the NF *prison warders*, the police, and the armed guards flitting around the roof-tops and visible through the long, stained-glass windows: "This case must be costing about as much as the running of a** British **Steel plant."**

And what was the product? An almost unending session of Dealer McDope, the Freaks' Monopoly, where few have read the rules, and where one player is allowed to hand out real Fate Cards: Six years, eight years, ten years, thirteen years

Armed guards? Really? Oh, come on now, that's a lot of hippy paranoia. Nope. They've been seen entering the building daily throughout the course of this two-month trial, by Rab, who works in the Bristol Crown Court Office, and is in charge of issuing the Press Cards — a long-haired sympathiser with the defendants, who reviews Bristol gigs regularly for "Sounds", and who much regrets that his territory doesn't extend to the Exhibit Room

Why are the armed guards there? Because the police claim that there's a million pounds still missing, and for a million pounds you could hire the Red Army Faction twice, and half a dozen Fedayeen to spring you, couldn't you?

But who really controls that bread? Funny that eleven grand was suddenly found in the defendant Dr. Tcharny's house in Wales, immediately before sentencing (and a whole year after committal proceedings). Funny too that it was leaked to the "Sun" crime reporter, the "Evening Standard" and to Gavin Hewart of the BBC, the night before they "raided", so that none of them could fail to headline it — however prejudicial to the defendants. They'd had a whole year to look for it, but seize the time, boys. Let's nail 'em to the tree, just in case the totemic Julie fails to catch the judge's eye as she flaunts herself around the court in a day-glo costume.

This seedy siren, with a somewhat mongoloid Planet of the Apes appearance, christened the operation because, as was widely rumoured, she was the station slag, always available on night duty, and who, during the hearings was reputedly vampiring her way through the crime reporters (starting with the reporter from the "Sun". No page three spread-shots in the "Times" as yet, but our Julie can do anything, mate.)

The prisoners file into the court-room, handcuffed, two by two — trying to embrace their friends and loved ones en route to the dock, but more often than not being torn away from them like dogs on a leash.

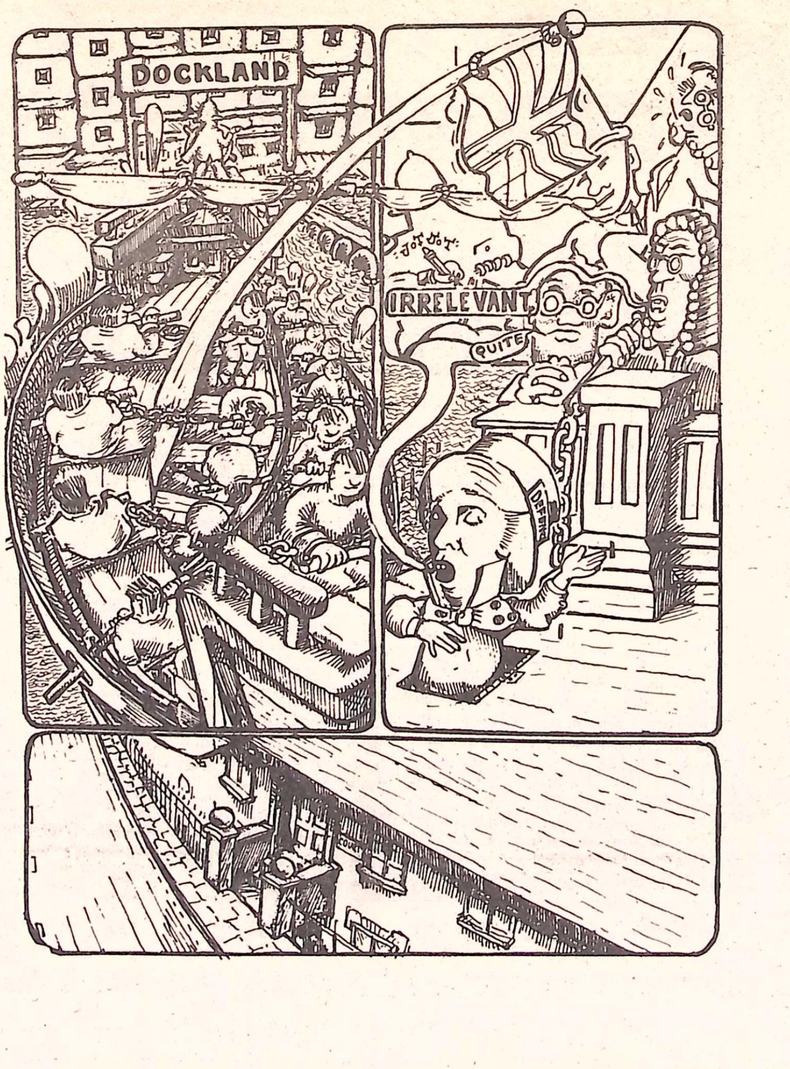
Little groups of cops and barristers congregate in the Exhibit Room, which opens onto the Crown Court foyer, and which is filled with giant tin trunks with a creeping moraine of dark crystals. It seems to have a magnetic attraction for many people involved in the case, particularly the prosecution lawyers, Ian Kennedy QC, and Mr. John Bull, perhaps without them quite knowing why, and there seems to be a not inconsiderable amount of deep breathing and occult sniffing going on within. The public, needless to say, are excluded.

Here comes the judge, talking to no one save his spruce Austin Reed clerk, who flits and bops around him like a scab-picking rhino bird. The judge is dressed in carmine capes, and a vermin halter, and he nods perfunctorily to the massive and overflowing courtroom.

Why is everyone here? Old Bill and the powers that shouldn't be would have you believe that it was because they'd just spent years doing a gigantic and romantic gum-shoe shuffle around the world trying to track down the source of some acid distributed during Windsor Free Festival many moons ago. The truth is much simpler. They were handed the names of almost all the defendants on a plate by one Gerald Thomas, a transvestite arsonist and dope-dealer, busted with a couple of weights in Canada. "If you lighten my load, says he to the mounties, "I'll put you onto the biggest acid still in history". The mounties contacted Old Bill, and Gerald Thomas spewed names at them like a fire-hydrant. The two-million quid operation involving over 800 police was nothing more than a giant expense-account swindle. Its collateral? One return air-fare to Montreal. Its ulterior motive? To establish a National Police Force, more expensive and less answerable to the public than any other, and the whole operation would, of course, provide an excellent decoy for those critics of the police who were currently screaming: What you doing about them Junior Triads handing out bags of smack in our playgrounds? Answer: Nothing. On our budget we couldn't possibly afford to send anyone to Chinese evening classes, but at least we can round up these alien, death-dealing hippies for you, and just look at all the trouble we had to go to on your account: getting stoned with the Eternal Lovers every day, playing poker with them every night, and losing thousands.

Rumours, of course, in a trial of this magnitude have reached epidemic proportions: one of them — the source a defence barrister — is that an enterprising Oxford undergraduate spiked the family milk supply on the doorstep of David Holdsworth's house. David Holdsworth being the somewhat notorious Chief Constable of Thames Valley Police Force who gave the order to break up Windsor Free Festival in a brutal dawn raid. It is not recorded whether Holdsworth's family saw sense and wisely left him to his own devices, but it's judged that something happened that day to harden his heart and to agree to spike Operation Julie with massive doses of public pounds used to finance, amongst other things, the extensive analysis of one of the defandant's mother's ashes, which he had kept in an urn in his house.

What was the defendant's story? That, believing the Western World's



What are the powers that shouldn't be afraid of? Why are they making the birth
could squeeze the half-life out of Windscale, Northern Ireland, a soi-disant Socialist
and the hidebound gang of little Englanders and polite bullies who hold down

Doors of Perception were silted up, rusted up, and fucked up and needed a very large jemmy to re-open them, the Brotherhood of Eternal Love fronted the money to buy a sizeable wadge of the legally available fungus ergotamine tartrate, in order to transmute it into a glacier of the purest acid ever licked — a glacier that would slowly tunnel its way through the mountains of Urizen, and topple the Castle of Despair. It reached the world in tablet form, domes and cones, and at one point a Jubilee package of three, each tablet dyed red, white and blue. They were spawned in alchemical labs up and down the country, and from thence were consumed by Sir Cyril Beaton, Mick Jagger, Roddy Llewellyn and onwards and upwards (Llewellyn's Cold Comfort Farm was busted during Operation Julie, but he was let off the hook. Princess Margaret was visiting there at the time).

Conspiracy! Would it be conspiracy if a Portobello trader sold you a sack of potatoes knowing you had a friend who had a friend who made Potcheen? Yes. Maximum sentence LIFE! Conspiracy . . . from con-spirare: to breathe together. . . . Life.

The judge refuses to listen to any medical evidence — much mild evidence that LSD is of considerable use in the treatment of alcoholics, paranoid schizophrenics, psychopaths and other social bulwarks — preferring to think that it *lies somewhere* to the right of cyanide. On his own admission, he only allows any expert testimony to be given in the case in order to protect himself on appeal.

He ignores any criticism of its arbitrary Home Office classification as a Class A drug, and in his summing-up, claims that "It would place an intolerable burden on the judiciary if we had to distinguish between one drug and another." By the same token presumably, in an assault case, he would be completely unable to distinguish between a razor, a brick, a sub-machine gun, and a doughnut, despite expert evidence.

The people in the dock, the Judge is at pains to point out as often as possible, had no licence to manufacture Lysergic Acid Diethylamide (unlike the Distillers Company and Thalidomide), and they clearly believed in unsupervised trips (just as, so it would seem, did the three policemen who tripped out while in the Twickenham lab. They were having the time of their lives; roaring with laughter at Jesus of Nazareth on TV, merging with the landscape, having fruitful relationships with drops of water, thinking that their beer mugs were the World Cup and that the pavements were carpeted, when the uniformed constable outside called the Divisional Police Surgeon, and they were rushed to hospital in an ambulance, placed in the Isolation Wing under twenty-four hour observation, and where, their trip in shreds, they promptly and quite naturally declared themselves to be feeling very frightened and paranoid.)

The Judge expressed himself to be very interested in the "transference" experienced by people jointly tripping, and elicited from the over-weight and bucolic shrink from the Home Office that it might be extremely dangerous.

Yes, indeed it might. Minds might meet!

The transferences in the court-room are certainly dangerous. Clouds of deadly orgone radiation pollinate the nooks and crannies of every uniformed brain, and the prisoners, most of whom have been confined for twenty-three hours out of twenty-four for the last twelve months, have, judging from their complexions, almost been transmuted into mushrooms. Not for nothing have two of the Defendants David Solomon and Dr. Mark Tcharny been collaborating on a book called *Shit Power*, and not for nothing does the Judge refuse to allow its name to be mentioned in court. (One demented police objection to David Solomon's bail was on the grounds that he already had a previous conviction for the possession of drugs in "Khatmandhu, North Italy.")

David Solomon, leaving Bristol Crown Court after sentence, manages a warm smile for the outside world

> Detective-Constable Roger Corney said everything was fine at first: things seemed very beautiful, his pint of beer felt weightless, he walked on air and daffodils the size of trumpets loomed at him out of gardens. He laughed and giggled for two hours.
>
> Guardian 9.3.78.

> Eventually they were seen by a police surgeon. "We were smiling and laughing about anything", the officer said. "When we heard we were going to a psychiatric unit we were aware it could be put on our records and we reacted so strongly that it was believed we were going to barricade ourselves in a room."
>
> The Police Federation is backing a claim by the officers to the Criminal Injuries Compensation Board.
>
> Daily Express 9.3.78.

The old witchcraft trials repeatedly alleged that the Defendants flew, had intercourse with the devil, and put spells on people. Much the same is being charged in this case. Crime is simply a different belief system. This is a trial for the crime of heresy. One lot of do-gooders in pitched battle against another.

All the clumsy little rituals, such as the endless chain-gang handcuffing of the little coven in the dock, seem to stem much more from superstition than from any pragmatic feeling that the defendants will try to escape or are liable to behave violently. As Mr. Ian Kennedy QC, for the Crown, assiduously enumerates the properties of LSD, he sometimes glances nervously at the dock as if expecting the Prisoners to levitate, or for one of them to pluck out a cosmic Gizmo from his pocket and whisper: "Beam me up, Kirk." The Prisoners' clanking amulets seem to comfort him.

What are the powers that shouldn't be afraid of? Why are they making the birth pangs of this Second Acid Age so painful? Perhaps because an acid-detonated mind could squeeze the half-life out of Windscale, Northern Ireland, a dreary and soi-disant Socialist Government, a preposterous Royal Family, madhouses, prisons, and cop-shops and the hidebound gang of little Englanders and polite bullies who hold down the hatch and prevent Blake's Giant Albion from surfacing and spurting into life.

"The power that came through us ten, twelve years ago toppled a couple of presidents, changed governments, stopped a war. Acid is a powerful communication."

Baba Ram Dass

"LSD was not just the fruit of a chance discovery, but the outcome of a more complex process. It had its beginning in a definite concept and was followed up by appropriate experiments.

"You can explain the activity of LSD as a change in wavelengths. And so you get another program of reality.

"Nobody has died from LSD. The lethal dose of it is not known." — Dr. Albert Hoffmann (Discoverer of LSD).

There have been many hints at the existence of a legion of acid casualties created by the Defendants' activity, but not a scrap of evidence was produced in court. (At one point a group of mental defectives was ushered into the Public Gallery and it was supposed by many that these were the legion in question, but it later turned out that they were a tour-party from the local lunatic asylum being conducted on a tour of the outside world by an imaginative Art Therapist.)

At a press conference in the Grand Hotel, Bristol after the case, the police claimed that half the admissions to US Mental Hospitals were LSD based. It turned out that they were basing their statistics on the records of the admissions to one Los Angeles hospital in the late 'sixties. And where was all the evidence of people thinking that they could fly under the influence of acid? They'd flown away.

Outside the court, the day before sentencing, when all this was pointed out to Inspector Rees from the Welsh section of Operation Julie, he hinted darkly and somewhat tauntingly at the contents of his black briefcase: "I can't show you them, but inside here there are photographs of decapitated bodies caused by LSD, and Coroners' Courts' verdicts of *Suicide via LSD Poisoning,*" but the briefcase suspiciously remained closed. When he was further pressed on the point, he recounted the following anecdote with much chapel-going fervour, and climaxing it with a *hwyl*-like rave at his peroration: "Well," he said, "I was in Llanelli one night, and you know, I have a tremendous respect for War Memorials. Every time I see one I think of twenty-five *thousand* corpses. And, standing by Llandli War Memorial were these two young lads. They'd torn off the chains from around the base, and they were flailing each other with them. Naturally, I stepped in, dodging the chains, and locked them up. In the morning they pleaded guilty to being drunk and disorderly. But I knew you see, I knew better. I *knew* that they were under the influence of *LSD*!"

It seemed unarguable, but your reporter pursued the point, and tried to oil the copper's cogs a little. "Now Inspector, you're clearly a man of some calibre. You know perfectly well don't you that each tab of acid doesn't have Murder, Mayhem and Chaos embosed upon it. You know perfectly well that if we gave you a tablet of acid now, that you wouldn't immediately surge down Corn Street dismembering everyone you meet?" He shrugged his shoulders uneasily, and then observed somewhat helplessly: "You never know, now do you? You never can tell."

Judgement Day arrives for the Brotherhood and Sisterhood of Eternal Love who made and marketed this cerebral atom bomb — prized tool of the neurological revolution — discovered in the same year as the other bomb. In 1943, while Enrico Fermi was triggering off the first atomic chain reaction in Chicago, Dr. Albert Hoffmann was absorbing acid through his finger-tips in Switzerland. Every action has an equal and opposite reaction.

In the papers that day there is an account of a 47-year-old ex-fairground boxer employed as a nurse in an old people's home, who beat up a 90 year-old man. He was convicted of manslaughter and received a six month sentence.

"You can explain the activity of LSD as a change in wavelengths. And so you get another program of reality. Nobody has died from LSD. The lethal dose of it is not known." — Dr. Albert Hoffmann (Discoverer of LSD).

pangs of this Second Acid Age so painful? Perhaps because an acid-detonated mind Government, a preposterous Royal Family, madhouses, prisons, and cop-shops the hatch and prevent Blake's Giant Albion from surfacing and spurting into life.

Tony Reid, self-styled Cannabis Crusader, who somewhat eccentrically wishes to hand over all dope-dealing to the police "so that it's conducted fair and square", stands in the foyer, poncho-clad. A licensed lunatic, the man they find too boring to bust. He accosts all and sundry, with wild-eyed announcements that he has recently been receiving lengthy communications from various TV programmes such as the Muppets and Those Were The Days, to the effects that "Everything is cool, man, the Judge is cool, man, the warders are cool, and the Operation Julie cops are all with us man!" The fact that the Julie cops mendaciously sport cannabis ties, silver ergotamine knick knacks: tie-pins and brooches, and other dope-linked fetishes with a somewhat idle prurience, also seems to have contributed to his misguided confidence in their good intentions towards "our generation".

Julie ("the Bunny cop" as she has come to be known by the Defence lawyers) flits from one police caucus to another . . . all let off work for this their day of triumph . . . odiously pointing out her face in the daily papers to as many of her colleagues as possible — it is most prominently featured in the "Sun" — courtesy of her latest conquest — continuously auditioning herself for Charlie's Angels, and modelling yet another day-glo outfit. The Defendant Dr. Christine Bott, Kemp's lab assistant, a Doctor of Medicine and an *expert on goat breeding, was* curiously Head Girl when Sgt. Julie Taylor attended Marlborough Grammar School. Could St. Trinian's rivalry and schoolgirl vengeance have fuelled this nightmare? *Who's Head Girl now*?

Captain Snaps and Sergeant Click, two emissaries from Justice Should Not Only Be Done But Also Be Seen To Be Done, load up their spy cameras with the fastest film available for this black hole. One of them has a complex pulley system which enables him to fire off shots with both hands free. Julie's meretricious vulgarity is caught. Silently and invisibly. (But with a somewhat lysergic focus).

The Judge's wife . . . Margaret Thatcher's double . . . slinks through the portal behind the Judge's plinth, and is settled down by a simpering usher next to her husband's lofty kennel, where she primps herself and scans the court with a rabid, knowing glint, reminiscent of Madame Desfarges.

There's a sudden twittering amongst the police conclaves as Inspector Lee enters, smiling at people that he knows, and many that he doesn't. Two favoured starlings instal him in a central position directly in line with the Judge.

The Prisoners are brought up from their dungeons, guarded by one notorious warder whose wife ran off with an ex-prisoner seven years ago, and who still sees him in every prisoner's face, and behaves towards them accordingly. He smiles psychotically at the court.

The Judge appears from the misty wastelands at the other end of this gigantic hall. A new, and even larger venue, chosen to accommodate all those who've come to witness the poisonous pay-off. It was the former site of the slave auctions, that, together with tobacco, made Bristol wealthy. A stone slab stood where the dock now stands, for prospective buyers to pinch the leg-muscles of the slaves chained to it. The Usher shouts: "The Court Will Rise!" and it obediently rises and then it sits down.

The whole hall becomes a vast deaf-aid as the Judge begins his almost inaudible summing-up. The Prisoners are slowly transformed from human beings into untouchable aliens, perpetrating an almost endless series of incomprehensible acts. After a two-hour precis of the prosecution's case, the Judge finally starts to fondle the sting in his tail: "Richard Kemp, you're a brilliant chemist, 13 years. Christine Bott, you struck me as a very sensible woman in the witness box, nine year. David Solomon, you have some excellent references from the literary, academic and scientific community, ten years. Henry Todd, thirteen years. David Todd, six years . . . ."

Here the Judge discolours, flips, and is quite unable to conceal his strong dislike for this puckish and almost completely innocent lad. Thomas Chatterton, the poet, was born in Corn Street . . . had a slither of "that marvellous boy" spiked Corn Street again? The Judge had refused to read David Todd's new statement placed before the court, three-quarters of the way through the case, and had said that he couldn't believe a word of it without corroboration — impossible to provide at that late stage. Todd's crime? Telling the jokey fib that the calcium tablets he'd obtained as acid blanks were for some Nepalese mountaineering friends in Tibet. **Five years for imagination, one year for lying.** He hadn't, of course, been charged with either. "You may stand down," shouted the Usher after each sentence was handed out. You may stand down, you may never have another erection; Christine Chromosome, we intend to imprison you until well beyond the child-bearing age — you may have no babies, you may never surface again, you are dead to the world. . . . *Brian Cuthbertson — Eleven Years.*

After 97 years have been handed out, Tony Reid finally realises that he has not, after all, been in tight telepathic communications with the Judge throughout the trial and leaps to his feet. As he is told to sit down by one of the attendant sergeants, he bravely booms across the courtroom wastes: "I want to go to the toilet. And I've got a very strong feeling that when I get there, I might be very very sick." He is pulled out of the public gallery and booted savagely down the stairs by one of the very officers he'd earlier appointed to his Stock Exchange of official dope-dealers in palmier days.

The sentences total 120 years. If the defendants had been 47 year old retired fairground boxers working an old people's home, they could have bumped off 240 geriatrics for that little lump of porridge.

All the relatives and friends of the prisoners moved out of the court in a paralysed daze, and are refused permission to see them in the cells below. The Julie operators pose for the press, yet again, and prepare for the evening's festivities in a Bristol bar.

The judge's Packard draws up outside, and a roving council refuse collector rather pointedly moves his rubbish cart near to the judge's path, in order to provide him with a choice of vehicle.

Andy Leighton from "IT" voraciously pounces on the two Julie gang bosses, Lee and Greenslade, for their reaction. Lee: "Sad. A tragic waste of talent," without specifying whose. Greenslade: "A bit of an anti-climax after all those years' work," . . . meaning they should have got life? Well, they have got life, and as Greenslade shuffled off towards the bar to be sluiced with laurels, liquor and flashbulbs, the prison wagon pulled up alongside the court to take the prisoners to Horfields jail. David Todd shouts "Fucking cunts!" as he's dragged out in handcuffs — Andy Monroe and David Solomon give the V sign — there's a forest of clenched fist salutes from within this barred and bullet-proof meat-wagon — and "Smiles" of course smiles. It's a ten-kilowatt smile, and an eight year rap has done nothing to earth it. When one of the fake hippies whom he'd befriended closely for over a year entered his cell and revealed his duplicity, Smiles just said: "No hard feelings. It's all part of the game." One wonders if that would have been their reaction if the boot was on the other foot. This undercover cop — now retiring, in his early thirties, to live abroad — let slip a somewhat guilt ridden aside in an interview with "Reveille" about his exploits: "Make no mistake though, it's not the end of it. You can't deceive a friend the way I did and get away with it."

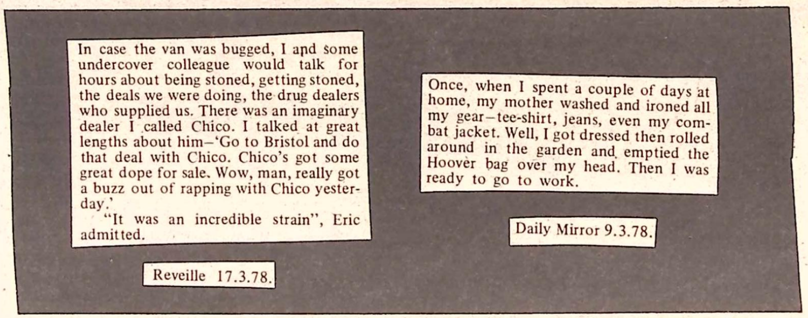
The women of Bristol gather round the prison coach jubilantly pointing out each convict: "That's Henry Todd . . . he made all that money." Millions of pounds are believed to have been made by Press, police and public, perhaps because any other reason for manufacturing a subversive substance capable of de-programming the body-politic right across the board is incomprehensible; however, the ratio of unit cost to retail price in the operation compared very favourably with those approved consumer items, and how many free ciggies do W. D. and H. O. Wills give away at tobacco festivals? When busted, Henry Todd, a mountaineer of some distinction, clearly felt confident enough in his honourable mastery of other heights to say: "Arrest me? I thought you'd come to give us the Queen's Award to Industry."

"That's David Solomon . . . he's an *American*!" The Bristol Burghers' hags continued their gloating prodding of the prison wagon. As one of them noticed Lin Solomon giving her father the V sign, she advanced towards her and struck her in the face. "Do it again," said Lin, turning the other cheek, and fishing out her camera at the same time. The shrike scuttled off frothing and cursing.

That afternoon the judge decides that the "Daily Express" was not in contempt of court (as mooted on his behalf by Henry Todd's lawyer), for suggesting that the Brotherhood of Eternal Love had links with Baader-Meinhof and the IRA, and that that was where some of the money had ended up. It was a highly contentious and demonic lie, but then the "Daily Express" have an expensive licence to lie — unlike David Todd.

Lin and Pat Solomon visit David in Horfields prison. He has a visiting order for that day. He is allowed one visit a month, and to write two letters a week. After a year on remand he has been looking forward to getting out of his

I.T. Staffer talks to Master Crook-Smasher ex-Det. Inspector Lee outside Bristol Crown Court. What are these men saying to each other?



In case the van was bugged, I and some undercover colleague would talk for hours about being stoned, getting stoned, the deals we were doing, the drug dealers who supplied us. There was an imaginary dealer I called Chico. I talked at great lengths about him–'Go to Bristol and do that deal with Chico. Chico's got some great dope for sale. Wow, man, really got a buzz out of rapping with Chico yesterday.'

"It was an incredible strain", Eric admitted.

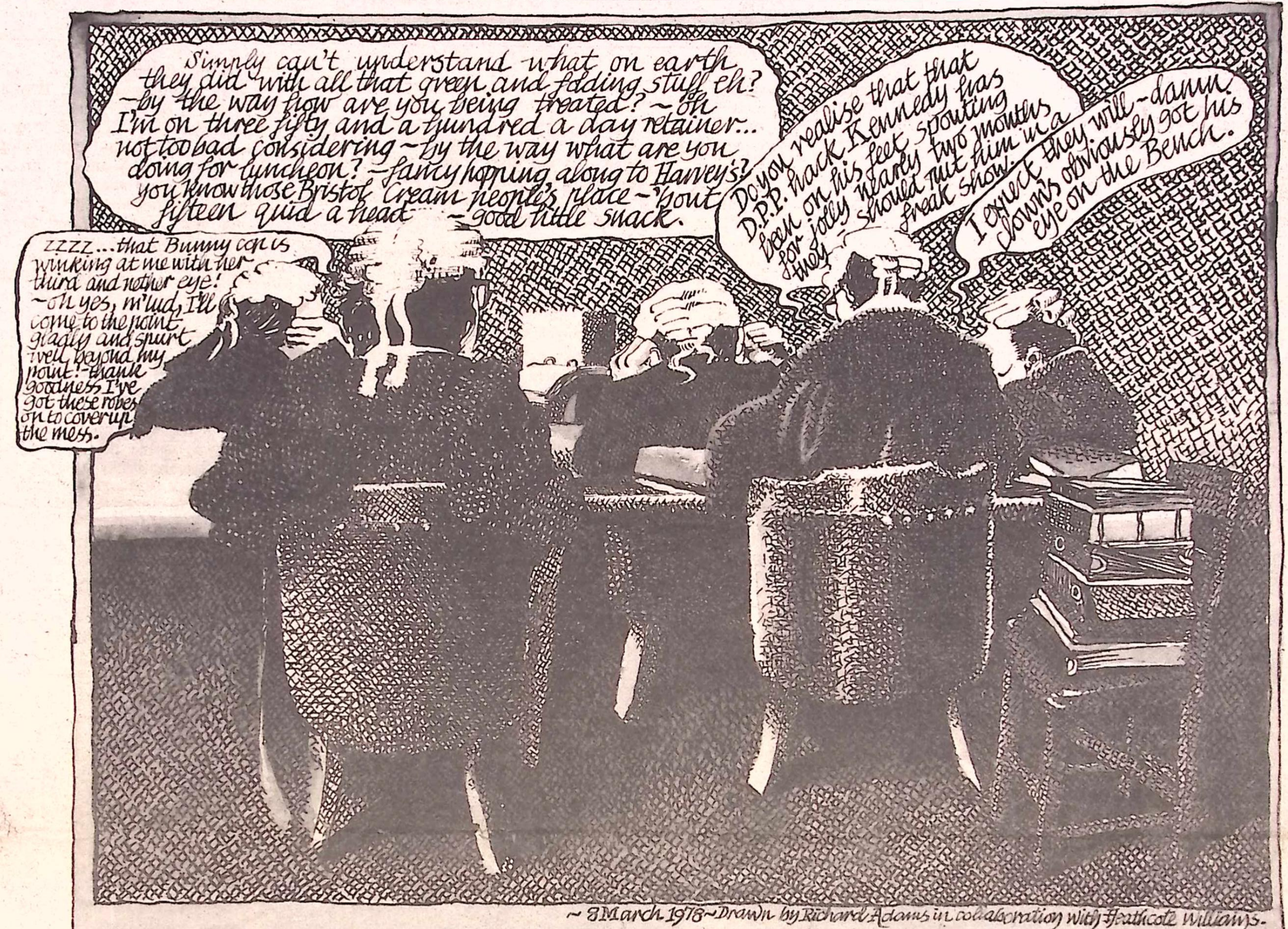
Reveille 17.3.78.

Once, when I spent a couple of days at home, my mother washed and ironed all my gear–tee-shirt, jeans, even my combat jacket. Well, I got dressed then rolled around in the garden and emptied the Hoover bag over my head. Then I was ready to go to work.

Daily Mirror 9.3.78.

In the papers that day there is an account of a 47-year-old ex-fairground boxer employed as a nurse in an old people's home, who beat up a 90 year-old man. He was convicted of man-slaughter and received a six month sentence.

The judge refuses to listen to any medical evidence — that LSD is of considerable use in the treatment of alcoholics, paranoids , psychopaths and other social bulwarks — preferring to think that it lies somewhere to the right of cyanide.


Simply can't understand what on earth they did with all that green and folding stuff eh? ~by the way how are you being treated? ~oh I'm on three fifty and a hundred a day retainer... not too bad considering ~by the way what are you doing for luncheon? ~fancy hopping along to Harvey's? you know those Bristol Cream people's place ~'bout fifteen quid a head ~good little snack.
zzzz... that Bunny cop is winking at me with her third and nether eye! ~oh yes, m'lud, I'll come to the point gladly and spurt well beyond my point! ~thank goodness I've got these robes on to cover up the mess.
Do you realise that that D.P.P. hack Kennedy has been on his feet spouting for jolly nearly two months they should put him in a freak show.
I expect they will ~damn clown's obviously got his eye on the Bench.

~ 8 March 1978 ~ Drawn by Richard Adams in collaboration with Heathcote Williams.

Several Learned GENTLEMAN-AT-LAW Plumb JULIES Depths.

Hark, hark the dogs do bark,
For the peerless Mr. Justice Park.

cell to do something useful. He is graciously allowed to participate in the classic prison occupation of sewing mail-bags. What is somewhat less classical, however (except perhaps for its parallel in the Corinthian myth of Sisyphus — punished for exposing the gods of the Underworld, and made to roll a great stone eternally up a hill: when he'd nearly reached the top, it always rolled down again to the bottom), is that the mail-bags once sewn, are solemly unpicked by another group of prisoners, only to be sewn up by the first group. It makes the torments in Kafka's trial seem about as frustrating as a game of draughts. The "reason" for it? The union responsible for the people who supply the GPO with mail-bags commercially object to the use of forced labour being used in competition with their members.

David said between smiles and silent rolling tears: "I feel like breaking up, but you can't live your life in pieces."

As the police were carousing and being fawned over by the cop-grovelling hacks from the yellow press (and even the high-yaller press such as the "Observer"), and their successes grotesquely exaggerated, David wryly observed that Gerald Thomas had of course handed them the whole case on a plate: "Without that, we'd never be here. But he knows that we know. That's his punishment."

Two days later, while some of the Brotherhood were trying to prevent the police from confiscating their assets and stripping them of all their possessions, in yet another court hearing, the judge made a sickly speech in praise of the police's "amazing detective work". Several of the "amazing Julie officers", as he constantly referred to them, may indeed be much more amazing than he realizes.

No less than seven of them have resigned. Nearly a quarter of the central Julie clique. Why? They took acid and realized the error of their ways? Possible. They've all gone off to write their memoirs? Perhaps. Inspector Lee certainly has, in collaboration with an illiterate hack from the "Daily Telegraph". The film rights might be sold to South African TV, but it's doubtful that it'll amount to more than a one-off potboiler which might not keep him in frayed cannabis ties for more than a year or two.

They were disillusioned after their two year long inhalation of peace, dope and love, at being plunged back into uniform, and back to their local stations where their former colleagues refused to give them the same star treatment as the "Sun" and the "Mirror" and the rest, and where the carrot of promotion they'd had dangled in front of their faces proved to be a mirage? Possibly, but once a cop always a cop, and they knew that they could dress up in hippy drag whenever they felt it was necessary, score a weight or two any old time, and the wheels of promotion in the force always grind fairly slowly whatever the circumstances.

So what's the answer to the riddle? Well, what the future no longer held in store for these seven flitting bluebottles on the lam, was untraceable bundles of acid-soaked notes of a very High denomination.

* * * *

A legendary acid-dealer in the West Country (who once spiked the Hot Roman Springs in Bath) commented after the case: "You don't get police resigning left, right and centre unless they've had it off. They knocked acid on the head? That's laughable crap. All they knocked on the head was the old price. Why?

* * * * *

"For nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest, neither anything hid, that shall not be known and come abroad." — Luke 8, 17.

Thankyou Saint Luke — though others may not.

THERE is nothing quite like a hysterical Press scare-story to remind one of the delights of acid. So for those with a nostalgic interest in slipping once more through the doors of perception, or for those curious spirits who have never tried acid but who suspect that anything the media find so frightening can't be all bad, and even for those happy heads who are too spaced out to tell a sugar-cube from an office-block, here is a brief street-scoring guide to the only homeopathic drug with a thirteen-year penalty attached.

Orange Microdots. Possibly Kemp stock, although rumour has it that these beauties are American in origin. Voice from the Void Rating: recommended. Very pure. A good hit.

Black Cottage Loaves (dots). Strictly for strychnine freaks. VV Rating: These bozos leave a bad taste in the head.

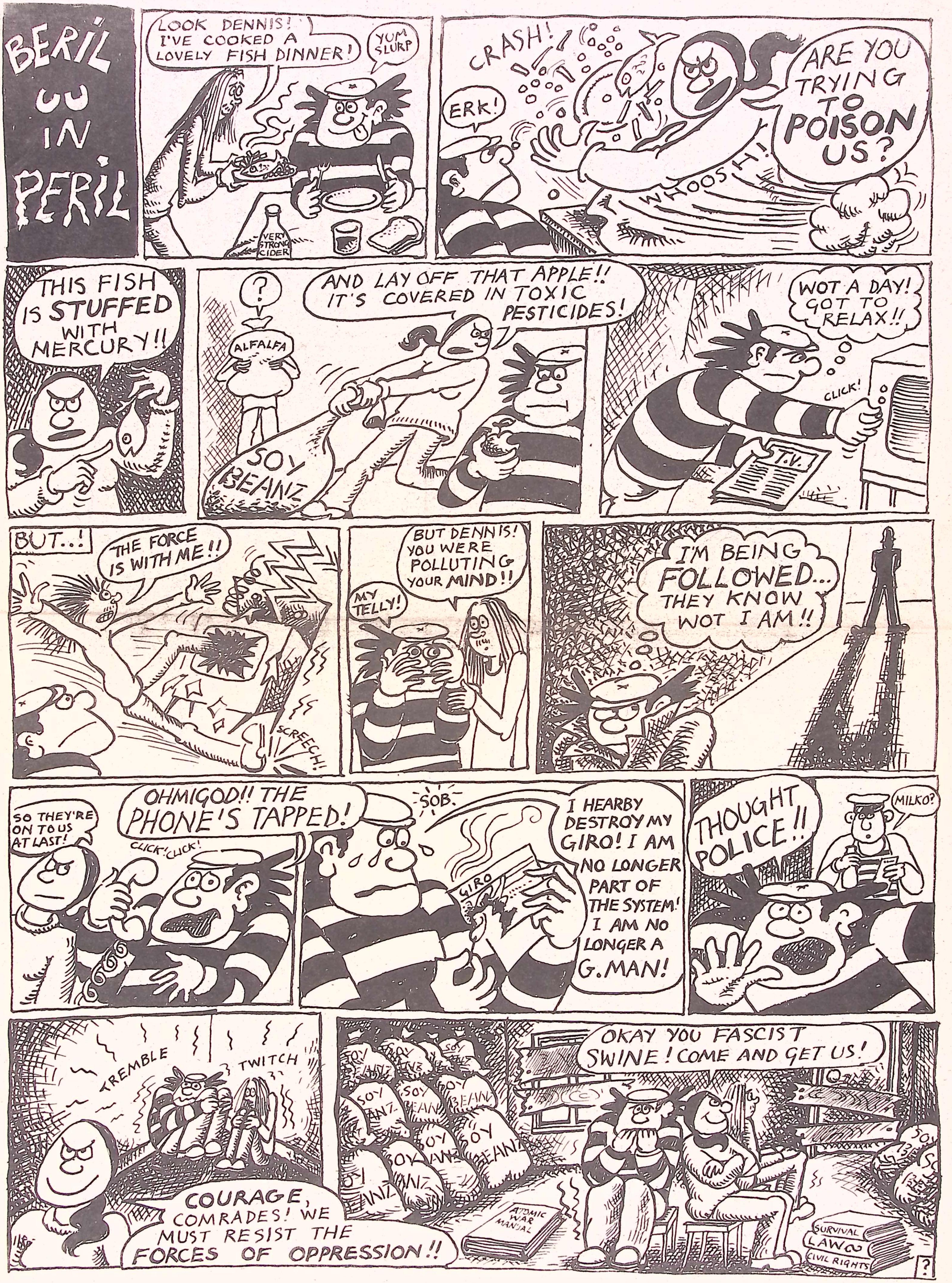
Brown Volcanoes (cones). What blows up, must blow down. VV Rating: Mild hit. Good quality. Not as good as the orange.

Purple dots. On filter paper, five drops in a row. Acid drops on paper lose effectiveness faster than capsules or tablets. Unconfirmed rumour says that these blobs have already seen better days and are dead-on-arrival.

Green Blotting Paper. Store out of the light. VV Rating: very good, possibly stronger than the orange but maybe I can't tell any more.

A useful rule of thumb: if the tab *looks* well-made, the acid in it may be equally well-made. There is certainly a lot of it about so there's no need to rush into hasty buys — go with the glow. Rumours that the price of acid would follow the rules of supply-and-demand lunacy have proved false. It is *still* possible to visit the perimeter of the universe for less than a quid (return). All information on the ongoing street-acid scenario gratefully received.

Please contribute to the sum total of human knowledge by vandalising and returning the **Social Responsibility Test** on the Back Page.


BERIL IN PERIL
LOOK DENNIS! I'VE COOKED A LOVELY FISH DINNER!
YUM SLURP
VERY STRONG CIDER
CRASH!
ERK!
ARE YOU TRYING TO POISON US?
WHOOSH!
THIS FISH IS STUFFED WITH MERCURY!!
?
ALFALFA
AND LAY OFF THAT APPLE!! IT'S COVERED IN TOXIC PESTICIDES!
SOY BEANZ
WOT A DAY! GOT TO RELAX!!
CLICK!
T.V.
BUT..!
THE FORCE IS WITH ME!!
SCREECH!
BUT DENNIS! YOU WERE POLLUTING YOUR MIND!!
MY TELLY!
I'M BEING FOLLOWED... THEY KNOW WOT I AM!!
SO THEY'RE ON TO US AT LAST!
OHMIGOD!! THE PHONE'S TAPPED!
CLICK! CLICK!
SOB.
I HEARBY DESTROY MY GIRO! I AM NO LONGER PART OF THE SYSTEM! I AM NO LONGER A G.MAN!
GIRO
THOUGHT POLICE!!
MILKO?
TREMBLE
TWITCH
COURAGE, COMRADES! WE MUST RESIST THE FORCES OF OPPRESSION!!
SOY BEANZ
OKAY YOU FASCIST SWINE! COME AND GET US!
ATOMIC WAR MANUAL
SURVIVAL
LAW
CIVIL RIGHTS
?

Buying Bewilderment

FLICKING through dogeared notebooks I carried everywhere in 1971 in case the universe flashed a random message between lamp posts, I notice I was timeless all over the place in that year. Clouds moving fast, smell of fried bread, you name it, it sent me off in reverie. Admittedly I was Mainlining Zen and Hesse at the time so anticipated a peak experience every other second and firmly believed the revolution wasn't round the corner but beneath your hat. Being here now. Whoever whenever wherever. Egoless. Thousand selves. You know — the dance of energy. Far in stuff.

Today a million permutations and ontological turpitudes later, though I may spy less consistently with my third eye and super rational wows may be thinner off the ground, I nonetheless still adhere to the philosophy of those heady times whilst accepting that a smattering of quotes from Krishna Murti or Proust may not be enough to radically uproot the social systems we live under. I don't advocate leaving everything to peace-loving UFO's to intervene in Planet Earth's affairs like Perry Mason's last second key witnesses. But as long as I'm on one planet whizzing round one star in billions aware that my body contains millions of cells that started from one, I can't cease to be awed by the fact and manner of being alive.

Take thought for instance. More ghostly than any ghost, invisible to all microscopes it nonetheless shapes a considerable lump of world reality, varying according to the private universe of whatever forehead it happens to operate behind. Assuming thought is in the brain rather than every cell of the body. All is assumption, most of all consensus reality that filters off much of what's all around replacing it with a set of timetables, chores and responsibilities. In a timeless moment all the inner wheels cease and the minutiae, irrelevant or random home in, join with the observer/participant. Mountaineers who have fallen but survived recount the experience as one of rapture, detachment with a flurry of nonsequitors flashing quickly through the mind. You don't have to fall off a rockface to undergo this sensation. You can do it in the privacy of your own home for free. The trick is merely to switch off the inner dialogue that churns out its memos, convolutions of reason or anxiety. Not that it's that simple. Our character armours have been years in the making.

Stop and see how many thoughts you've had in the past five minutes. How much of their content is social in origin. Now try thinking inconsequentially. Let the images form their own patterns. Pretty soon they should be swirling around like they do in day dreams which we're told are only meaningless static. . . . Spend periods of each day in such derangement. Refuse to give up the last remnants of sleep because the ego says you're late. Be more spacey, less pacey. Remember the sufis say allah recreates him/her self every second. And that the surrealist could see round corners after breaking out of logical thought via automatic writing exercises.

Live amongst the single frames rather than watch the movie flash by creating its illusions of continuity. . . . See one place through one hundred pairs of eyes, become the still point of a turning world, above all take what you have gathered from the coincidence of you and the world in time and space whether the magic theatre be the froth on the top of expresso coffee, the dissolving windscreen reflections, leaves freelance on the wind or the book you're reading that tells you that Bach died in mid-composition of a fugue.

Real reality is there but everything we know gets filtered by our senses which in turn are tunnelled by our cultural preconceptions. How often do we miss the light of setting suns because we're rushing to catch a bus. Rearrange the order of reality constantly. See and imagine what can't be seen. The feelings of a caterpillar as it emerges from its chrysalis to be a butterfly, the time-sense of a bug that sits eighteen years on a branch without moving, the daily life of advanced beings five million years in the future.

For my part, I get these meanderings only intermittently. I don't specially practice what I preach. However whenever I do the world becomes infinite within that fleeting glimpse before my reason bellows "escapist" or "deluded". . . . The synchronicities pile up when I'm open all hours, are non-existent when I'm busily engaged in social necessities that take up all my mental space. I find that when I'm excited by the absurdities, the absurdities announce themselves. I haven't got messages from sirius or heard one hands clap but I'm beginning to see that the sceptic deep down beneath the euphemisms of language is secretly afraid of revelations beyond my belief systems. As a child I'd pray to Jesus not to come out of the wardrobe at night.

There's a heap of unlearning to undergo, the biggest block being that none of it makes sense. Why should astronauts from space leave pancakes or the skies rain frogs? Why can't all revelation be socialist? The second biggest block is that it happens to others not me. Me I can't even quit nicotine or cut down on cheese sandwiches. The third block is that I want to record the whole goddam operation so I can have it on a computer run out. There's more than a touch of capturing the moment in those 71 notebooks. I'm the lad who spent the whole of his eleventh year to heaven trying to contain the exact sensation of orgasms and/or falling asleep.

I mention all this to demonstrate that I'm not proselytising, rather pointing the way into my confusion. It's fun being confused. Sell your cleverness and buy bewilderment as some guru said over kebabs.

Enough. I've sat here typing all this, completely ignoring the sound of the wind driving rain against my window. I'm going to start my picking right now. Hmmn. Is that a red cushion I see. Or is it a gang of atoms feigning redness. . . .

CARNIVAL COBBLERS

THE masochistic hordes who attend the Notting Hill Carnival of music and Mayhem have no idea of the vast and sheer stupidity that go into the event. So shame on all those traffic-accident spectators and end-of-the-world fans who missed the Carnival & Arts Committee (CAC) elections in Acklam Hall last month.

Louis Chase (last year's CAC chairman) who arranged himself behind a small table facing what had become his audience, stilled the chatter in the hall by announcing that the meeting had begun only half an hour late and therefore could be considered to have started early.

The naked and unadorned lie seems to be his start trick.

He announced that, unless anybody had any immediate points to make, he would "bore the audience" by reading a full version of his Committee's report on the situation. Someone asked why no-one from the Carnival Development Committe (CDC) was present and, suppressing a whoop of triumph, Louis scooped up a pile of papers to read out a series of pathetic letters begging Selwyn Baptiste and the CDC to join in. "I wonder where they are" he said, and sadly observed, "how good it would be if they had come."

Someone stood up to remark that the question was typical of the way that white people were destroying the unity of the black community. Someone else stood up to ask why time was being wasted on these irrelevant issues.

Louis then launched into making known his Committee's recommendations for the next Carnival, pausing to remark that it was only the other committee's failure to carry out an adequate post-mortem on the 1976 and 1977 Carnivals that had created the present situation.

What a magnificent aside!

He never said as true a word again that night.

Post-mortem indeed.

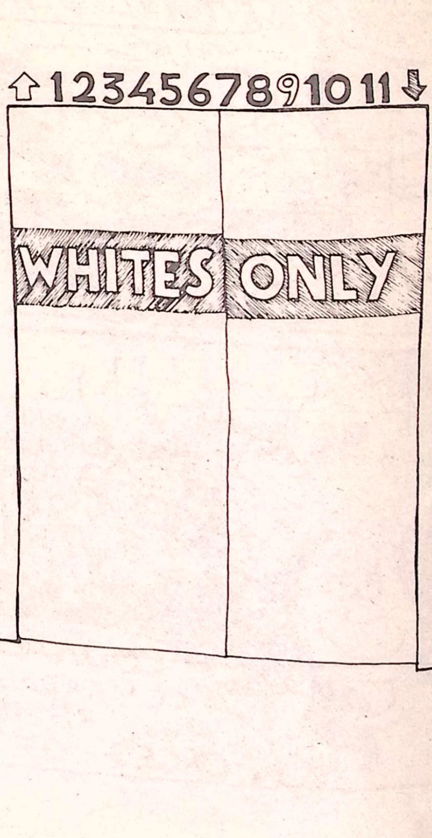
Carnival died in an explosion of popular frustration in 1976.

The 1977 offering was about eight floats.

Items One to Eleven covered a multitude of issues from appointing secretarial assistance to opening up a dialogue with police at the earliest opportunity. It was not until he came to Item Twelve that the squalid motives for calling the meeting became transparent. Item Twelve states: "that funding agencies commit themselves to recognising public elections and the submission of public accounts as a prerequisite of funding." You have to remember Mr. Chase's star trick of the naked and unadorned lie to work out that when he says "funding agencies" he means "agencies that will be given funds". That is to say, that only agencies that have set themselves up as elected committees (the purpose of the meeting) will get any gravy.

We were attending an opportunist's convention.

The wonder of it was not so much the sight of the young and undoubtedly talented Louis going pink under the strain of his efforts to out Uncle Tom, but the fact that the authorities and the locals of Notting Hill are prepared to let him do it.



TRAVEL

Taiwan

After the reading of the propositions there was discussion about the control of new business venture to be called Perseverance Carnival Arts & Industries Ltd., designed specifically to cream off cash other than that poured into the event by the authorities. After much parading of legal documents it was decided that since no lawyers were present there was no way of unravelling the mystery and the matter was therefore passed over as satisfactorily settled. Then followed a brief discussion about why the event had ceased to be a Peoples Carnival and was now being hailed as a "cultural festival of the black community" and this was settled in what had now become the identifiable Chase style with his statement that when he advertised the elections of a committee to "develop the Notting Hill Carnival as a festival of the black community" *"everybody knew"* that white people would know they were welcome.

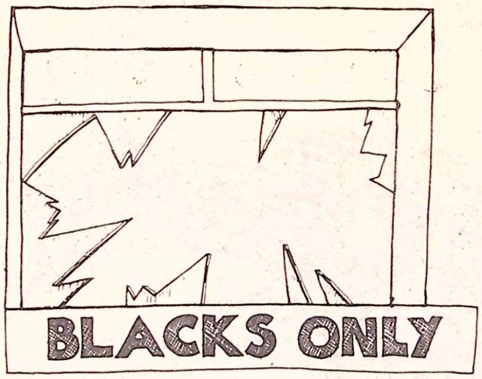
Mr. Chase pointed out that over forty nomination forms for committee members had been sent out to various local organisations, but that there had been only four replies.

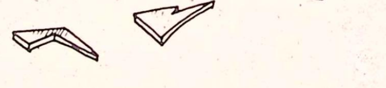
At this point an election occurred, in which several startled bystanders suddenly found themselves members of a new committee.

Later, in a telephone conversation with "IT", Mr. Chase refused point-blank to say where nomination forms had been sent or to comment on the fact that three of the four that had been returned came from members of the previous committee. It became clear that, despite the refusal of the Notting Hill Social Council to umpire the elections, any inquiries as to the fairness, or indeed revelance, of the democratic charade, were to be treated as though they came from the National Front.

The fact of the matter is that, like the Front, Mr. Chase and his associates cannot distinguish between racism and radicalism. There *is* no black community. The concept of local community, black, white or candy-striped, is something that exists only in the speeches of tuppeny-ha'penny hustlers. In their attempts to control the situation they exclude every element that might bring new initiative.

Cursory approaches from "IT" to other local groups — ranging from the Spaniards and the Irish Republicans on the one hand to the Portobello Road street musicians on the other — reveal a unanimous desire to create a day of international street music and celebration. The reluctance of these groups to take the initiative in the situation springs from a callow fear of swamping the black man's street disaster. It is a perfect illustration of the complex workings of racial intolerance. None of these groups, so eager to protect the dispossessed black, seem to realise that the African culture has provided the world's dominant musical influence for the last fifty years. The drum soul of Africa is the heartbeat of the world's music. Swamp them be damned. Our only hope is that they will lead us through the streets to reconquer the world that the slave-masters have stolen from us all.





Diary of an Alternative Propagandist

The counter clerk at Lisson Grove refuses to believe it's me when I turn up to sign on at the right time. He wants documentary evidence of my identity. He's never seen me before and naturally assumes that I'm an imposter. He always has to put my card aside with the afternoon batch. I'm a perpetual 'late signer', you see. I've been a late signer for years. The woman in the afternoon never asks me why I'm late. she might have done at at first, but not any longer, other people get asked, but not me. I'm a regular defaulter. I only get hassled when I'm doing things right.

While he scrutinizes my library ticket, claimants union card and driving licence I scribble '1978 makes 1984 look like 1967' on his desk. He finally allows me to sign, helpfully pointing out that all my credentials have expired. I try to explain to him that I believe time is a fifth column sabotaging the ecstasy of the eternal now. "What if we all thought like that" he bleats. "Who would organise all *this*", he taps his card index and filing cabinet and bids me survey Lisson Grove SS of a Monday morning. I blow him a kiss and leave.

After daubing 'Bureaucracy is paranoid democracy' outside on the wall, I wander along to Baker Street tube. I'm due to appear at Bow Street at 10am—'Using insulting words ("Fucking") likely to occasion a breach of the peace' at Speakers' Corner a few hours earlier (Sunday afternoon). I'm talking about peace, love, sex and drugs to a passive bunch of tourists when up jumps 'the filth' nipping the impending riot in the bud and whisking me away before you can say coitus interruptus.

On the platform at Baker Street I'm contentedly scrawling up grafitti, defacing adverts and being generally delinquent when I come across a batch of 'This Exploits Women' stickers plastered everywhere. There's even an allusion to a female body—film posters for 'The Deep', 'Casanova', 'First Love' plus Awayday and BR timetables. On the other hand Lambs Navy, Feudor lighters and the appalling Juicy Fruity orange juice ad ought to be ripped down hoardin and all, as was done in Kilburn High Road recently. But failing that they often defy alteration; you'll notice how the clever bastards keep the bottom half of the picture darkly toned on the large, street-level stuff. Short of daubing up your 'SEXIST SHIT' or 'PHALLUSY' in thick luminous orange, you have to hit them where it hurts—in the brand name. Obliterate it! Sexist ads without the captions look like colour-sup fashion pages—mildly sexist still, but oddly adrift, no bite.

At Bow Street I plead not guilty and the case is remanded to a dot beyond the horizon of my calendar. In the warrant office there's a union jack on the wall with an NF inscription in the centre. When I ask about it I'm told by the desk sergeant that some of the lads are Nottingham Forest supporters. Ironically I'm arrested under the 1936 Public Order Act introduced to curb the excesses of the fascist Oswald Moseley. It's noon, I've had a hard day. I decide to go home to bed. My arresting cop first-names me and waves goodbye. Earlier on him and two of his mates had frogmarched me through Hyde Park slagging me off, I feel sure I'm on to a hiding, their manner is cool and unrelating, heavy even. But once we're in the warmth of the nick and out of the drizzle they shed helmets, coats and some of their character armour, roll fags and start to smile. I've been nicked so they can de-gig. I'm their excuse to skive. Down to business—"I must warn you that anything you say will be taken down and may be used in evidence." I speak slowly as they write—"It's a fair cop guv, you caught me redhanded." As soon as it's dusk and they don't have to go back on patrol I'm released on bail. A busker friend is waiting and we go and drink tea with other buskers in the espresso. "How much do you make in an hour" an American as one of them. "I was given a fiver while I was tuning up this morning, but yesterday I made £1.80 from two pitches." "What does that average out at" persists the American. "It doesn't", says the busker. I leave, walk through the park to Notting Hill and go and see the black film 'Pressure'. It's a period piece set in the Grove 4 years ago. It's quite obviously been made before the two heavy carnivals, before many of the black radicals became superannuated and before the Rastas filled the black spiritual void and made the music political. It nevertheless foresees all of this in an indirect way—a sharp and perceptive film, so how come it's only shown now, out of its time?

I walk home through the remains of the streets I've just watched (in fact) on the screen, reading the walls. Since big record company grafitti annexed local wall space in the early seventies many smaller fry music enterprises have realised what can be achieved with a few quids' worth of aerosol cans. The gravely misunderstood GLOO (an Eskimo word for love) was promoted by a local busker Jimmy Red, financing his own single. Similarly 'Opium for the people' with its occasionally imaginative spin offs is the venture of Here and Now a Frestonian Freak band. But apart from these, there are the agents of at least half a dozen new-wave bands pushing their nundane, well packaged product and spraying the neighbourhood like so many undoctored toms.

When does freedom of expression become psychic capitalism? It's only rock'n'roll but it still rips you off.

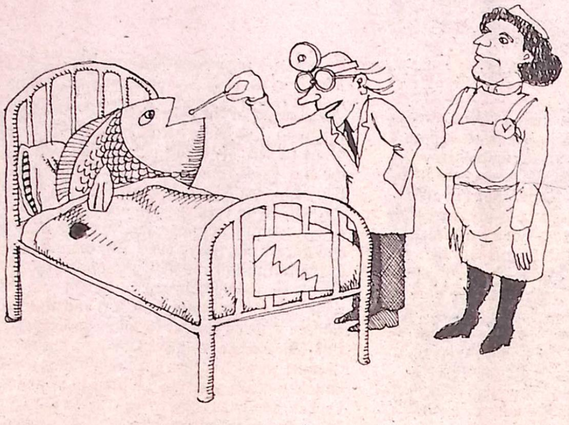
I stop off at a friends in All Saints Road and a party is happening. A voice from the record player tells me "there are 7 words you can't say in public, shit, tits, bollocks, fuck, cunt, mother-fucker and cocksucker. I think it's Lenny Bruce but it's George Karlin. I've never heard of him but I trust him—by dawn I know George intimately, I go home, have a bath and amble down to Lisson Grove to sign on early . . .

---

free festivals

April 30-May 7	2nd Festival of Mind & Body, Olympia
May 1-May 7	May Free Festival, Wales (site unknown)
May 13	Picnic in Hyde Park @2pm. Speakers Corner
June 17-25	Stone(d)henge
July 1-9	Glaston(ed)bury
July 21-24	Deeply Vale Free Festival, Lancs. Contact: F.F.C., 115 Oldham Road, Rochdale 56287.
August 17-20	Rivington Pike, Nr Chorley
August	B.I.T.'s 10th Anniversary Free Festival
August Bank Holiday	Leaflets bearing the UBI trade mark have been seen advertising Windsor

Mercury Rising in Hot Sea Hassle



SAY 'AH!'

If the government knew we were all going to die in two weeks time, it would not tell us. It would keep the knowledge an official secret for fear of damage to property by looting and disorder from civilians and military alike.

The scientific journal *Nature* recently reported high levels of dissolved mercury salts in the **Mersey Estuary, Liverpool Bay, Morecambe Bay, Solway Firth, North-west Anglesea** and the **Bristol Channel**. Within all these areas are industries that discharge mercury waste into the sea. They are also Britain's most important cod and whiting fisheries and are a source of plaice, sole, skate, ray, herring and shrimp. Fish from these areas now contain mercury enough to render them unfit for hum... consumption in other countries. Britain does not stipulate a 'safe' limit.

Mercury in *metallic* form is not especially dangerous to life. It used to be administered as a treatment for syphillis. It passes through the body without harm. Mercury *salts*, however—a by-product of many industrial processes—are a different matter; dissolved into the sea they become a very dangerous pollutant. Unlike plutonium, which is OK after half a million years, mercury salts constitute a continuous danger.

Even if industrial pollution by mercury salts were to stop tomorrow, high levels of the accumulative poison would be evident in fish from these areas for a long time to come. Suggestions that suspect fish should be sold only as fish meal 'diluted' by uncontaminated fish offer little joy for fish-finger freaks.

IT spoke to the Ministry of Agriculture, Food and Fisheries, the government department responsible for monitoring pollution off our coasts. They told us that they do not believe levels of mercury in these areas are of any danger to anyone eating fish. They quoted the results of their own research in Plymouth which claim to show that even people with an unusually high proportion of fish in their diet (such as the fishermen themselves) show no sign of mercury poisoning. They do admit, however, that levels of mercury salt pollution in the areas pinpointed by the *Nature* report are at least double those elsewhere. They were unaware of the *Nature* report, already a month old.

Under some pressure from a dissatisfied IT staffer, the Ministry Press Office connected us with one of their experts whose name, for some reason, they would not disclose. The expert spent half an hour explaining why there is no need for concern. The amount of mercury in the fish is tiny, he said, pollution is being reduced, he said, a constant watch is kept to ensure that there is no danger. And so on, and so on.

We asked him about reports that sea-weed off our west coast, the main ingredient in lava bread as well as a food in itself, is no longer safe to eat due to radioactive pollution from Windscale, thus eliminating a food resource for Ireland and the Isle of Man. He replied that our fears were groundless—it would take an awful lot of sea weed to contaminate a potato patch. We asked him again about edible seaweed and he replied that one would have to eat thirty tons of potatoes fertilised by seaweed before suffering any ill effects.

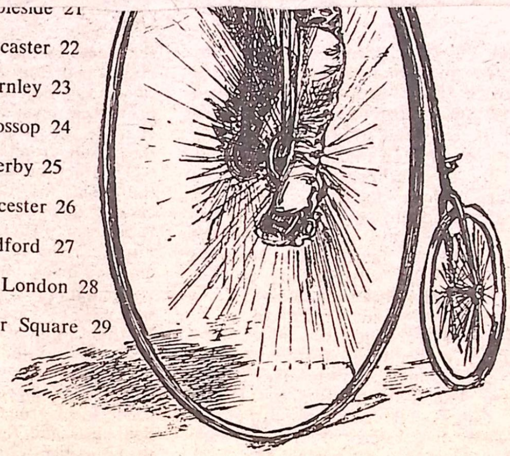
We felt he was reading aloud from the Ministry report, *Radioactivity in surface and coastal waters of the British Isles* (1975) where, predictably, there is much talk of 'small amounts', 'authorised limits' and 'low concentrations'. It paints a world in which everything is OK as long as it is below the 'dose limit', and a world where every 'dose limit' is OK.

Finally, we asked the expert if there were any figures on the sum total effect upon fish from various sources of pollution—not simply mercury salts in fish, but detergents in fish, lead in fish, radioactivity in fish and so on. He said, "No."

With a government like ours we will only know for sure that our seas are dead when the electors start dying and we smell the stench fifteen miles from the coast.

CARNIVAL COBBLERS

Ambleside 21
Lancaster 22
Burnley 23
Glossop 24
Derby 25
Leicester 26
Bedford 27
North London 28
Trafalgar Square 29



ON 20 April the Energy Cycle from Windscale to London (arriving at the mass demo in Trafalgar Square) will start pedalling its way on the first lap of this historic marathon. These intrepid pedallers are protesting against the proposed increase in the volume of nuclear fuel reprocessing at Windscale. They hope to gather support along the way as they spin through the scenic 320-mile trip, reaching Trafalgar Square 1,000 strong.

The nine-day Energy Cycle has been planned in easy stages to give inexperienced cyclists time to adjust.

A 1949 London bus will travel alongside the rally, acting as support and breakdown vehicle. Accommodation has been arranged all along the route.

The journey has a vital purpose. It aims to draw attention to all the questions raised by the prospect of a nuclear future; and to try to answer them.

Plans to use Britain as an international centre for plutonium reprocessing will condemn us to a future of dangerous and wasteful technology and a massive police and military presence. Plutonium does not occur naturally. It is the most toxic substance ever spawned by industry.

The rally also questions the idea of an endless growth spiral, both of energy materials and of waste. Few people now doubt that our world will crumble if we continue to suck out the earth's resources at the present rate. Steady-state, self-renewing and lasting alternatives which do not harm the ecological balance of our environment must be developed.

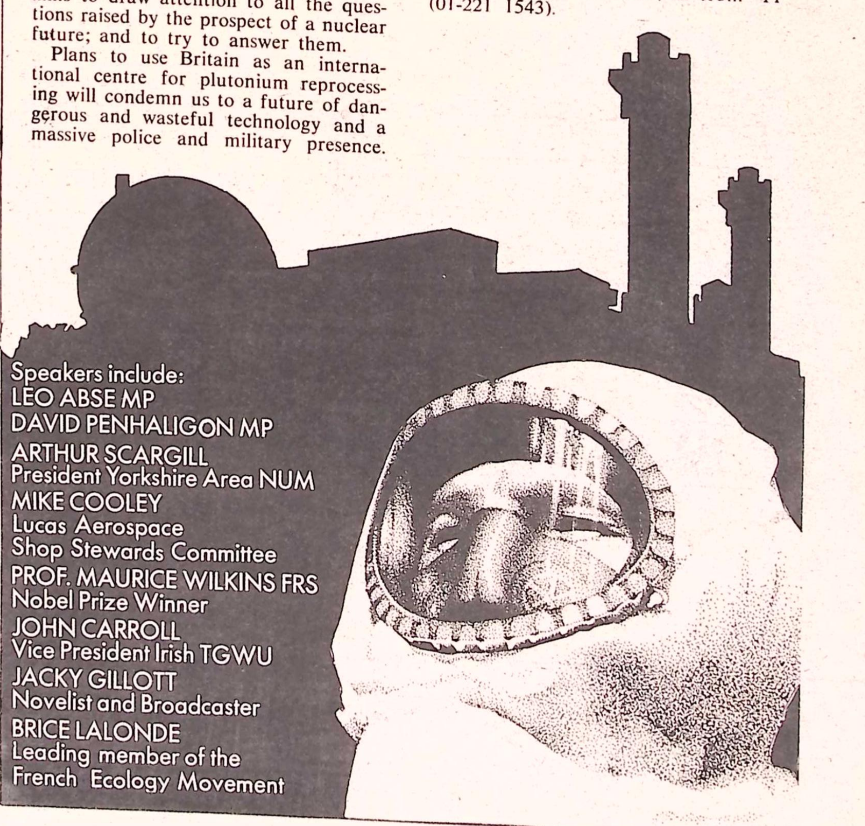
The support bus will carry those planning to go the whole route up to Windscale on 19 April. More news of where to hook up with the rally from Tony or John (01-969 7302) and from "BIT" information (01-229 8219) or from "IT" (01-221 1543).

WINDSCALE DEMONSTRATION

SATURDAY 29 APRIL
TRAFALGAR SQUARE 3.00

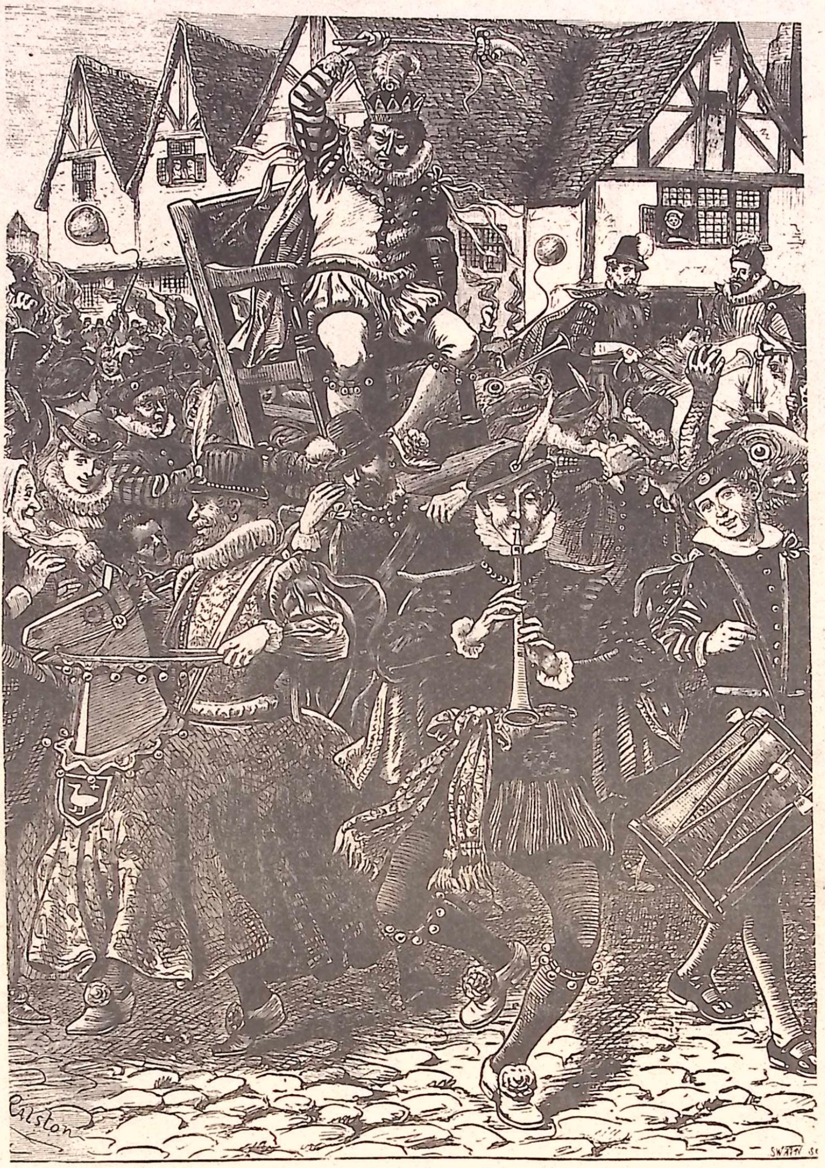
To Oppose the Proposed Expansion of Nuclear Fuel Reprocessing at Windscale

Assemble Speaker Corner 12.00 for March to Rally, Trafalgar Square 3.00



Speakers include:
LEO ABSE MP
DAVID PENHALIGON MP
ARTHUR SCARGILL
President Yorkshire Area NUM
MIKE COOLEY
Lucas Aerospace
Shop Stewards Committee
PROF. MAURICE WILKINS FRS
Nobel Prize Winner
JOHN CARROLL
Vice President Irish TGWU
JACKY GILLOTT
Novelist and Broadcaster
BRICE LALONDE
Leading member of the
French Ecology Movement

TRAVEL NOTES



THE FROLIC OF MY LORD OF MISRULE.

Taiwan

TAIWAN — Among freak travellers, probably one of the least-visited and consequently most under-rated Asian countries. Part of the reason for this is the grapevine-style "bad press" Taiwan has received for being politically repressive. It is, but then so are many other places, including some of the more fabled freak meccas from Morocco to Thailand. Still, this doesn't make the food taste any worse — and if there is one thing you will certainly find in Taiwan, it is some of the most delectable, varied and well-balanced eatables in the eastern world, very likely surpassing even Hong Kong and Singapore. Furthermore, a satisfying meal anywhere on the island, including Taipei, need never be expensive. Although meat, especially fowl, is abundant, Taiwan is easily a vegetarian's paradise. In the capital try the numerous eateries in the Chunk Hwa terraced bazaar (*the* place for bargain hunters) and for a particularly mind-blowing belly treat take a ride not too far south to Taichung and check out their open-air food stalls.

If you are wanting to score cheap English - language books (Taiwan is famous for its pirate book trade), the port cities are best, notably Keelung. But remember that exporting these books is forbidden and unless you have some solid scam worked out you'll never get more than one or two copies past Customs. Bringing them in here is even more dicey.

Probably the best place to stay in Taipei is the White House Hotel, 14 Hankow Street, Section 1. It is a couple of streets down from both the railway station and the Hilton (and a very modest Hilton it is, too), and across the road from the expensive Hotel Flowers. A single room will run you about one quid, a double not much more. Should you fly in (perhaps on a cheap Korean Airlines ticket from Bangkok to Los Angeles, good for one year with several stopovers), you will need a number 23 bus from in front of the air terminal to downtown. But an NT$2.50 ticket at the kiosk before boarding and get off at the train station. A taxi will cost you more than ten times as much, which is still cheap as taxis go. There are roughly 80 New Taiwan dollars to the pound.

Although in many ways a very "developed" country, Taiwan's stable economy has obviously been growing in long, steady strides. None of the flash westernisation so typical of certain other Asian lands. All the street signs are in Chinese only, very little English is spoken (though as in Japan, many people read English very well) and foreign faces are relatively rare sights, even in Taipei. If you want a glimpse of old-fashioned, albeit suitably modern Mandarin culture, this is the place to get it. Aboriginal Taiwanese fare about as well as the American Indian and the Australian Abo, maybe worse, whereas the much-touted repression is that imposed by the minority Mainlanders (Chiang Kai-shek's gang) after 1949 on the descendants of other mainland families who had settled the island during previous centuries. This latter group still forms Taiwan's political majority, but by and large they are excluded from power by the ruling Kuomintang.

Dope, unfortunately, is not on and possession penalties are heavy. But, as in England and almost everywhere else, lots of magic mushrooms are freely growing, largely in the far south. Lovers of Buddhism will do well to wander through the country's numerous Ch'an (Zen) temples and monasteries; while for any males who are into a bit of whoring, the Taipei bar and redlight district is situated around Chungshan North Road. Lovely, mostly well-educated, middle-class damsels, many of whom speak quite respectable English. If there is any dope around, that is where you will find it. It comes in via the rapidly-diminishing American Navy.

Oh, one big hitch. Visas for French and British nationals are likely to be short-term and costly, whereas others pretty much have carte blanche. The Taiwanese government still remembers who were first in line to recognise the People's Republic. A good place to apply is in Hong Kong at the Chung Hwa Travel Service, Room 1009, Taksing House, Central District.

U.S.A

SAN FRANCISCO. — Of course they will tell you it's not the same as the good old days, but what's good? OK, so it isn't so easy to sell "underground" papers, but they have exported most of their polluting factories to Latin America so your eyes won't sting quite as much as they would have in the '60s.

The Haight-Ashbury Switchboard is still going; they say "If you don't know who to call, call us" and can supply you with crash pad information, how you can join the more than 1 per cent who meditate and if you're looking for your run-away kid sister they know all about that too. They publish the "San Francisco Survival Manual" and have a link with switchboards in other parts of the States so you can be in the know before you get there. Their address is 1931 Hayes Street, San Francisco, CA 94117. Tel (415) 387-7000.

Not long ago I heard a rumour that the switchboards were planning a grandiose system using computers and other toys to hook up the whole country into a vast information and communications system for the "Alternative Society". Sounds like something the GPO would do so we can have regional governments in times of civil disorder, etc. . . . I sent them a book called "The Uses of Disorder" when I heard. Hope it's not true, but I haven't got a reply.

If you're going north from 'Frisco a friend recommends a visit to the Shit Fuck Piss Ranch — or SFP if you're the shy type. It's about 200 miles down Highway 101 at Gerberville. There you get off the freeway and take the road to Redway, then take the Briceland Road. Look out for the Health food Co-op at the Ruby Valley Warehouse. The people there are very friendly and will direct you. You could also stay at the "Too High" place up Elk Road.

Wiesar, Idaho — The Fiddling Blue Grass Festival happens on the third full week in June. Great party. A few thousand freaks get together and play twenty-four hours a day for a week.

Money scams — try apple picking up in Washington State; in September they will hire anyone. Make up an SS number, e.g., 552 11 2031 (three then two then four numbers, any will do). You can make $400 in a couple of weeks.

Phone phreaks — It's a lot easier in the States than GPO Britain because there are so many different telephone companies — the advantages of private enterprise know no bounds. If you want the latest scans contact TAP. They wage a constant war with the companies, always seeming to be able to keep one step ahead of the anti-phreak devices. TAP has spys everywhere. They can tell you how to ring Dallas via satelite hook up from Dorking and things like that. They produce a newsletter with all the latest technical know how. You can get it by sending some money to TAP, Room 504, 152 West 42nd Street, New York 10036. Unfortunately we don't have their telephone number; it's probably been cut off.

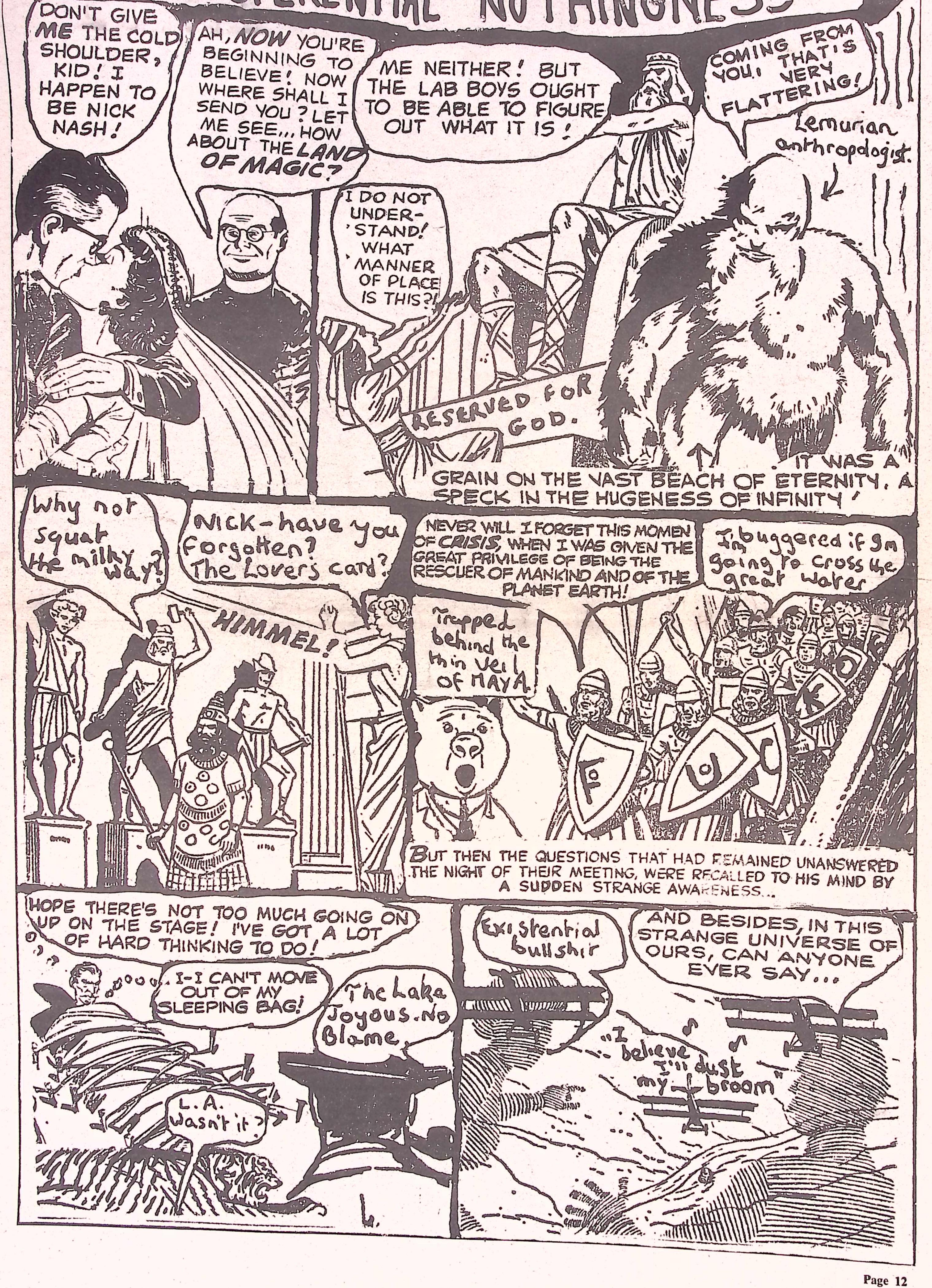
Zaire

Volcanos: Goma Zaire. Nyeragongo erupted last year and can't be climbed but you can hike up a brand new volcano instead. Stay over night and watch the fireworks — really spectacular. To get there go 15 km. out on the road to Bukavu, pay Z10 park fee, then it's a 15 km. walk that goes gently up hill. Takes about four hours.

Japan

TOKYO. — If you fly into Tokyo the chances are that you will be arriving in their brand new airport — or as many in Tokyo will tell you, the American Air Forces' brand new airport. Despite most honourable promises that the new airport would be entirely non-military, it now appears that there is a plan afoot for the Yankees to use some of the land for a military base. As you fly in you might spare a thought for the people who have been fighting the opening of the airport. You will not see the steel towers they built to stop planes landing — they have been forceably removed by riot police so you can land. In February they fought a forty hour battle against the police who besieged them in one of the towers. For nearly two days they held out lobbing molotov cocktails at the cops. Happy landings.

TRANSFERENTIAL NOTHINGNESS

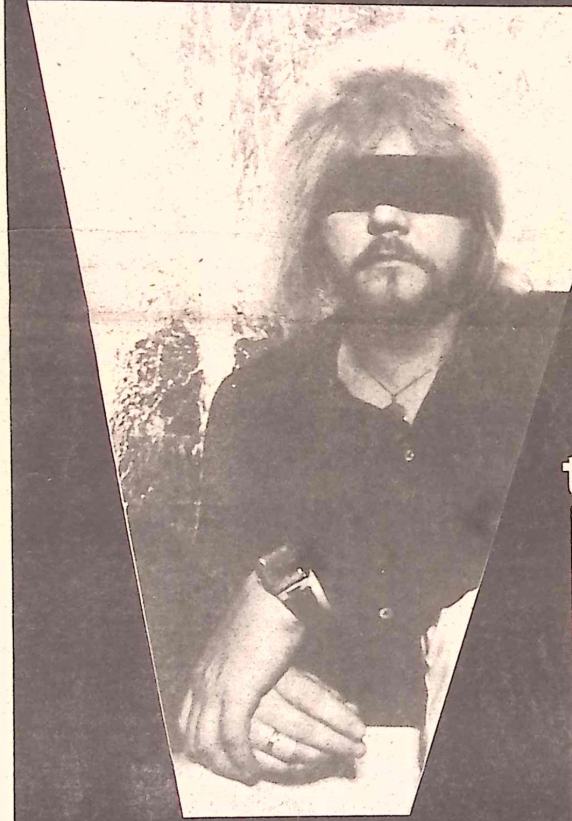


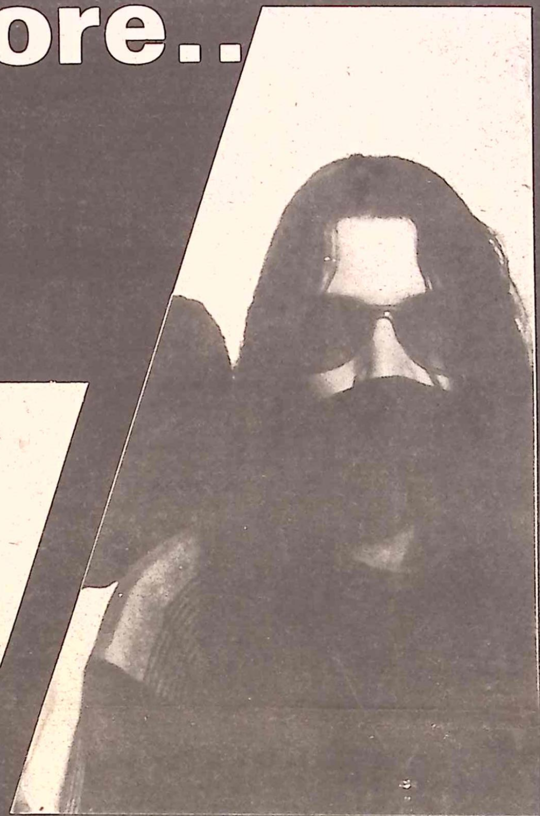
DON'T GIVE ME THE COLD SHOULDER, KID! I HAPPEN TO BE NICK NASH!
AH, NOW YOU'RE BEGINNING TO BELIEVE! NOW WHERE SHALL I SEND YOU? LET ME SEE... HOW ABOUT THE LAND OF MAGIC?
ME NEITHER! BUT THE LAB BOYS OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS!
COMING FROM YOU, THAT'S VERY FLATTERING!
Lemurian anthropologist.
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! WHAT MANNER OF PLACE IS THIS?!
RESERVED FOR GOD.
...IT WAS A GRAIN ON THE VAST BEACH OF ETERNITY. A SPECK IN THE HUGENESS OF INFINITY'
Why not squat the milky way?
Nick - have you forgotten? The Lover's card?
HIMMEL!
NEVER WILL I FORGET THIS MOMEN OF CRISIS, WHEN I WAS GIVEN THE GREAT PRIVILEGE OF BEING THE RESCUER OF MANKIND AND OF THE PLANET EARTH!
I'm buggered if I'm going to cross the great water
Trapped behind the thin veil of MAYA.
F
U
C
K
BUT THEN THE QUESTIONS THAT HAD REMAINED UNANSWERED THE NIGHT OF THEIR MEETING, WERE RECALLED TO HIS MIND BY A SUDDEN STRANGE AWARENESS...
HOPE THERE'S NOT TOO MUCH GOING ON UP ON THE STAGE! I'VE GOT A LOT OF HARD THINKING TO DO!
I-I CAN'T MOVE OUT OF MY SLEEPING BAG!
The Lake Joyous. No Blame.
L.A. wasn't it?
Existential bullshit
AND BESIDES, IN THIS STRANGE UNIVERSE OF OURS, CAN ANYONE EVER SAY...
"I believe I'll dust my broom"

from the tangerine dream you've never heard before..

cyclone.

edgar froese
oberheim eight voice polyphonic synthesizer/twin keyboard mellotron mark v/arp omni string synthesizer/arp digital soloist synthesizer/moog modular synthesizer and projekt electronic time control system/gibson les paul custom guitars/korg ps 3100 polyphonic synthesizer/roland gs 500 guitar and gr 500 controller/solina string ensemble/ovation acoustic guitar

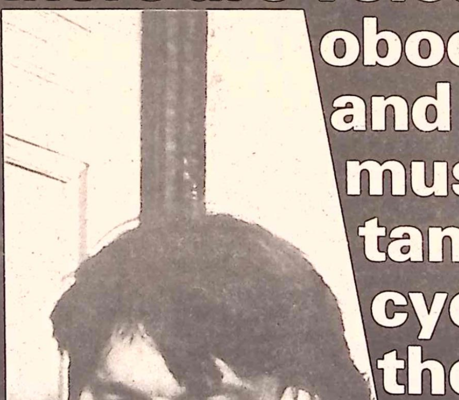




steve jolliffe
vocals/bass flute/alto flute/c-flute/piccolo/cor anglais/bass clarinet/hohner clavinet/elka string synthesizer/grand piano/fender rhodes/roland system 100 synthesizer/tenor and soprano horns/lyricon by computone

chris franke
moog modular synthesizer/projekt electronic sequenzer/computerstudio digital sequenzer/loop mellotron/mellotron m 400/arp soloist synthesizer/elka string synthesizer/electronic percussion/oberheim sequenzer/oberheim eight voice polyphonic synthesizer/oby one

there are voices and drums, oboes and flutes, and the words and music of tangerine dream. cyclone. the new album from tangerine dream. out now on virgin records.



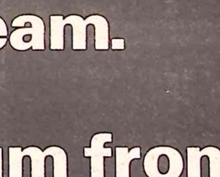
klaus krieger
polyester custom built drums with multi trigger unit/electronic percussion/paiste cymbals/bubims/burma gong set

CYCLONE TOUR

March

19	OXFORD	New Theatre
20	HAMME ITH	Odeon
21	POR SOLD OUT OUTH	Guildhall
22	BIRMINGHAM	Odeon
23	NEWCASTLE	City Hall
24	GLASGOW	Apollo
25	MANCHESTER	Apollo
26	LIVERPOOL	Empire
27	CROYD SOLD OUT	Fairfield Hall
28	HAMMERSMITH	Odeon

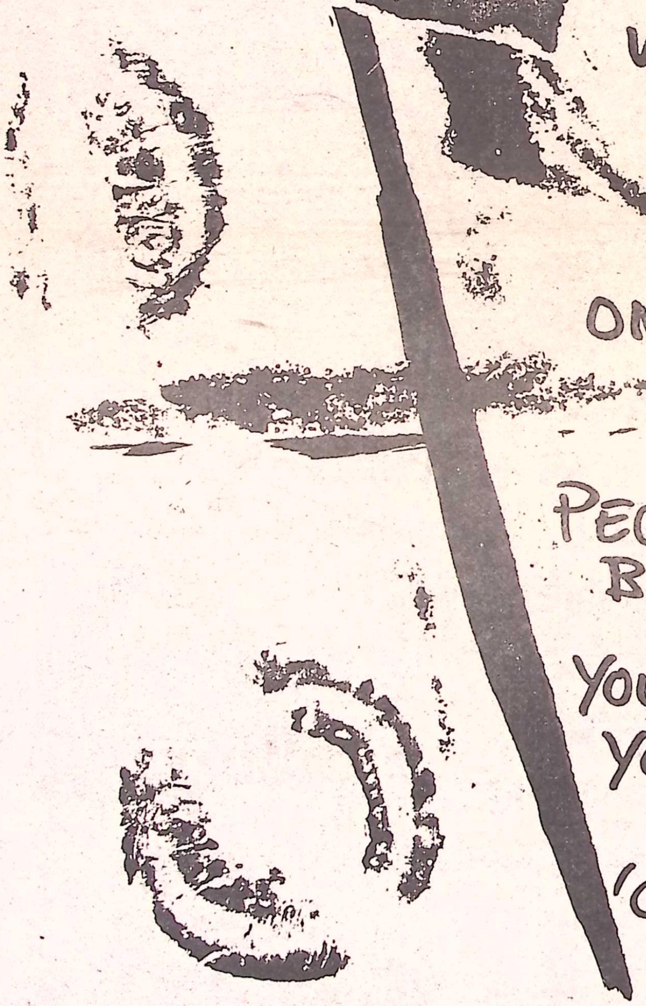
Tickets from all box offices and your usual suppliers. This concert is presented by Adrian Hopkins in association with Andrew Graham-Stewart. And it's got special laser effects by LASERIUM.



V2097

BERLIN PUNK BY PUC

RIDING ON THE 262



I FEEL SO ON TOP
WHEN I SEE YOU WITH
YOUR MAKE UP
I'VE NEVER SEEN YOUR
FACE
ONLY ROUGE AND COLOUR
IN IT'S
PLACE
PEOPLE SAY YOU ARE MINUS
BUT YOU ARE MY PLASTIC
VENUS
YOU ARE MY ROBOT QUEEN
YOU'RE MY ULTRASUPERSONIC
DREAM
'CAUSE TO BE WITH YOU
MAKES ME FEEL LIKE
RIDING ON THE 262

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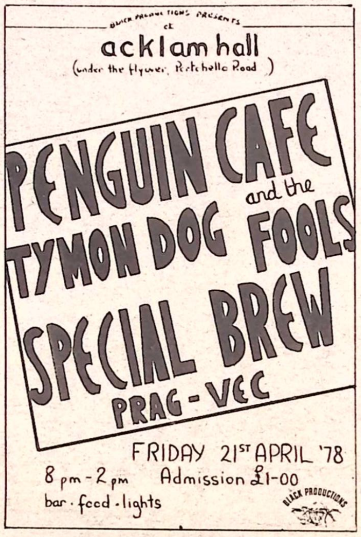
FREE FLOATING ANARCHY TOUR
NO ADMISSION FEE

week 6th April-12th April
THURSDAY. SHEFFIELD. Limit's Club. FREE! PLANET GONG
FRIDAY. COVENTRY. Warwick University. FREE! PLANET GONG/DESPERATE STRAITS/ZOUNDS
SATURDAY. HEMEL HEMPSTEAD. Decorum College. FREE! PLANET GONG/DESPERATE STRAITS
SUNDAY. COLCHESTER. Essex University. FREE! PLANET GONG/DESPERATE STRAITS/ZEN HAI
MONDAY. NORWICH. The Barn, UEA. FREE! PLANET GONG
TUESDAY. SOUTHEND. Zero Six Club. FREE! PLANET GONG/SOUTHEND LOONIES/ZOUNDS
WEDNESDAY. WALLINGTON. Public Baths. FREE! PLANET GONG/ZOUNDS

week 13th April-19th April
THURSDAY. MARGATE. Sunshine Rooms, Dreamland. FREE! PLANET GONG/CARTOON
FRIDAY. LONDON. Central London Polytechnic. FREE! PLANET GONG/DANCE MUSIC/BLANK SPACE
SATURDAY. READING. College of Technology. FREE! PLANET GONG/HEADROOM.
SUNDAY. SOUTHAMPTON. University. FREE! PLANET GONG/THE ENTIRE COSMOS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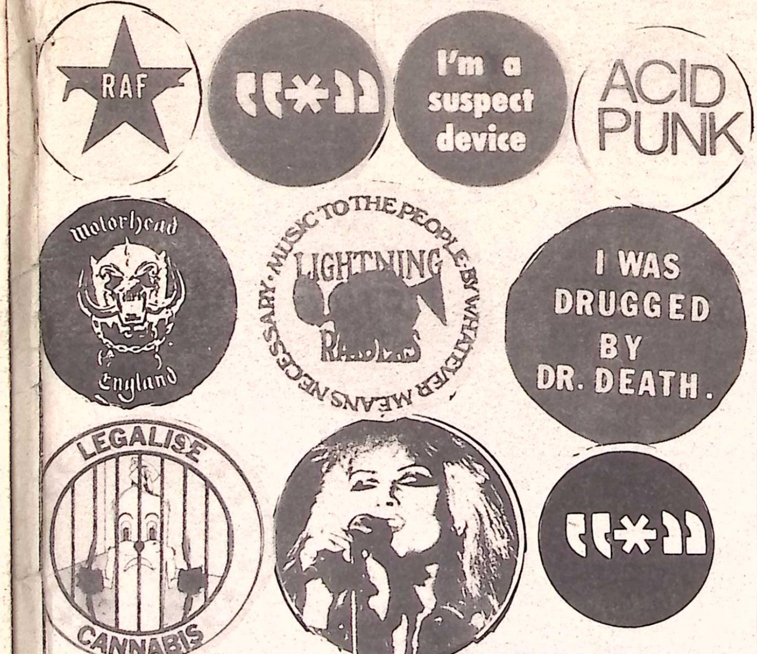
BLACK PRODUCTIONS

BETTER BADGES



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READ the Manchester "City Enquirer" journal of investigative reporting. No stone left unturned. Subscribe £1.50 (six months). Manchester Enquirer, 178 Oxford Road, Manchester 13.

SCRAM. Nuclear power? No thanks. Protest at Torness, site of Britain's next nuclear power station, 6 and 7 May. Assemble in Dunbar midday (30 miles Edinburgh). Contact Scram, 2a Ainslie Place, Edinburgh 3 (031-255 7752).

MASS Rally and March — organised by the Right to Evolve Group in Brighton. "To protest against an establishment that outlaws live-evolving drugs like LSD, Mescaline and Marijuana which can free, enlighten and take us forward, and yet continues to increase deadly weapons like Nuclear Bombs and Nerve Gases that will inevitably lead to our total extinction." Support us at Palace Pier on Sunday 2 April at 3 p.m. Bring placards, take courage and join us. Contact Liz. 0273 691178.

TELL "IT" — One million pounds reward for information leading to the downfall of the establishment. Phone or write: 01-221 1543. "IT" is a high security anarchist clearing bank. 97a Talbot Road, London W11.

Manchester MOLE EXPRESS

still 10p

Issue 57

"MOLE EXPRESS." The paper which irritates the parts other papers cannot reach. The NF say we're Communists. The communists say we're Trotskyists. The Trots say we're Liberals. The Liberals say they'll sue us for libel. Women's Lib say we're sexist. The "New Manchester Review" says we're anarchic. And a councillor called us "disgusting". Find out what makes Manchester twitch. For 10p. "Mole Express", c/o 178 Oxford Road, Manchester 13.

FREEDOM ANARCHIST FORTNIGHTLY

NOV 26'77 VOLUME 38 No 23 15p
HONG KONG CORRUPTION p2 : CAMILLO BERNERI p9·10

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Law Society & Drugs

I never smoked joints. I demonstrated this in court. You blow on the joint and the end goes red, just as it does with an ordinary cigarette. Then you pretend to draw it down but nothing happens.

D. Mirror 9.3.78.

"Your mind used to go", says Detective constable Steve Bentley. "It was the pot, you see. There was no way you could play your part without smoking it."

Sunday Mirror 12.3.78.

1. Have you ever taken LSD?
   No ☐ Yes ☐

2. What year did you first take LSD? ☐
   When did you last take LSD? ☐

3. How frequently have you taken LSD?

4. *Social Responsibility Test: Part II* — There is a frantic knocking on your front door in the middle of the night. You open up to find a man who claims to be Paul Arnabaldi ("the one who got away"). He says, "Quick! Let me in! The police are after me." Do you:

   Tell him you can't help and close the door? ☐
   Let him in and lie to the police when they arrive? ☐
   Ask to see his search-warrant? ☐

Cheers! Det-Con Eric Wright and his wife Janet enjoying a glass of alcohol. He has now left the force to sell alcohol. In the background Det-Con Stephen Bentley pours out some more alcohol.

5. How many people of your acquaintance would, in your opinion, have been better off if they had never taken acid?
   None ☐
   One ☐
   Two ☐
   Three ☐
   More than three ☐ (state number) ☐
   This is a meaningless question ☐

6. Would you buy LSD from a policeman?
   Yes ☐
   No ☐

7. Would you buy acid from a hippie dressed as a policeman?
   Yes ☐
   No ☐

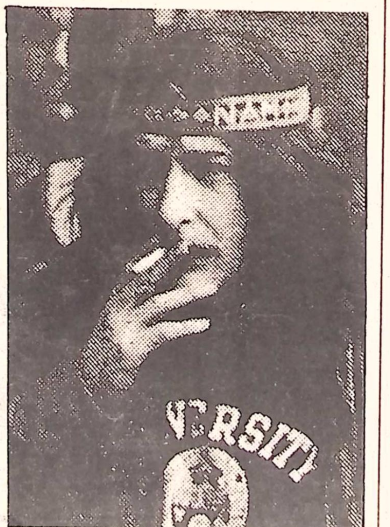
8. Do you see any significance in the fact that British currency is now described with the initials of a revolving plastic disc (LP) rather than those of a psychedelic drug (LSD)?
   Yes ☐
   No ☐
   Da doo ron ron ☐

9. Do you think the penalties for possessing LSD should be reduced from those of Class A Drugs (heroin, cocaine, etc.) to those of Class B Drugs (marijuana, amphetamine, etc.)?
   Yes ☐
   No ☐
   Doesn't matter ☐

10. Would you rather be kicked in the right kidney or the left kidney?
    Left ☐
    Right ☐
    Still doesn't matter ☐

11. *Social Responsibility Test: Part I* — You are a policeperson who earns £40 per week before tax and overtime and you are one of a search party combing woodland for hidden packets of LSD. You dig up a black polythene bag containing a white crystalline powder which, if it proves to be LSD, is worth one million pounds. Do you:
    Immediately call the attention of your superior officer to the discovery? ☐
    Taste a little of the powder on a moistened forefinger to make sure it's not coconut icing? ☐
    Bury it furtively and return under cover of darkness, dressed as a hippie? ☐

12 If someone known to you vaguely as a fellow member of your Martial Arts Class/Ramblers Club/Knitting Circle/Encounter Group asked you to supply them with a tab of acid to try for the first time ever in the secrecy of their own home, would you:
   refuse to supply them? ☐
   supply them but insist on being with them during the trip? ☐
   supply them and give advice on using it? ☐
   supply them as a matter of principle? ☐
   spike their orange juice? ☐



Cheers! Det-Sgt Martyn Pritchard inhaling nicotine. He has now left the force to pursue a career selling alcohol.

13. Do you feel that LSD has influenced your life:
    not at all? ☐
    a little ☐
    a great deal? ☐

14. In general, has your experience of taking LSD been:
    pleasant? ☐
    unpleasant? ☐
    mixed? ☐

15. What is the average price you have paid for LSD?
    50p ☐
    £1.50 ☐
    £2.00 ☐
    Other figure:

16 What is the highest price you have paid for LSD?
   50p ☐
   £1.50 ☐
   £2.00 ☐
   £8.00 ☐
   Other figure:

Cheers! Det-Sgt John McWalter enjoying a glass of alcohol. He has now left the force to commence training as an alcohol salesman.

17. If offered a part in the movie "Operation Julie", who would you rather be?
    Sgt. Julie ("Operation") Taylor ☐
    Dr. Christine Bott ☐
    Det. Sup. Greenslade ☐
    Richard Kemp ☐
    Ex-Insp. Lee ☐
    Timothy Leary ☐
    David Soul ☐
    Roddy Llewellyn ☐
    Giscard d'Estaing ☐
    the bartender of the Grange Hotel, Bristol ☐
    Ronnie Laing ☐
    Cary Grant ☐
    Kevin Keegan ☐
    One of the girl guides who accidentally trip out and reduce Northern Europe to a heap of smoking rubble ☐

18. Do you believe that LSD has *radically* changed your perspectives on
    religion Yes ☐
    No ☐
    politics Yes ☐
    No ☐
    nude modelling Yes ☐
    No ☐

Cheers! ex-Inspector Lee enjoying a glass of alcohol. Another police officer is about to pou some more alcohol on his head.

19 *Social Responsibility Test: Part II* — You are in the dock at the end of long and sensational LSD trial and o of the warders has recently sp your lunch with 200 micrograms LSD. Your family and friends watching from the spectators' gal In the Press box, gentlemen of media are running a sweepstake how long you will get. At the fron of the Court, in a chair covered with the skins of dead animals, sits a 70-year-old man wearing a silk ball-gown and a white plastic wig. He tells you that you are going to be locked in 10 ft. by 6 ft. cell for thirteen years with nothing but an army blanket and a piss-pot. You have approximately fifteen seconds before guards on either side drag you through a hole in the floor. What do you reply?*

(Please write your answer on a separate piece of paper if you are gifted with astonishingly rapid speech.)

Please tick this box is you would like us to replace the copy of "IT" that you are about to mutilate (and write your name and address below). ☐
[Every reasonable precaution will be taken to ensure the info does not fall into unfriendly hands after reaching this office.]

Please tick this box is you hav[illegible]n the subscription form overleaf. ☐

---

*Six of the seventeen Option defendants said "Thanky

INTERNATIONAL TIMES

Volume 4 No.10 Price 20p.

COCAINE

The trade in nose-dust is no longer run by pirates, but by the military juntas who survive on the profits.

DYLAN

A review of Zimmermania from the 1967 Albert Hall catastrophe to the weird scenes at Blackbushe concentration camp.

NAZIS

The Fuhrer's Gang have won control of the German nuclear industry and are putting into operation their 1944 plans to restore the Third Reich.

Free Festivals!!!

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PRESS RELEASE

PERSONS UNKNOWN SUPPORT GROUP

NO SUPPORT FOR IMPRISONED COMRADES ALLOWED BY THE STATE

ON Tuesday, July 4 two people failed to turn up to a Persons Unknown Support Group meeting. Having already told associates that they were being followed they were arrested. We totally condemn this act of intimidation against the Support Group for the victimised anarchists Iris Mills, Ronan Bennett, Dafydd Ladd, Stewart Carr and others by the State.

This is just an extreme example of the general harassment of the support group. The public may not know just how difficult it is to visit the prisoners in Brixton. People who apply to visit have their houses raided even after the Home Office has cleared them for visits. Members of the support group have been followed all over London, in some cases stopped and searched.

Meanwhile in the absence of any concrete evidence against the people they are now holding, the Anti-Terrorist Squad continues its theatrical operations against the anarchist movement. In Thursday's "Daily Mail" there was a hysterical report which spoke of "an operation over several months", involving "undercover surveillance and infiltration of extremist supporters", where police "picked up whispers" of a "terror gang" — "thought to be planning attacks on establishment targets". Mention was also made of "an arsenal of weapons and explosives and connections with the "Baader Meinhof Gang".

Conveniently following this "report" it was announced on Friday morning that a house had been raided on Thursday night and an Englishman was arrested. The "Evening Standard" carried the headline "gun haul seized in London". It was claimed by the police that a "large" suitcase containing four revolvers, two automatic pistols and hundreds of rounds of ammunition had been found there. It is yet unclear whether the "London based group" this man is supposed to be a part of has anything to do with the "nationwide conspiracy" the four anarchists in Brixton are alleged to be involved with. It is clear however that after mounting criticism of the ATS's public utility they have produced very dramatic "reasons" for their existence. Is this a case of having held four people without evidence for six weeks and then "finding" evidence to fit the crime?

The support group have received letters from prison warning us that this would happen. They are trying to put all the unsolved crimes of the last year on our comrades in prison.

Whatever the ATS do to distract the press's attention from the plight of those inside (in particular Iris Mills) we will not be fooled. Iris Mills is still being tortured— her conditions are unique for a woman prisoner in Britain at the moment. She is still not allowed to see the other defendants, not even Ronan Bennett, and she is still in solitary confinement. We demand that she be released on bail, or failing this transferred to a womans prison. We demand that she has association with the other defendants and contact with Ronan Bennett on the common law husband wife basis.

Contact the Persons Unknown Support Group at: Box 123, Rising Free, 182 Upper Street, London N1, England.

GOD OUT

DEAR "IT" — I felt I had to write to you about something that's been on my mind for quite some time. I'm not one to complain, I never return faulty records, or shrunken jeans in case someone gives me bad vibes, but I've had it. So I thought I'd write to you, to see if you could sort things out.

My complaint is about God.

I've written to him on numerous occasions, twelve in all, and not once have I had any reply (possibly 'cepting a sceptic toe nail). Firstly, I tried writing direct to the guy: "To God, Number 1, Heaven", . . . no good; then I went via his heavenly manifestations, e.g., "Women's Realm", "Good Housekeeping", "Oh Boy", "The Observer", "Exchange & Mart", etc. . . . But either they didn't pass on the letters, and I find it hard to believe that out of such host not one has personal contact, or it's as I suspect, he can't even run an answer service, let alone a universe!

I think he's had a fair run for his money, he had his chance, and by and large I think he's fucked it all up! I'm not against young people, but I think the Commission of Divine Beings were right to give him a chance, but shouldn't they have pulled him out after a couple of millennium (millenia?) when they'd seen what a shocking job he'd made of it thus far. Did they think things would improve? I doubt it. I think that they just left him here 'cos they couldn't think of anywhere else to put him; I mean, why have two messes when you can have one. Okay, I see the point, but why US.

No, it's gone on too long. I, and the rest of us who feel the same way (and believe me, there are some number!) want him pulled out now. Let's have a new one. Let's have a god who's capable. I hear there are some good ones coming up for re-election in the eastern universes! Why not one of those? Okay, some say they're flash, but they get a good job done.

Please excuse this letter (the grammar, punctuation, spelling, paraphrases, composition, etc.) as I'm rushing this down before I go to the pub with a friend of mine who has just arrived (well, at the last mistake actually!).

Here's hoping you can do something. If you can't, I shall just have to think of something else.

I say get the bugger out, he's fucked my life, he's fucked your life — get a New Improved God. — Jonathon Godfrey Crow.

P.S. — I'm a GIG member — "God Impeachment Group".

NF/FOE

DEAR "IT" — As part of an attempt at mutual aid between local groups (and also to help business) we provide the local Friends of the Earth group with periodicals and natural cosmetics on a sale or return basis so that they can raise funds in an occasional local market.

Last Saturday, as usual, we dropped them some stuff, but later discovered that one of their number had removed the copies of "IT" we had provided and refused to sell them, allegedly because of a rude word, but actually because of your letter in that issue — FOE Furore. Mind boglin' in it!

Seems this same person is responsible for the sale of cheap recycled duplicator paper (from FOE) to the National Front.

Needless to say she is also the one who tries to keep the local group active along "Head Office" lines, and pooh-poohs any idea of liaison with our good selves — "One of them wears a funny hat and got five errings in one ear — mustn't have anything to do with people like that!"

Also another case of "head-officism" this week: "Greenpeace Ltd" who we had never heard of, say that since we named our leaflet after their organisation they should have a copy (no 9p stamp mind). We've been doing the same leaflet for five years — do you think they will take us to court? — Love, Truro Commonwealth Distributions, Cornwall.

FART POWER

DEAT "IT" — Thanks for the article on SCRAM at Torness (Vol. 4, No. 8). It seems an incredibly well-organised and successful event. However, it made me think of what alternatives we are offered to nuclear power. We could carry on polluting the atmosphere with coal or oil fueled power-stations until the resources ran out. How about windmills? I understand from "Undercurrents" that a colossal one has been built in Denmark. Hardly the sort of thing I'd like in my back garden. Then there's tidal power — the Severn Barrage would ruin the ecology of the surrounding area and possibly Steepholm Island, a reserve for many rare insects and plants. The only answer is to live in small communes. Great for those lucky enough, but it is just not practical on a large scale.

Ah well, back to fart power? — G. P. Lundegaard.

THIS kind of Fatalism has got to stop, Lundegaard! The acreage of peas required to run a Fiat on fart-power would feed a continent. Living in communes isn't a matter of being "lucky enough" — communes are **created** by the people who live in them. As for power sources: all non-nuclear energy sources come directly from the sun whether as coal and (old vegetation), wood (new veg.), hydroelectricity (sun-powered evaporation: rainfall), and as wind or from the moon (wave power, mad dogs in treadmills). If you don't think that these two celestial dynamos can take care of your energy needs then maybe you should start to think about cutting down your consumption.

WINDSOR

DEAR "IT" — **WINDSOR FREE FESTIVAL, 26, 27, 28 August, 1978.** Thank to Derek Johnson of the "New Musical Express (15.7.78) there has been a magnificent response and hereunder is the first list of acceptances: Graffiti, Clondalkin, Eire; Stephen Du Cane — songs from the Family of Live; Croft Original, Sunbury-on-Thames; Keith Christmas Band, London; Sinfetix, Hornsey; Vaguely Attractive, Wimbledon; Idiot Rouge, Manchester; Electric Warrior, Hemel Hempstead (will share equipment); Software, Fulham; Skroo, Glasgow; Frankie Dee's Supermarket, Cleveland; Here and Now, London; Martin Ansell, acoustic, London; Wild Rats, Glastonbury; Wheels, Sutton, Eire; Toad the Wet Sprocket, Luton; Dominique, folk-singer, France; Free Booze, Blackrock, Eire; The Kamikaze Kids, Firhouse, Eire; The Fabrics, Dublin, Eire.

We now appeal to you to help spread the word further afield. The need is for 100 bands and the equipment from generators and stagecraft to make the occasion a worthy and splendid re-birth. Nothing will stop it but the quality of victory lines to a considerable extent in your hands.

WINDSOR 1978 — WHY?

1. In 1972 the first Windsor Free Festival was born out of the Vision of Love that had already inspired millions of people all over the world. At first most people doubted its possibility but the 1,000 who turned up knew it was okay and turned the second into a 20,000 strong fiesta. 1974 saw the greatest free festival ever and then the Establishment of Awe and Boredom whose motto is "Snobbery" broke it up — not at its height but only on the sixth morning (Thursday) when the vast attendance had dwindled to a mere 6,000 (police figures).

2. In 1975 — the year of what had been planned as WINDSOR 4 — Roy Jenkins, then Home Secretary, found a hippy rogue to take his bribes to deceive and lead the people astray. There was no Windsor festival that year although the most true Heathcote Williams and a small party of 12 picnicked in style in the Great Park with 400 policemen in attendance on them.

2. In 1976 the Government knew that no further bribes were necessary as a motley gang of thieves and parasites — the so-called organiser of the Act of Treachery — soon split up with the spoils of Witchfield and not one of them had prepared to do anything without Government backing. The people on their own account assembled at Seasalter in Kent ably assisted and even led by the local Press who thirsted for a good old hippy tale. We were there and saw the spirit was still sound and the fire intact.

4. In 1977 we elected in Windsor Great Park by the shores of Virginia Water a king to show the way forward — was not the Acid Test to replace the Old World with Ours? MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR! Fionn only reigned until December 21 for the Reading police got to him and under the conditions of his Oath when he took office he was replaced until a new election was held.

5. This election can only be enacted at our Festival in the Park for only there will the Loyal and Loving meet in sufficient numbers to make it all significant and emphatically enough to give Elizabeth the great HEAVE HO which now awaits her. 1978 IS ON! — Love, **Ubi, 3 Gowrie Park, Dunn Laoghaire.**

JAH RULES O.K.

IN view of the continued talk in Government circles and in the media, of the possibilities of "dumping" nuclear waste in Cornwall, we are sending out the following statement and asking other organisations and individuals less militant than ourselves to endorse it.

We would like other organisations to distribute it to their membership and we would suggest to everybody that reads it that they may care to pass it on, signed or unsigned, to their MP or local newspaper.

The statement reads:—

"With regard to speeches, widely reported, concerning the dumping of nuclear waste in the County of Cornwall and having spent some time soul-searching, I have personally come to the conclusion that, should such a scheme become fact or seem to be becoming an actuality, I could not under such circumstances sit back and allow this to happen and would accept this action as being a breach of contract by the Government (the unwritten contract that they should keep myself and my family from harm) and that I would therefore have no qualms about breaking my unwritten contract with the government (that I should not take part in activities against the Government, its property or servants) and that I might follow my conscience in this matter and may decide of my own free will to take actions that may result in my losing my freedom, should I be caught committing them."

We have called this statement the GREEN CROSS CODE and ask those that wholly or partially support its message, to use this title in communications, to display a green cross in the window of their vehicle or home or about their person (or Green Ribbon).

THE JAPANESE SAID NO TO AN AIRPORT: THE AMERICANS SAID NO TO AN ELECTRICITY LINE: THE FRENCH SAID NO TO POLLUTION — LET US HERE IN CORNWALL SAY NO TO DEATH . . . REMEMBER THE GREEN CROSS.

SO the dying throes of the Norman Yoke, the cosmic death wish of Babylon sentences us to a slow and lingering death by going ahead with its Windscale Gorgon its ultimate dragon of repression. Praise be to Jah and may he bring us a St. George to slay this beast and destroy Babylon.

Scargill prophet of those-who-burrow-in-the-ground calls for "civil disobedience" whatever that might be. Yet on the same stand the chief gnome of the Friends of the Earth does visibly wince at the thought. In Babylon liberals wince at liberalism.

For how long do the Fiends think that they can hold back the force of the united people of this island. For how long will their business approach and jobs for the boys feeble machinations help to keep the people ignorant of their own possible way of destroying this menace.

Here in our Celtic homeland we still face the threat of PNUKE pronounce it how you will. Nuclear waste buried under our homes and fields leaking death and mutation into Cornwall, destroying all life in the county and in the meantime, turning the Cornishmen of a few decades hence into a slithering slob of something nasty (YOCK) with two heads.

It's worth fighting about. No two ways about it the Nuclear Family State along with all its mons (Monarchy, monopoly, monogram, monoculture, monsters, monothoism) must be destroyed so that our beautiful nation, I and I, can rise up again.

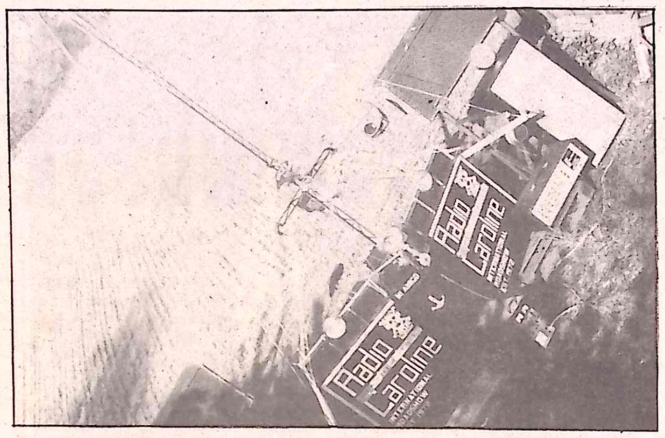
In defence of our lives, our children and our people we the Green Brigade have struck and will strike again, ignore our acts, if you must. You are foolish.

We are striking back everywhere that Babylon strikes and removes our greenery, we are occupying and forming settlements on land misused by the forces of Babylon's greed. In the hedgerows where our plant brothers and sisters are to be decimated by great machines we have driven large iron spikes which will smash the flail that comes to mow, the man says that he will get hurt. Who is only doing his job. So they said at Nuremburg.

The people must and will rise, the street posturing of the National Socialist Workers Front does not fool anybody. — Jah Rules . . . Greenpeace.

The Diggers of Albion,
Cornwall.

RADIO FREAKS VS. HOME OFFICE CLONES



YOUR front page (no 9 "IT") was like a breath of fresh air, it's nice to see a newspaper doing a factual story on the perils of having anything to do with Radio Caroline and at the same time showing the mean mentality of the "people?" who enforce the Marine Offences Act.

Your explanation and examples of how the act is and could be interpreted are very accurate.

The fine that David Hutson had to pay is an insult to so-called civilised society and its tottering freedoms. I would like to add a more serious case to your story; it's about a guy in Liverpool who ended up doing 40 days in Walton nick, his crime was that he displayed a Caroline sticker on his car.

The story starts in Liverpool in 1972 John Edward Jackson-Hunter, Ronnie Dee and others who were all Caroline enthusiasts, wanting to keep the name and free spirit of Caroline going in the ship's absence, decided to do something practical about it. After months of back-breaking work a completely home-made Radio Caroline Roadshow was built. There followed what can only be described as the craziest three years in north west clubland, lunacy being the name of the game — until the Home Office came around.

In 1973 Caroline came back on the air and the roadshow went from strength to strength until. in 1975. the roadshow was playing a regular gig at the Fleece Hotel in St. Helens, Lancs. This was the night the Home Office invited themselves into the hotel armed with cameras and tape recorders. They were out to prove that the roadshow was illegal but their efforts were frustrated, they couldn't prove a thing. Instead they went and reported John and Ronnie for displaying Caroline car stickers on their vehicles. They also reported the hotel manager for having an illegal poster on the door, it had on it a drawing of the ship and radio signals coming off it). The manager was found guilty and fined £25 and £50 costs.

The case came up a year later in Liverpool magistrates' court under a stipendiary. John and Ronnie defended themselves in court for eight days. The Home Office brough, 25 prosecution witnesses from London and put them up in a Liverpool hotel. The witnesses were only there to prove that Radio Caroline existed and the so-called Home Office "experts" were out in force. Every one of them was either discredited or proved wrong about their expert testimony. The fact that two-thirds of the Legal stations in Europe were illegal was no defence of Caroline (you may realise by now that this was the test case for the Marine Offences Act, section 5 sub-section 3 para f, "directly or indirectly advertising the interests of a pirate station. . . .") Most of the witnesses were only Home Office clones who had monitored the ship from land and sea at great cost to the taxpayer. It was brought out in court that a small boatowner use to regularly take a party of Home Office clones out to the ship to measure the level of transmissions, and charged them £80 a day plus VAT. The tapes they had made were played at the request of the defence and the best part of two days were spent playing Caroline jingles, Pink Floyd, Who, Animals, Led Zep, time-checks, etc. (the most pleasurable two days in court anyone could ever have and a good time was had by all except the Home Office.)

In the end the law was proved to be an ass, but the Home Office won. Stipendiary magistrate Pugh did not like the Home Office case. He did not like the MOA 5 (3) (f) and said that if this case had gone to trial by jury it would have been thrown out of court and the law would have been changed there and then. He apologised to the defendants and found them guilty as the law stands (he had no power to change the law and wished he had). They both got three months suspended for two years and had to pay £500 costs each.

All through the case he proclaimed that the MOA violated human rights and freedom of expression, etc.

This case was reckoned to have cost the taxpayers in the region of £10,000. An appeal was lodged to a higher court, this lasted two days and was refused on 26 October. 1976. John pointed out again that the charge violated human rights and was told that Strasbourg has no jurisdiction here. He asked his barrister to lodge an appeal to the House of Lords but his view was that it would not succeed.

On 26 November, 1977 John was sent to prison for sixty days for non-payment of costs. He went on hunger strike in protest for three days. Walton prison like others all over the country is old and overcrowded. John shared a cell with two other people. They were kept 23 hours a day in one cell. He was released on 3 January, 1978.

The only MP who would even offer some help was Kilroy-Silk, but, as he kept pointing out, he had no power to interfere with the courts. He wrote a number of letters to the Home Office to no avail. So much for the power of MPs.

We kept sending letters to the European Courts in Strasbourg over violation of freedom of expression and after months of waiting John's case has now been officially registered as from 1 June, 1978. In accordance with the commissions rules of procedure, a single member of the commission, acting as rapporteur, will carry out a preliminary examination of John's application and report on the admissibility to the plenary commission and will be informed of the decision taken.

In other words we are possibly one step away to taking the British government to court.

A new pressure group has been formed for supporters of radio Caroline movement; its address is BCM-BRFA, London WC1V 6XX. Also the story of what's going on is in the Caroline newsletter (it sounds like a sheet but it is a booklet) no 5 which costs 50 pence from PO Box 35, West Crawley, Sussex (the newsletter is published at a loss and needs a boost).

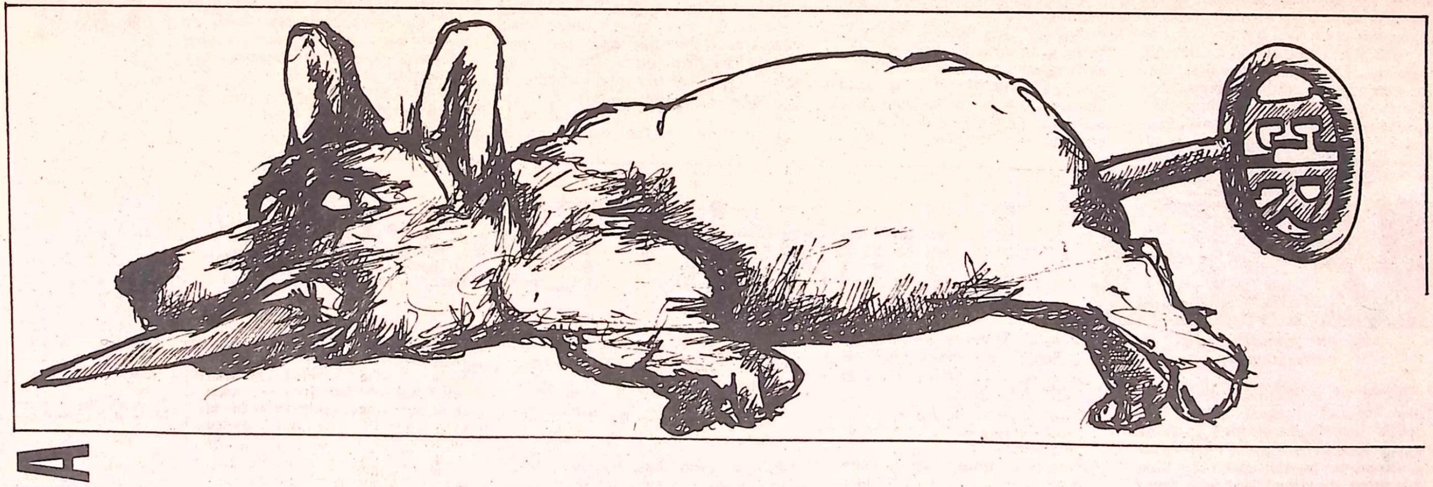
The roadshow is now starting up again and we hope our first gig will be the Deeply Vale Free Festival. — Love and peace. **Jerry Cornelius.**

Radio Caroline International.
Roadshow
c/o Box 319, 100 Whitechapel
Liverpool

[Not a PLUG for the "Radio Caroline Roadshow" (Liverpool) and is not to be confused with the "Caroline Roadshow" in the south!]

PS. We have now just heard from the Caroline movement that a woman somewhere in Romford has been charged with having a flat tyre and displaying a Caroline sticker on her car . . . and their games play on. . . .

See Page 15 for full Free Radio listings in England and Dublin.



Mark Hackett.

THE ABORTIONS OF BRITANNIA

I trash introducers to the womb,
A salaried murderer.
My marbled staircases, you may
  assume
Were never handed down.
Try not to stumble in the gore,
The interminable veins,
Strewn across my threshold floor.

Bed-sit infatuates and scarlet debs
Caress my bannisters.
A tide of ice that never ebbs
Leaves embryo jetsam
Nevertheless. To push for snows
Of anaesthesia,
Reversing glaciers arose.

You sign my cheques in sanguinary
  ink,
Smudge some with clumsy milk.
No glutton-young need yearly slink
Distorted uterus,
To quit their hips from baggy breast
And corrugated skin,
As I, the grinning coroner, know
  best.

Andrew Dun.

PINCH OF S.A.L.T.

After the revolution
There'll be LSD flavoured crisps
And Fluoride in the rain.
Everyone on the housing estate
Will take it in turn to be royalty.

After the counter-revolution
The council will lay mine-fields
Outside the DHSS,
OAP's will be frogmarched away
For non-payment of air-tax.

After the bloodless coup
Automation dustbin trucks
Will gather up the dead
Among tinkling gas canisters
For as far as the eye can see.

PROLOGUE

Carter and Brezhnev and
  Chairman Hua
Went down to the sea for a
  breath of air.
One poisoned the other, the third
  shot him
The incoming tide took away the
  flotsam.
For posterity, we marked the
  place with a stone,
Earth-sized, radio-active, very
  alone.

C.V.H.

The Amazing Shrinking Chimps

JUST as humans have begun to make headway in developing a common language with chimpanzees, a human-simian conflict of interests threatens the dwindling species with extinction.

EVOLUTION SUCKS

Chimpanzees are the only species other than man on which the safety of a new vaccine against the liver disease hepatitis B can be tested and each animal can be used for only one test. If the vaccine is produced in quantity, many of the 50,000 chimps that remain in the wild might be killed or captured to stock the breeding colonies of the makers of the substance.

Hepatitis B, which is transmitted by a virus found in most body fluids, is endemic in many parts of the world but is rarely fatal. It tends to occur among people who receive blood transfusions, drug-users who employ a needle and people who have themselves tattooed. Other groups with a high incidence are male homosexuals and people in institutions for the mentally retarded.

It is transmitted through infected blood products, but epidemiologists believe there might be other routes to contagion. Often a patient's spouse but no other close family member contracts hepatitis B, leading researchers to suspect that intimate contact is one route of transmission.

Merck Sharp & Dohme, the only American pharmaceutical firm planing to produce hepatitis B vaccine, has applied to the Fish and Wildlife Service for a permit to import 125 chimpanzees from Sierra Leone. After using them for tests, the company plans to transfer them to a breeding colony.

Merck's application is fiercely opposed by conservationists, and primatologists who contend that Sierra Leone has few chimps left and that those exported are captured in neighbouring countries, especially Guinea, and smuggled across the border.

American primatologist Geza Teleki estimated that Merck's order "would involve the deaths of about 600 chimpanzees by the time 125 healthy chimpanzees were delivered".

The standard method of capture, according to primatologists, is to find a mother with child and shoot the mother to recover the young. Animal exporters pay native hunters a bounty without asking many questions.

Merck officials maintained that they would not buy inhumanely captured chimps. "The method of capture is generally by locating a group of chimpanzees, surrounding them with a number of people and chasing them," a Merck official told the Federal Wildlife Permit Office. "The juveniles would usually tire first and these were captured by hand."

This account, supplied to the drug firm by its proposed animal supplier in Sierra Leone, was called "highly imaginative and pure malarky", by Teleki. Jane Goodall, who has spent years in the African wild studying chimps, said the technique is "totally impossible unless you have big nets" William McGrew of Stirling University in Scotland said that "no human being could keep up with a wild chimpanzee, much less "run it to the ground" in the chimps' habitat.

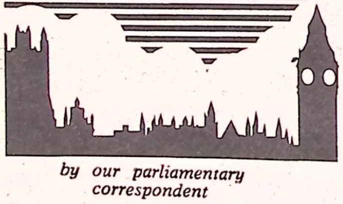
Another hepatitis B vaccine is being developed by Robert Purcell and others at the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases. It is undergoing safety tests in humans within a community of Trappist monks in Georgia. So far, it is proving remarkably free of side effects.

The threat to the world's wild chimpanzees comes at a time when primatologists are learning that they have an elaborate social structure and that they can communicate with humans in symbols.

"There are occasions when it is justified to use chimps for research," said Goodall, "but what upsets me is the conditions in which they are kept. They get lousy treatment. They are kept in small cages with nothing to do, and they are usually put in solitary confinement when they get older. Yet these are creatures which we know can communicate in sign language — that seems very wrong to me."

American Association for the Advancement of Science

Pacific News Services.



Lunatic Leaders

by our parliamentary correspondent

SIGNS of a dramatic decline in the overall mental health of world leaders, amounting in some cases to outright insanity, present a threat to human survival which has been described as "even more acute than nuclear power and the ecology crisis". For many years, doctors, social workers and politicians have been observing the increase in mental disturbance in all civilised societies. This is now said to have reached "epidemic proportions" among the population at large and has now begun to universally affect members of the ruling classes universally. Among state rulers, apart from those like President Amin who are openly and actively mad, psychologists have identified at least twenty others suffering from grave mental unbalance. These include the following:

Giscard d'Estaing can only perform sexual intercourse while wearing a masonic apron;
Begin compulsively tears up books in the Knesset as a one-man crusade to equal the book-burning ceremonies of Alexandria and Berlin;
Desai, Premier of India, lives almost wholly on a diet of urine and nuts;
Brezhnev, whose body is almost irradiated with cobalt, is in fact clinically dead and wishes to make death infectious;
Jeremy Thorpe, who failed to realise that, had he admitted to enjoying fucking Norman Scott, he would have had the Gay Lib vote by the balls, now barbecues dogs;
Nixon, apart from anything else, is a carpet fetishist and can only have intercourse with his wife while pacing up and down;
Carter claims that he is Joe Kennedy's illegitimate son and half-brother to the illustrious corpses — his mother was Joe Kennedy's secretary for twenty years;
Trudeau married his wife to silence homosexual slurs;
Rockefeller, Johnson, Nixon and Carter all have tobacco pouches made of their wives' breasts;
Bokassa likes to beat up journalists and then talk to their wives long-distance in soothing tones;
Sadat wears Y-fronts with Carter's face embroidered on them.

The situation has, however, been somewhat redeemed by Earl Russell's recent outburst in the House of Lords as reported in the "Daily Telegraph". (Earl Russell is the son of the notorious athiest crackpot Bertrand Russell.)

"Earl Russell was called to order in the House of Lords after a disjointed speech during a debate on aid for the victims of crime.

"As he was advocating total abolition of law and order, and saying that police should be prevented from raping youngsters in cells, he was interrupted by Lords Wells-Pestell from the government Front Bench and reminded of the length of time he has been speaking.

"Without any further comment the Earl left the chamber.

"In his speech from the cross-benches, Earl Russell referred to modern society and automation in factories and its effect.

"Then he said, 'There should be universal leisure for all and a standing wage, sufficient to provide for life without working, ought to be supplied . . . so that everyone becomes a leisure aristocrat — aristocrats are Marxists.'

"Later he declared, 'Police ought to be totally prevented from ever molesting young people at all, from ever putting them into jails and raping them and putting them into brothels or sending them out to serve people sexually against their wills.'

"Peers seemed startled as he continued: 'In a completely reorganised society, Women's Lib would be realised by girls being given a house of their own by the age of twelve, and three-quarters of the wealth of the state being given to the girls so that marriage would be abolished and the girl could have as many husbands as she liked. . . .'

"Finally Lord Russell told the House of Lord: 'Mr. Brezhnev and Mr. Carter are really the same person.'"

War News

SEVERAL sources have confirmed that Belfast has been used by HM Government Research Establishment to test out a new type of radar that can be fitted to any vehicle and can pin-point the exact origin of a sniper's bullet. When the driver takes evasive action it corrects for the movement. MESC the equipment's manufacturers, in collaboration with Government Research Establishment, claim what they call the "G520 system" will not be confined to urban areas — it can also pinpoint "enemy" fire in the open country. It was a "multi-million pound project" according to their chairman Mr. Moran.

Apparently the equipment is not sensitive to bottles and stones.

THE IRA has admitted that three men killed by the British army last month were members of an Active Service Unit but they say that they were unarmed and were ambushed by the soldiers. The Army has since admitted that they did not find any weapons on the scene. A passer-by was also killed and a motorist was wounded by police.

USA DEATH TRIP

TEXAS and Oklahoma have recently passed laws which permit the execution of condemned prisoners with overdoses of barbiturates. Dr. Jay Chapman, Oklahoma's Chief Medical Examiner, says, "The most reasonable way to execute with modern technology is with drugs — intravenously. Drugs are not inhumane. They're the same as anaesthesia." This is how it will be done:

The condemned prisoner will first be humanely strapped to a hospital trolley and then rolled with great consideration for his or her comfort to the Death House where "a medically trained individual" (i.e., a doctor) will gently insert a thin plastic tube into an arm vein. Out of sight in the next room, "persons designated" by the Head of the Corrections Division (i.e., an executioner) will start a salt solution flowing through the tube and then, very tenderly, introduce a barbiturate solution.

In Oklahoma the condemned will have the freedom to choose whether they die sitting up or lying down. Big Deal.

"Humane" executions are humane not for the victims but for the executioners and for the society who condone their death. Juries are more likely to agree to a death sentence if the brutal horror of the outcome is masked behind the "reasonable" deceit of "modern technology" (c.f., napalm).

Dr. Chapman says, "My philosophy is that the death penalty shouldn't be administered as punishment or retribution, but also apologetically. We're saying to the condemned man, 'We're sorry you can't exist in our society, by our rules. You're going to have to be eliminated' — and we're anihilating him in a most reasonable way."

I just threw up on my typewriter.

postcard from poland

what the years have broken. i shall not replace. no speech can attend history. we gather time. there shall be no remorse. "that the dead be agreeable to the living."

it is thirty-one hours by train from london to warsaw. in east berlin a guard pulls the curtain searches my pockets inquires waffen he repeats gesturing with thumb and finger. i offer no automatic weapons. through grey green uniforms visas and rails. i arrive. it is night. cold. i am met by two friends green walls and light aluminium utensils. a tram across the visula river. warsaw eighty-five per cent destroyed. tram across old warsaw with its markets inhabitants ruins.

yet the wood is familiar the rooms large each corner used. one needs permission to live within the city. this is granted through work. to have a job one needs permission. it is best to be born here.

i have come through polish poetry. i am acquainted with death. this land has lost a great population. it has shared no respite from east and west.

it is as though each space was occupied outlined in barrenness. it is as though each instant could explode.

i am awoken by crowds that fill buses where necessity not rudeness survives. i am told not to write letters that the black market shall suffice. i am told that one dollar is one hundred twenty zloties and that this is equal to one work day.

i am a guest and i am served. i see books that have not been burnt. all books that have existed before may 1945 are not allowed to be exported but must remain as part of the national *heritage* a thread that has been preserved *throughout participation* and occupation against all antagonisms to the state.

the lights are dim. i am given an orange served tea and told sleep. tomorrow perhaps i shall take a bath in the kitchen and see people on the streets.

transportation is one zloty. markets nourish those that do not eat excessive meat. these markets appear in the west as most propaganda dull and unreal.

i take a tram to the jewish cemetery. before the war poland held almost ten per cent. this has diminished to one hundredth. here grass continues to grow. surrounded by walls embedded in momentum vandalised during the israeli war. two attendants survey the vastnesses. rare to traverse this quietude. one weighed to distant letters embraces my parker pen.

hours through this graveyard. turbulance on the pavement outside. with each dissatisfaction i assume another face.

and i think about polish writers: gombrowicz in the argentine having left in 1939 on a maiden voyage never to return; schultz drawn as a child killed in the ghetto through exchanged jealosies; poets uncovered in sewers; karpowicz and herbert now in west berlin: borowski a suicide who served the ovens. stone walls to the living. wreaths to commemorate the dead.

this land is death in death and romance as a fish rises and explodes from its internal pressure. one is urged to remember only what is useful. this land is an eagle red in blood.

there are subsidies to writers as the state insures its wealth. they have earned a moral respect through participation. a duel exists, and many are silenced. this silence exists as a brittle resistance to communion.

once passed the censor books are printed in eight hundred to one hundred thousand copies, novels level at ten thousand. it takes between one to five years to publish depending upon climate and devotion. upon destination they disappear as bookshops cannot serve the demand. books must be bought immediately for no longer shall they exist.

"what is to give light must endure burning."

and the writers' union with its iron door polished wood red velvet curtain. little power cheap meals groups gathered in retreat. tea and coffee are served six days of the week. it is a tradition to give flowers.

everything is normal. the state wishes no dissent. the press prepares an agreeable surface. there is no answer. no decline. as no one wishes to assume responsibility. power vascillates in fixed prices unshaven heads restored walls to inseminate stablity. one must not tamper with death for the transient cannot be controlled.

genet and marx are true romantics though only one shall don a nazi suit. for it cannot be done in the nineteenth century. our greatest misfortune never having left.

karpowicz says that "art is the lie that inspires." let us give uniqueness to this lie. there is no solution in art. four hundred thousand soviet troops await this lie.

i attend the poetry festival. actors and actresses read the translated verse. i am in a greek cathedral where the opposing party are nuns.

and poets are given red roses a week at the polonia hotel. arabs and italians come for the women the swedes for the hotels.

i am taken to many readings half the poems written in english shall not transpire through their political hue. we have come from england having supported the miners and now find that we are adrift. the festival has been boycotted by those who have opposed the new constitution and supported the workers in june. we scour the premises. there are no blest.

perhaps all experience has equal importance. these notes shall not retouch. what is imported costs dearly. bananas are the most expensive fruit.

we are to lunch with the mayor. i stop and meet a man who claims to have travelled and drawn. he has just left a mental institution and wishes to attend. at the palace i introduce him to others in case he is violent and has plans. he explains that the talk is gibgerish and does not touch his drink.

i board a train to poznan to visit stanislaw baranczak. he is a member of the committee for the defence of polish workers. he lives near the station. his telephone is tapped. he is watched. his wife studies for an exam on marxism required before her dissertation defence.

the workers revolted in june over unconsulted food price increases. over one hundred were jailed and five hundred jobless as the state conceded and withdrew the rises. the workers had no medical protection or redress. the committee commenced to assist the affected families. punitive measures were countered by open accusation and internal funds. the committee has received western sympathies. it functions in the outward silence of eastern europe.

the catholic church has shown increased support. the church functions as the opposing party. its lands have been returned more people attend. the state has more subtle tactics.

baranczak remains at home suspended with full pay from the university. the authorities fear student unrest and have not taken ungainly measures. sometimes he travels to warsaw to prepare the defence and recite his poetry.

the soviets have acceded food. no one wishes a violent confrontation. harassment continues. the movement gathers strength. most workers have been released.

poland has a higher standard of living than the soviet union. both are sold each other's support. industry versus meat in screens of enamel. "kiss the hand you can't cut."

i stay at the place grzybowska a large estate in central warsaw. six weeks pass. we drink nightly. people love to talk about the states. each pole is entitled to five passports. but one must apply.

warsaw's lone temple is here. its windows are broken doors open on saturday morn. a yiddish theatre is supported. there is food for the old. and what remains of the warsaw ghetto is a monument near grass. warsaw rebuilt on uncleared rubble. the ghetto a park.

one travels from the personal to the impersonal. returns through hosts. we are born to bounderies. "conduct your triumph as a funeral."

krakow. scarless and intact. old courtyards and cathedrals. wawel castle with its marble floors bad air and beautiful women. pretzels and tin dragons that lead to the market. i am thirty-five miles from oswiciem.

rooms filled with human hair. "work brings freedom." spectacles and empty latrines the washhouse still drips brown stains.

oswiciem was used for processing. the enormity was brzezinka. chimneys in the vastness that has collapsed. wire and bunks pools breath with ash. four million dead gathered here. powerless visible rails that greet each dawn.

i climb a guard tower to review the camp. someone has shat on the floor.

i meet a worker who invites me for lunch. he cannot understand why i should wish to visit such a place. he asks me to send a postcard as i drink with his friends.

michael march

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tymoteusz karpowicz

"nest"

suddenly mountains
stepped off the horizon
parting space
like tree leaves

a forest
nudged by a forest
subsides
under a stillness
of its own deposition

a hoary stag
snorts silently
sinking
into the quagmire
of a decaying glade

in his antlers
a bird
still thinking
to weave his nest

zdzislaw stroinski

"death"

outlines of creatures i might have been, but will not be, are silent like toys suddenly abandoned by a child.

death is with me and within me.

i walk in it as in a coat too big for me — in draughty wide sleeves, trailing it over the ground, whipping about like tinplate.

a non-transparent scent of soap and space has gummed up the departure of my relatives as they broke off from existence like huge chunks of plaster. the terrifying puzzle of their dissolution caged me in a solitary, screeching and hopeless cell. i have now stopped throwing myself against the bars, i merely scratch my head and pace in circles.

dimly perceived death — over there — glistens in the eyes, stretches and shrinks. like a cloud of darkness she rolls across a flattened low sky — then a suddenly svelte romantic heroine — she is the one who pierces the eyes with her polished stiletto heels.

translation adam czerniawski

aleksander wat

from "songs of a wanderer"

for whom is the garden planted?
who is happy there?
no eyes to be my haven.
how can the heart sustain dying?
something creeps behind me.
fear falls away.
what fell in the abyss?
let the scream resound.
a hand looms above.
a smile hangs suspended.
don't look at me, my wife.
son, let go my hand.

translation czeslaw milosz

tadeusz rozewicz

"to the heart

i saw
a cook a specialist
he would put his hand
into the mouth
and through the trachea
push it to the inside
of a sheep
and there in the quick
would grasp the heart
tighten his grip
on the heart
rip out the heart
in one jerk
yes
there was a specialist

translation czeslaw milosz

NAZIS GAIN GROUND:

AFRICA

Military action like this changed the Congo into Zaire.

STOCKHOLM (PNS Correspondent). Many people are beginning to get a bit worried about what OTRAG (Orbital Transport and Raketen AG) is doing with a collection of Hitler's best research scientists in an area the size of East Germany in Zaire's Shaba province.

OTRAG leased a 100,000 square kilometer area in Shaba until the year 2,000 from Zaire's President Mobutu. Under the agreement, OTRAG has the right to force the local population to leave the area, and no-one can enter without OTRAG's permission. As the employees have been given diplomatic status, they are immune from Zaire's laws, such as they are.

According to correspondent Thomas Michelsen, writing in Bonn for the Swedish Dagens Nyheter, the scientists working for OTRAG represent the cream of Hitler's V-1 and V-2 projects. Eugen Saenger, one of the main people behind the V-1 "doodlebug", worked for many years for the West German research Institute that later became OTRAG. His widow is on the OTRAG board.

Other German rocket pioneers involved include Kurt Debus and Richard Gompertz, who, after a decade on the Nazi rocket project, worked on American space projects with the late Werner Von Braun designing the NASA space vehicles.

From the strategic site right on the equator, the company is offering to put satellites in orbit for half of what NASA asks. Their speciality, according to Michelsen, is spy satellites, and the intended customers seem to be the developing nations.

CRUISE MISSILES

But the size of the OTRAG empire in Shaba is much more than that needed for a simple base to put satellites into orbit. According to Swedish reports "it is really only as a test site for cruise missiles that the size of the OTRAG area in Shaba can be explained.'" Michelsen points out that the German V-1 was, in fact, the world's first cruise missile, just as the V-2 was the world's first ballistic missile.

Protests have come from Zaire's neighbours, as well as East Germany and the Soviet Union. During the visit of Soviet Praesidium President Leonid Brezhnev to Bonn in May, Michelsen says, OTRAG was the subject of secret discussion. Just to keep an eye on OTRAG, it is alleged, the USSR has put a spy satellite in orbit over Zaire.

But the West German government has denied any responsibility saying: "We have nothing to do with OTRAG. It is a private West German company that our government has no control over. If this private company wishes to sign a colonialistic lease covering an area the size of a country, that is the business of OTRAG and Mobutu, not the Bonn government."

However, American and West German journalists in West Germany and the West German anti-apartheid movement say there are indications that OTRAG is really a cover for the West German armaments industry. Despite the statement by West German chancellor Helmut Schmidt at a press conference in Zambia recently that OTRAG is an embarrassment to his government, Michelsen says there is also hard evidence that at least until a few years ago the West German government supported OTRAG with large subsidies, reaching several million marks.

Strangely enough, West German foreign aid in the early 'sixties went to build bridges in the exact area now leased by OTRAG. And the company that built those bridges at the West German taxpayers' expense was recently purchased by OTRAG.

SOUTH AFRICA

Why are the Germans looking to Africa for a missile base? After World War II, West Germany agreed to not build rockets with a range of more than 37 kilometers. So a resurgent arms industry must look elsewhere for construction and testing facilities. There are also rumours in Europe that West German experts are working with uranium-rich South Africa to build nuclear weapons. The Shaba site would be an ideal base to carry out such work.

Meanwhile, OTRAG's head, Lutz Kayser, has announced that his company is looking for similar test sites in South America and Southeast Asia. At a Munich press conference Kayser said he has been in contact with seven governments, including Brazil. It has been reported that OTRAG may yet shift the entire operation to Brazil, where there is thought to be less danger posed to the government by liberation forces than in the recently invaded Shaba. Were French and Belgian troops protecting something more than copper and Europeans?

BRAZIL

IN 1953 Brazilian Admiral Alvaro Alberto Mota e Silva visited Germany, where he had studied physics before the war, and in discussions with German industrialists and the Institute of Physics and Chemistry at Bonn University, led by one **Wilhelm Groth,** agreed to pay $80,000 for three prototypes of a uranium centrifuge (stage two of atomic bomb manufacture).

According to Alvaro Alberto in a report to the Brazilian Parliamentary Commission, Groth told him, "You are the saviour of German nuclear research — you provide the money and we will make the prototypes. Later, we will all go to Brazil to make the installations."

Wilhelm Groth is an interesting character. Not only is he Director of the Institute of Physics and Chemistry at Bonn, but also:

- Member of the Administrative Council of the Deutsche Atomforum;
- Member of Commissions II and III of the German Nuclear commission;
- He was a member of the NSDAP (the Nazi Party) from 1937; and
- A political director of the Nazi Party from 1938.

He it was who on 24 April, 1939, informed the German Army of the possibility of atomic bomb production and asserted that the country with the first bomb would be irresistible.

And he it was who dispensed to various secret laboratories the Brazilian $80,000 supplied in 1953 by the Deutsche-Sudamerikanische Bank "for research purposes" in order to avoid the interference of the Allied Occupation Forces.

Unfortunately for Groth and the Brazilians, their plan was discovered by the US High Commission and the centrifuges were seized by the Military Security Board in Göttingen a mere 24 hours before they were due to be smuggled out to Brazil through Hamburg. The fate of the three impounded centrifuges makes an interesting story:

In the following year, 1955, the Allied Occupation of Germany came to an end and **Franz-Joseph Strauss** became Minister of Atomic Affairs. One of his first official moves was to recall **Walther Schnurr** from Argentina to handle the South American end of the nuclear business. Schnurr was no doubt well suited for the post, for he had lived in South America ever since fleeing Germany in 1945 where he'd been:

- Arms specialist for Nobel Dynamite;
- Chemist for I. G. Farben who developed the gas for extermination camps.

Unhampered by this unsavoury past he became:

- Scientific Director of the Nuclear Research Centre at Karlsruhe;
- Director of the International Bureau at Karlsruhe;
- Negotiator for the delivery of a small reprocessing plant to Argentina in 1968 and a much larger reactor now in preparation;
- Member of the scientific council of EURATOM, the European Atomic Energy Authority.

In 1973 he received the Mayo medal, *Argentina's highest* decoration for foreigners.

Schnurr was not the only ex-nazi lucky enough to take part in the nuclear future of Germany, for in 1956 many of his old friends found work with the newly-formed German Commission (chosen by Strauss) Vice-President and principal member of this Commission was **Karl Winnaker** who had been:

- General Director of I. G. Farben which was rubbished by the Allies for its part in the war-time atrocities.

Winnaker later became:

- General Director of Farbwerke **Hochst which had taken over I. G. Farben's activities when it folded!** He also became:
- Vice-President of the Federation of Chemical Industries:

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Central A
142

Charlie Chaplin and the rest of the Marx brothers.

Influence of German militarism in South America.

- Vice-President of the Dresdner Bank;
- President of the Deutsche Atomforum in Bonn;
- President of the Deutsche Atomkomission in Bad Gotesburg.

All these details, which might seem like nothing more than a chunk out of Germany's Industrial Who's Who, are thrown into true and sinister perspective by a secret meeting that took place on 10 and 11 August, 1944, at the Hotel Maison Rouge *in Strasburg.* The guests were top Nazis and Germany's economic experts; their purpose was to discuss what could be done in the face of imminent defeat. They studied ways of extending the Nazi hold on banking and industry into the post-war years and how the fruits of wartime research, particularly in the fields of rocketry and nuclear power, could be preserved for the future German Reich. Plans were discussed for utilising SS wealth (in the form of international currencies, diamonds and gold — much of it from the teeth of extermination-camp victims) to set up firms in Argentina, Spain, Portugal, Turkey and Brazil which could assist Nazi refugees and work towards the restoration of the Third Reich.

Lists were compiled of those scientists who would make a run for it and those who would stay and face the music. Among the former were the above mentioned Walther Schnurr and a certain **Ronald Richter** who established Argentina's first nuclear laboratory with the help of President Peron (of music-hall fame). By 1945, more than 500 million dollars had been transferred to foreign countries and the Maison Rouge plans were well under way.

Bearing this in mind we can roll the story-board on to 26 January, 1956 (only months after Allied Occupation ended) and look at the members of the German Atomic Commission with renewed interest. **Dr. Alfred Boettcher**, for instance, who before 1945 was:

- Director of Degussa, a firm producing secret WWII armaments and metallic uranium for heavy-water reactors;
- Obersturmbannfuhrer SS — Commander of the Leiden SS in the Occupied Netherlands.

Despite an 18 months sentence for war crimes in 1949, Boettcher later became (once more):

- General Director of Degussa;
- Scientific Director at the Nuclear Research Centre in Julich (until Dutch protests levered him out in 1966);
- Editor of the periodical Nucleonik — a Springer publication;
- Personnel director for technicians and atom specialists working under contracts with South Africa and Brazil!

Yet another member of the German Atomic Commission was **Eric Bagge** who worked on the German A bomb throughout the war and who in his book "From Uranfission to Calder Hall" (1957) expressed regrets that Hitler didn't get the bomb in time!

By this time, dear reader, it should come as no surprise to learn that in 1956 Strauss authorised the export of the three impounded centrifuges to Brazil.

These stunning facts are taken from a long document furnished by Otto Buchsbaum, publisher of the monthly Brazilian paper "Abertura" (Opening) (more of which will appear in next month's "IT"), showing the steady development of West German nuclear potential under the skilled captaincy of surviving Nazis from 1956 up to the present day. "Abertura" is the organ of Resistencia Ecologica (Ecological Resistance) which seeks to prevent Brazilian "nuclearisation" and to prevent Brazil from becoming "a training-ground for Federal German Rearmament".

Here are just a few more facts from this amazing document:

1957 West Germany enters EURATOM — the European Atomic Community — its representatives include (surprise, surprise!) Karl Winnacker and Walther Schnurr.

1959 Wolfgang Cartellieri is appointed Secretary of State for Atomic Affairs. (A fascinating choice — the Allies had declared him "unworthy of public employ" because of his conduct during the war.) He was:
•Member of the Nazi Party from 1 April, 1936
•Member of the Nazi-Lawyer-Union
•A serving officer in the Fuhrerhauptquartier (Hitler's Headquarters) from 1942.

1962 Under Schnurr's guidance, the German firm of Siemens begins to negotiate the supply of heavy water reactors to Argentina although, at that time, Germany itself did not have them.

1969 A Brazilian General replaces the civilian head of the National Nuclear Energy Council in Brazil — an important step in the substitution of civil technicians by military.

1969 Willy Brandt signs an agreement with Brazil to collaborate in the fields of a) nuclear research b) space research c) aeronautical research.

1969 International Bureaus are established within the German Nuclear Research Centres (headed by Schnurr) which were set up in such a way that they were classified as "private non shareholding companies and non-profit organisations" even though 90 per cent of their budget is financed by the Federal Ministry for Research and Technology. In this way the Federal Government can run joint scientific programmes with foreign countries without being publicly accountable.

1970 South African ambassador Stole arranges purchase of jet-nozzle isotope separation processes plus German technological assistance with their further development, thus enabling South Africa to build a uranium 235 atomic bomb.

1971 German Foreign Minister Scheel visits Brazil and signs the "Vertrag zur gemeinsamen Bekampfung des Terrorismus"— the Treaty for the Common Fight Against Terrorism (!).

1975 Germany agrees to supply to Brazil eight reactors of 1300 megawatts each with all the corresponding uranium enrichment and reprocessing plants and all other facilities for the complete nuclear cycle.

These are just a few brief extracts from Otto Buchsbaum's long and detailed document that shows how the remnants of the Third Reich have nursed their grisly inheritance into the Atomic Age. He concludes with these words:

"There is a historical Parallel: The Republic of Weimar was severely limited in arms and armaments by the Treaty of Rapallo. But, with the help of the Soviet Union, the Weimar Republic trained its officers and tested its arms on Soviet soil. Hitler took over the German Vermacht in good shape after ten years of training (1923-33).

"Now the Republic of Bonn, to avoid similar limitations imposed on it by the Allies, has found a new field in which to test its armaments and even to develop atomic weapons — the Republic of South Africa, Brazil and Argentina. The new nuclear agreement with Iran shows just how far German ambitions reach."

The Leg Now Standing At Platform 1 ....

EVERY week an average of seven people decide to buy a ticket for the underground, follow the arrows pointing TO TRAINS, get to the platform, jump on the rails to kill themselves.

Often they choose to jump just as the train is coming in. They want to make absolutely certain, it seems. When this happens the driver of the train gets three days paid leave to get over any trauma he or she may or may not have.

Even the drivers on the Victoria line get this, and they don't drive the train. Union Rules. A computer machine does everything, but London Transport has to use fully trained drivers to sit in the front of the train doing nothing. Really it should be the guy in central control who gets the three days leave. It must be terrible getting reports by telephone that you helped mangle someone at Charing Cross.

At the end of every platform on every tube station in London there is a stache of large brown paper bags. Yes, they are there to put the bits in. You might think that in this day and age they would use plastic bags. Brown paper bags, even double-layered extra strong ones are very absorbant and the people who have to use them, complain a lot. — *London Transport Worker X.*

Black Muscle Threatens Carter

WASHINGTON — It is late August 1978. Katangese forces based in Angola marshall for another attack on Shaba Province in Zaire. At midnight on the 27th, CIA Director Stansfield Turner slips in the side door of the White House and takes the elevator to the basement, where in the Situations Room the Special Action Group is assembled.

He takes a pile of satellite photos from his metal briefcase and tosses them in front of the President's national security advisor, Zbigniew Brzezinski, who sits at the head of the long table. Brzezinski smiles. There are Cuban stars on the trucks moving the rebels toward the frontier. He picks up the red phone.

"Mr. President? I'm afraid it's true. The Cubans are hauling the Katangese into Zaire."

Carter wearily thanks his advisor and with the push of another button has Jody Powell on the line. "Jody, I want all the networks to give me a half hour at nine tonight. Call it 'a major foreign address'. You know what it is."

Another call goes to Harold Brown, somewhere over the Atlantic in the Air Force One. "Harold, this is the president. We've tried everything else. I want you to call up the 82nd at Ft. Bragg and get them ready to go. There are some copper technicians in Shaba and we've got to be ready to get them out of there."

At dawn, Brzezinski is feeling faint. Pulling at his wilted collar with one hand and running the other through his red brushcut, he reads once more the top secret cable from the commander of the 82nd Airborne Division:

"REQUEST POSTPONE ACTION WITH 82ND. BLACK TROOPS REFUSE TO LEAVE QUARTERS. ONE ARMED PLATOON HOLDING BARRACKS. BLACK NONCOMS AND JUNIOR OFFICERS NOT REPEAT NOT COOPERATING WITH SENIOR OFFICERS."

The telephone rings. It is Powell telling Brzezinski that CBS News has reported the black mutiny in the 82nd as well as an endorsement of it by Richard Hatcher, the major of Gary, Ind., and the chairman of the board of TransAfrica Inc.

"What the hell is TransAfrica?" Brzezinski shouts.

This particular scenario has been assembled for Carter and Brzezinski by Randall Robinson, 36, a Harvard Law School graduate, former Ford Foundation fellow in Tanzania, key staff member of the House of Representatives' Africa subcommittee and, as of 1 May, executive director of new foreign policy lobby for black Americans — **TransAfrica Inc.**

Robinson said it is possible that any unit with a black majority ordered by the administration to go into a "suspect" situation in Africa would resist, and the black leadership of the country would back them up. "In fact," he said, "it's part of our job here to orchestrate that kind of thing".

Such a potential situation, he said, would include the evacuation of whites — either American or European — from Zaire, Rhodesia or South Africa, and that action could be used by the Carter administration as a pretext for further armed US intervention on behalf of those governments. TransAfrica, furthermore, opposes black pilots ferrying Moroccan troops into Zaire.

"Africa is just a big piece of dirt over which the US and the Soviet Union will contend. There is no concern for the individual countries and their own needs. When will they learn?"

Pacific News Service.

MY last turn as music critic for "IT" was in 1967 when I reviewed "Sergeant Pepper" and launched the rumour that the cardboard cut-outs were laced with acid. Now, eleven years later, something has happened finally that takes us a stage beyond "Sergeant Pepper" and really makes the Beatles sound like cardboard cut-outs — Dylan's concerts at Earls Court and Blackbushe. During the intermission of the first night I had a little smoke and went into a dream. What if the big D broke a guitar string or came down with a sore throat? What then? What if all the Beatles and all their sidemen came on to play the second half? We'd have torn the place apart! The Beatles wouldn't have lasted five minutes on stage. That was just a dream I had. But the funny thing was that other people had the same dream. I wonder if Paul McCartney had it.

Everybody knows that the last Dylan came to town, in 1966, hundreds walked out on him and hundreds more stayed to give him a slow handclap, to whistle and to cry out "Judas". The story is that they wouldn't tolerate Dylan playing an electric guitar and singing with a rock band. But that's not quite how it was. By the time of his English tour "Highway 61" had been out for nine month and "Blonde on Blonde" was already in the can. Even before the single of "Like a rolling stone" we'd all been converted to the new sound by "Positively fourth street".

Too many people have forgotten those May 1966 concerts. What they remember is the bootleg of the second half of one of his English concerts, perhaps the second one at Albert Hall. But listening to it — in very good sound — you are bound to get the wrong idea. It is simply not true that the rot only set in when Dylan came on with the Band to do the second half.

I'm not sure who started it, but the same scene repeated itself at every concert in the tour, from Dublin to Liverpool to Leicester to Bristol or to London. It was certainly the same for me in Leicester and on the first night at Albert Hall. (I was on an acid trip in Leicester and relatively straight at Albert Hall, but there was no difference.) The thought occurs that the thing was organised by Paul Foot and the socialist jerkers. I wouldn't put it past them. But there is another explanation that fits. Maybe Dylan himself laid that scene on us. He was very close to the edge, dancing with the angels on the point of a syringe, the tragic intensity of his performance was more than most people could bear. Dylan communicates his emotions as effectively as any man alive and he was very strung out. He picked up on us and we picked up on him and he gave us a catharsis which was too far out for him or us to want to repeat. These were the last concerts before the motorbike accident that broke his neck and probably saved his life.

When he sang "Tambourine Man" in the acoustic half, he was like a drunken Indian, spitting out the words and accenting the last syllable in every phrase with savage irony, that magic ship was really swirling, underneath a sky of flawed industrial diamond dripping casement oil into the stalls. Then he hit his harp and played the solo that he never committed to record; it wailed for several minutes like a dawn chorus of pterodactyl chicks stuck up the pipes of the great Albert Hall organ.

This was desolation row, and that was what he went on to sing. Then he came to "Visions of Johanna", which had not yet been released. Now he spoke for the first time:

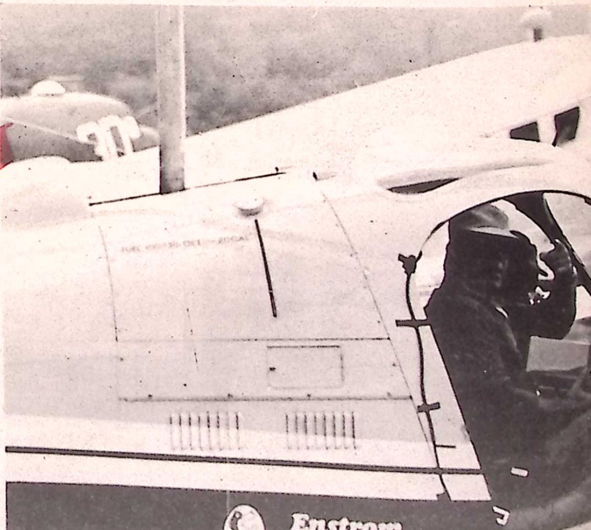
"I'm not going to play any more concerts in England. So, I'd just like to say that this next song is what your English newspapers would call a 'drug song'. I never have and *never will write* a drug song. I don't know how to. Anyone who says I write drug songs is just vulgar."

In the second half of the concert Dylan made another, longer speech. It went like this:

"I never said my old songs were *rubbish* (said with a semblance of scouse). That's not in my vocabulary. I wouldn't use the word 'rubbish' if it was lying on the stage and I could pick it up.

"The music you are listening to

Uncle Bill takes a friendly overview at Blackbushe. Smile please, you're on file.



NUREMBERG TOO

ON the train to Blackbush you would have thought that we were the 7.45 from some commuter dormitory town to London on a Monday morning by the looks on people's faces. We were supposed to be going to some kind of history-making festival for a picnic of fun and superstar music and so you might expect a smile or two but no, no, no. In five years' time at the most the lot of 'em will be civil servants. secretaries and computer operators, and they're already set to play the part now, moody and fixed dead as Harvey Goldsmith's smile. It was the same on the two-and-a-half mile walk to the site we had to do because Harvey's shuttle was virtually non-existent. Hardly a word, just the sound of feet and thousands of rustling rucksacks. God, these people sure want to get there. We arrived and it's a river of lemmings flowing irresistibly towards a concentration camp surrounded by corrugated iron, graffitiless and ugly, pairs of thugs in teeshirts with "Artists' Services" written on them stand at 25yd. intervals all around. It's ten in the morning and they are already paying 50p for a grease and fat burger, and 15p for tea. God save Harvey Goldsmith. For a 10ft. by 8ft. space the merchants have to pay Harvey £300. But it's the punters who pay, of course.

By mid-day the place is already a health risk. I can only find two toilet area and the smell ain't too nice. The ground is littered with beer cans and paper plates smeared with ketchup, paper kandkerchiefs all greasy and foul, yeah, blowing in the wind. I'm glad I was able to con myself in free because I didn't enjoy it.

But outside the concentration camp the Pyramid stage from Glastonbury was going up and as night fell and people started to leave, a lot while Dylan was still playing — the free music started up. Night fell in the Nazi music camp and people started fires of plastic cups and paper, blowing poisonous black smoke and casting a crazy glow as drunkards shouted bullshit to each other and people crunched broken glass on the tarmac. I knew it was time to go. Over the pyramid there's a beautiful wood fire burning peacefully and restful fresh music for the first time that day. But for this, by the time I reached Waterloo about two that morning I would have been insane and very, very sad.

IGHWAY '78 REVISITED

— if anyone has any suggestion: on how it could be played better, or how the words could be improved? — we've been playing this music since we were ten years old. Folk music was just an interruption. This is not English music. You've never really heard American music before.

"I want now to say that what you're hearing is just songs. You're not hearing anything else but words and sounds. You can take it or leave it.

"I'm sick of people asking: 'What does it mean?' It means nothing." (Shouts — "Woody Guthrie is turning over in his grave" and "Rubbish".)

It was not until the end, when he sat down at the piano for "Ballad of a Thin Man" and concluded with a nine-minute "Like a Rolling Stone", that Dylan finally conquered the Royal Albert Hall audience.

After that concert it seemed something in him died. He broke his neck and didn't appear in public for more than two years. It was eight years before he went back on the road, with The Band once more. Six million people wrote in the first day for tickets. Dylan wasn't phased "Six million, a hundred million. It's all an illusion. I mean, who else is there around to go see?" He made a lot of money singing Bob Dylan's Greates Hits at breakneck pace, making so little of the words and the tunes that it was difficult to distinguish one song from another. His voice had become cold and nasal and his singing was spoilt by intrusive vocal mannerisms, aspirating like a bronchitic goat. Yet he was received like a conquering lion by audiences no more discriminating than those in 1966.

At least The Band played well with Dylan, however predictably. When Dylan went back on the road with the Rolling Thunder review he put a bit more into his singing but the backings were so rough that it really seemed that it would be best if he were to go full circle back to his acoustic guitar and his harp.

It's not that Dylan's recent concerts have not been enjoyable. But no one could deny that the stamp of real genius has been wearing a bit thin, and that sometimes he has come close to self-caricature. Thus, despite the occasional bright spot in one or another of his recent records, Dylan had never shown any real sign of recapturing his peak form, not even in "Blood on the Tracks". How could he, in his late 'thirties?

That is what we were telling ourselves before the Earls Court concerts. No reason to spoil it with unrealistic expectations. After all, after ten hours in line marching across Hanover Square at what really was a snail's pace, we had a right to enjoy ourselves. Even if it was "Before the Flood" all over again with a substitute band and with the voices of half a dozen husky Dylans vying with one another in an out of phase tournament deep within the cadaevernous acoustic that swallowed up the Rolling Stones whole.

How could Dylan ever live up to our secret expectations built up over sixteen years? He more than lived up to our expectations, did more than recapture his magic of the mid 'sixties. He gave what were possibly his best concerts yet. The "Melody Maker" put it very well when they said that "we demanded the impossible of him and he gave it to us." Their editor underscored this point when he said that it was the finest concert he had attended in twenty-five years. Even the "Times" agreed that it was the best concert in years, and the "Guardian", which was less enthusiastic initially, actually published a retraction of their review (or so they tell me. Who steals the "Guardian" from Kensington Reference Library?)

Dylan has one great advantage over all other musicians and poets. He is, of course, a *singing poet;* the infections of his music lend to the words a special poignancy and variety of expression that no one else can equal. This also enables him to alter completely the sense of the lyrics and to bring them into relation with the special quality of the present moment. He can do this, despite the complexity of the lyrics, because we all know the words of all his songs. Imagine that, 90,000 people at Earls Court, 15,000 a night for six nights, and after that 250,000 at Blackbushe, and they all know all the words. It is a vastly sophisticated audience that doesn't know it is sophisticated. They know that it's good and they don't have to be told why. Which is just as well because the critics are always wide of the mark. The music critics rarely have the slightest idea of what a song is about, and the literary critics always forget that it is a song.

The concerts began with the band jamming on "Tangled Up In Blues". The first impression was that the sound was nearly perfect, much better than anyone dared imagine.

It took a little longer to realise how good the band is, so good in fact that I wonder what their name will be. As a back-up for Dylan they are better than the original Band because they allow him more rhythmic freedom and adapt to his style. The trouble with the Band in the end had been that Dylan couldn't dominate them, their sound was too characteristic and too predictable. He wound up being their lead singer. This new band — call them what Dylan called the Band in 1966, "the group" — are very tight, but loose they are heavily influenced by latin rhythms, and the principal soloist is Steve Douglas on sax. There are three girls doing background vocals.

The audience roared and came to its feet as Dylan appeared on stage and went straight into the first number: "Love her with a feeling (or don't love her at all)". A boogie not on record, which inlludes the line: "She shook it for the judge and they put the cops in jail." Then another new song, "Baby Don't Cry" from his new album. "Stress Legal" is also his new single.

Into "Tambourine Man", with a shuffling beat and apologies to the Byrds, teasing with the words. "Shelter from the storm", with a throbbing bass line and a faint suggestion of reggae, was delivered in the "Highway 61" voice. Then without guitar he went into "Love minus zero no limit". No doubt about it, this was the real voice of Dylan for the first time since the 'sixties. Suddenly he hit the harmonica, we cheered, and the astounding solo really did bring it all back home.

The evening began with "Tangled up in blue" without Dylan. Now we had it without the group. With the strange backing of organ and saxophone it was the highlight of the evening for some.

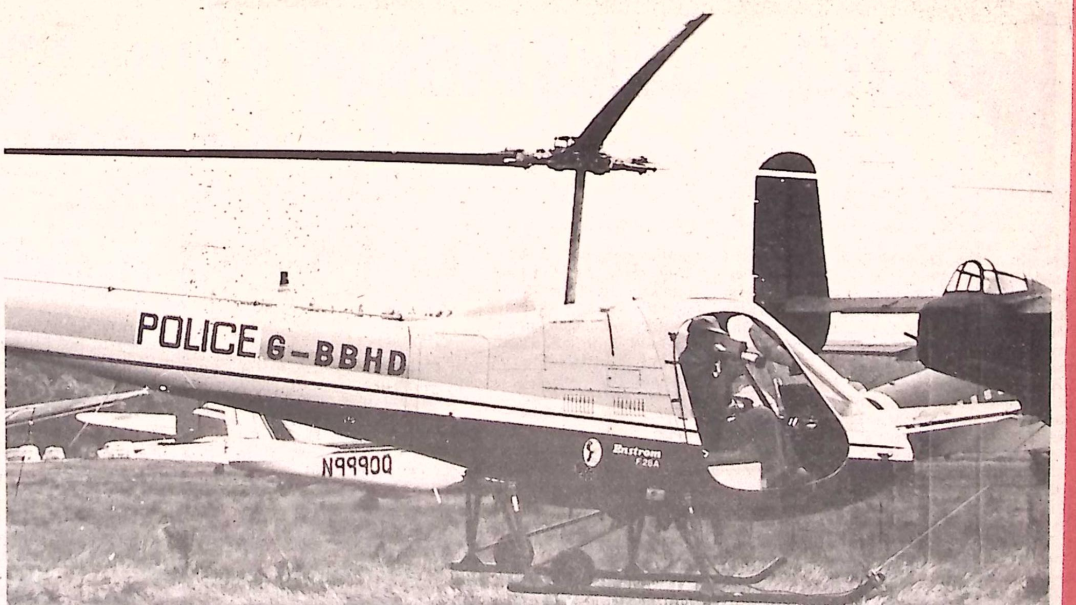
In "Ballad of a Thin Man", where the slick arrangement and the chorus merely added to the irony, Dylan acted out the song, pretending to lose his footing as he leaned back on a piano that wasn't there. There was a powerful riff in "Maggie's Farm" as Dylan danced around the stage. The Latin influence was very strong in the laid back "I don't believe you", more like the original acoustic treatment of the melody than the various live versions with the Band. It was one of the best things he did and "Like a Rolling Stone" which followed was one of the best things he ever did, bringing the house into a frenzy. Dylan had to bring the temperature down with a loose, easy "I shall be released", and then as a throwaway ending to the first half, "Going going gone", with some new words. As the group carried on, he took off his leather jacket, slung it over his shoulder and walked off the huge stage, a lone dimunitive figure.

Into the second half. This time the Group jammed on "Rainy day women", one of the drug songs he never wrote, and then he was on stage in a haze of pungent fumes for "Sooner or later, one of us must know", and it really was the authentic voice of "Blonde on Blonde". "You're a big girl now" came next, then a samba rhythm for "One more cup of coffee", more effective than on record, with some good percussion from Bobbye Hall. Dylan has finally found a new way to sing "Blowing in the Wind" that works. Backed once more by organ and sax he sang "I want you" with great tenderness, giving the words a new dimension. Into Senor one of the best songs from the new album, "Street Legal". "Senor, can you tell me where we're headin', Lincoln County road or Armageddon?" Then, a very heavy rock treatment of "Masters of War", with a powerful, snarling vocal. The audience was now at fever pitch. Dylan responded with a really passionate reworking of "Just like a woman" that once again showed him at the pinnacle. After a wailing sax solo he came in with his harp to end the song. On the first night he sang "Don't think twice" as a reggae the second night it was replaced by "O sister". Then came a blistering "All along the watchtower" which featured an amazing violin solo by David Mansfield. On the last night Mansfield broke all the strings.

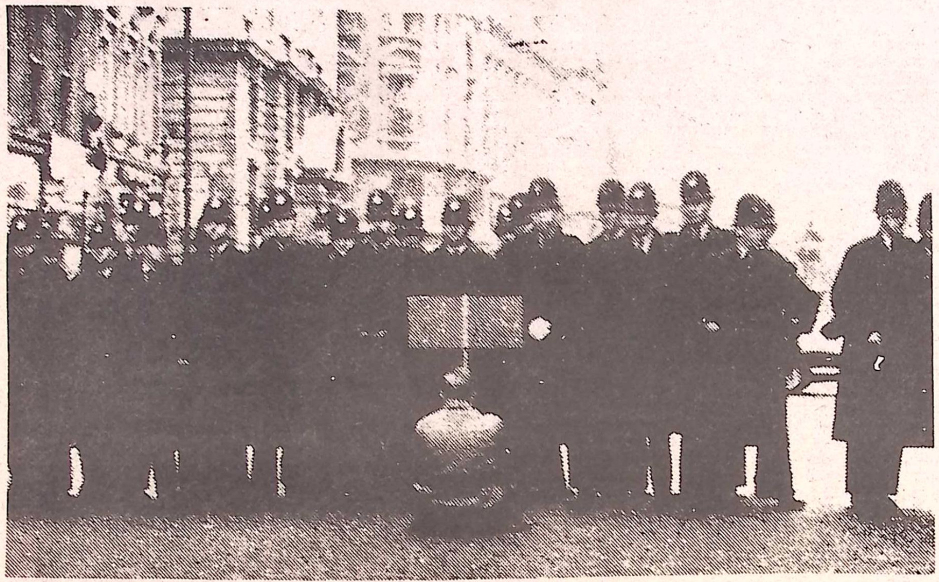
"All I really want to do" was much better than the shy version on record. The group was now a rocking brass band. Then Dylan introduced them to the audience. Suddenly he was into an apocalyptic "It's all right ma". To bring the concert to an end we had "Forever Jung". Midway through this song people began lighting matches, lighters and candles. The vast hall, now glowing magically, exploded into cheers as the slight exhausted figure walked off the stage alone, turned, waved to me, and vanished. For the next seven minutes the audience stomped and wailed, cheered and cried until it was making some of the best and most complicated music of the evening. Then Dylan appeared for his encore, a triumphant "Times they are a changin'."

Within days a high quality bootleg tape of the entire concert was on sale. Listening to it confirms initial impressions. It really did happen, and I gather it happened again at Blackbushe. (I wonder what happened at Nuremburg.) If CBS do not issue a complete recording from these concerts I will personally burn their offices to the ground. I have heard that they may well issue such a set in September. Japanese CBS have issued a double album from Dylan's concerts there earlier this year. This album should be available as a very expensive import, but it may also be issued in America and, presumably here. But we must have the Earls Court concerts as well. Japanese CBS also issued a triple album entitled "Masterworks" which contains previously unreleased material; and this album too may be issued domestically. I also understand that there will soon be a soundtrack from "Renaldo and Clara" — bits I have heard are not too good. Finally we have the new album "Street Legal". That gives some idea of the sound that Dylan gave us at Earls Court, with the same musicians. "Street Legal" is without doubt Dylan's best album for ten years. Arguably, it is as good as anything he has ever done.

Steve Abrams



TORNESS PAPERS LEAKED



THE Torness anti-nuclear Alliance, which had its first national meeting last month, has received leaked East Lothian Regional Council papers which show that the construction of the site will begin this year, although major construction may not start until 1980.

Local farmers have been told that they will be able to harvest their crops this year, but it is likely, once this has been done and access roads have been built, that the whole site will be fenced off.

The Secretary of State for Scotland announced in June that plans to build a nuclear reactor at Torness had been approved without calling a public inquiry.

At the Torness Alliance meeting at Edinburgh it was decided that because of these developments a peaceful occupation of the site must take place, and a date has been fixed for Saturday 23 September. The aim is to remain in occupation for at least a fortnight.

The occupiers will include a group of people who have been fully trained in non-violent action but as many people as possible are needed to back them up. People are also needed to join a publicity campaign in the local area with exhibitions, street theatre, etc.

Anyone wishing to join the occupation should contact John Greig, c/o 2 Ainslie Place, Edinburgh tel 031-225 7752.

A festival will take place at Torness on the first anniversary of the Torness Occupation (see "IT" Vol 4 no 8). That will be on 5-6 May, 1979.

THE TORNESS DECLARATION:

AS an affiliation of groups and individuals we declare our total and uncompromising opposition to the construction of a nuclear power station at Torness.

Nuclear power threatens all living creatures and their natural environment. It concentrates power in the hands of a few, necessitates a military-style secrecy and undermines the principles of human liberty. A nuclear power station at Torness would be another irrevocable step towards a future of which we want no part.

We announce that we are prepared to take all non-violent steps necessary to prevent the construction of a nuclear power station at Torness.

We therefore demand:

—an immediate and permanent halt to the construction of any further nuclear power stations;
—an urgent and vigorous energy conservation programme;
—the cleaner, safer and more efficient use of our fossil fuels;
—the radical rechannelling of resources into the implementation of wave, wind and solar power and other forms of renewable energy;
—the provision of socially-useful work for all in energy and other fields.

Our stand is in the defence of the health and safety of ourselves, of future generations and of all living creatures on this planet.

POLICE CONSPIRACY

LONDON (PNS Correspondent). Over the last month the police Anti-Terrorist Squad (ATS) have carried out a series of raids in pursuit of an alleged conspiracy to cause explosions. Four arrests have been made, but despite massive efforts, no evidence has been found to justify claims that a terrorist organisation Italian Red Brigades-style, exists. Indeed it appears that the ATS is trying to create an atmosphere of paranoia by cashing in on the recent events in Italy and West Germany, to justify their own existence.

Most of the raids have taken place in London (14), Huddersfield (6) and South Wales (about 10). The four, well-publicised, arrests were: Iris Mills and Ronan Bennett, arrested in Bayswater on 24 May: Taff Ladd, arrested in Finsbury Park on 2 June, and Stew Carr, arrested in Gillingham in mid-June.

All four have been consistently refused bail and in court the police have alleged that they belong to a "loose-knit" group of idealistic persons who have been planning a bomb wave. To justify the refusal of bail and add to the hysteria, the police further claim that those members of the group not yet arrested would attempt to free the others by armed force.

The prisoners have been handcuffed in all but the most recent court appearances and are being held in the top security wing of Brixton prison. Iris is the only woman in Brixton, which means that she is effectively in solitary confinement. The journeys between the prison and the court are accompanied by an armed motorcade and people attending the court are photographed.

Curiously enough, this security blanket, designed to convince the public that things really are serious, was entirely absent at the chaotic and noisy first appearance of Mills and Bennett at Marylebone Magistrates Court.

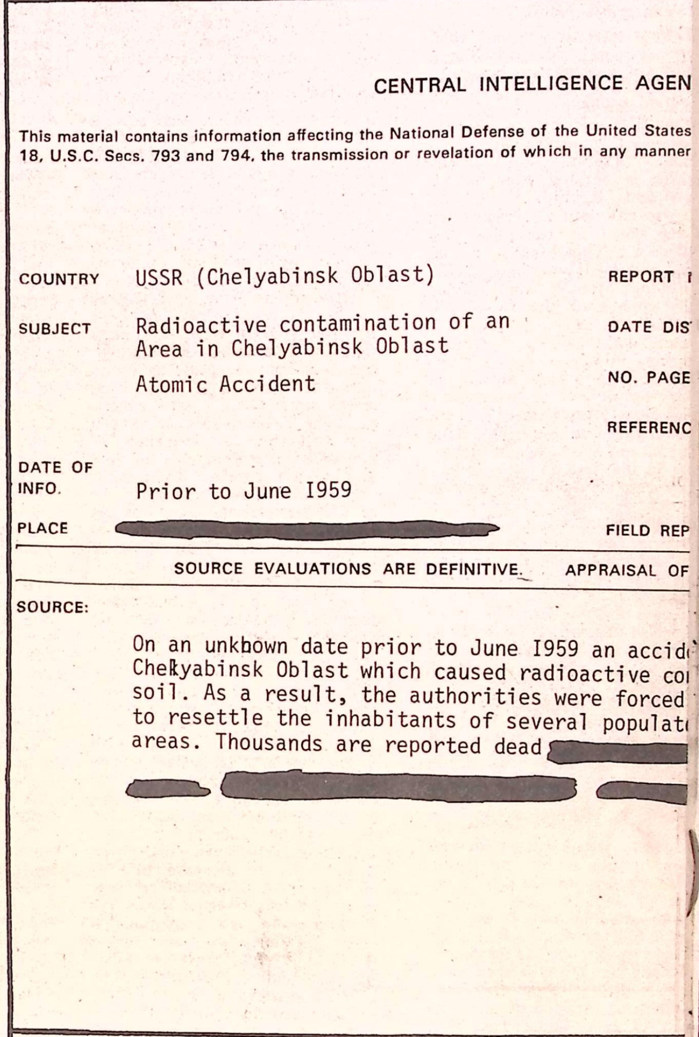
It was claimed in court on 22 June that there would soon be more charges preferred by the end of the week, but these have not materialised. To date, the case against the "conspirators" consists of a car found at the bottom of a cliff, which it is alleged, was used to plant a bomb and explosives found in Mills' and Bennett's flat, household weedkiller and wiring. There is also the implication (but no evidence) that they were involved in a series of armed bank raids to fund their "terrorist" organisation.

In their desperation to find something more concrete, the ATS even raided a "sportsmen's nightclub" in Hampstead which had been an anarchist centre over two years ago.

The ATS has been having its own problems recently, as the decline in armed activity in mainland Britain leaves what used to be called the Bomb Squad with little to do. They have been reduced in numbers from 70 to 30 in the last year, and MP Robin Cook has been asking questions in Parliament as to the nature and activities of the ATS, and Britain's political police, the Special Branch.

Meanwhile until further charges are brought, which seems unlikely, Mills, Bennett, Ladd and Carr are being held under the recent Criminal Law Act for "conspiracy to cause explosions". If more evidence is not found soon, the prosecution may not be allowed to go ahead, which will leave some very red faces in the ATS.

ECO MAD



CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGEN

This material contains information affecting the National Defense of the United States
18, U.S.C. Secs. 793 and 794, the transmission or revelation of which in any manner

COUNTRY USSR (Chelyabinsk Oblast)

SUBJECT Radioactive contamination of an
Area in Chelyabinsk Oblast

Atomic Accident

DATE OF INFO. Prior to June I959

PLACE [redacted]

REPORT

DATE DIS

NO. PAGE

REFERENC

FIELD REP

SOURCE EVALUATIONS ARE DEFINITIVE. APPRAISAL OF

SOURCE:

On an unkhown date prior to June I959 an accid
Chekyabinsk Oblast which caused radioactive co
soil. As a result, the authorities were forced
to resettle the inhabitants of several populat
areas. Thousands are reported dead [redacted]

THIS document, winkled out of CIA files under America's new Freedom of Information Act, shows up the Chairman of the UKAEA as a fool or a knave (or both). It is no longer enough for those who have the responsibility for developing Britain's nuclear power resources to simply deny the dangers that ride with nuclear waste.

IN December 1957 a nuclear waste depot in Central Russia exploded. Thousands died and are still dying. Sir John Hill, Chairman of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority has twice gone on public record denying that such an accident was possible.

According to the testimony of a young woman from the Ukraine who married a Soviet officer and moved to the area (Kyshtym, near Chelyabinsk) ten years after the accident, when she became pregnant her doctor advised her to abort the child. "He said there was a danger from radiation." Because of her husband's rank she was given a personal radiometer to use when buying fresh food and when picking berries or mushrooms in the countryside. Occasionally on these rural walks she and her husband would come across the "graveyards of the earth" — places where the heavily irradiated topsoil was buried and enclosed behind barbed wire and warning signs. Through the wire they could see that "giant mushrooms were growing inside. None of the people in the town had lived there for longer than eight years, so no one was able to tell her what it all meant.

INSURANCE companies base their policies on the odds of a particular mishap occurring. No insurance company will offer a policy covering your goods or person in the event of a nuclear accident. As far as the insurance companies are concerned such an event is a statistical certainty.

Who said this?:
"ONCE a bright hope, shared by all mankind — including myself — the rash proliferation of atomic-power plants has become one of the ugliest clouds overhanging America." *

IN August 1958 the United States Congress passed a Bill that specifically forbade the use of Federal funds to finance the study of surrender in the event of a nuclear war.

BY the year 2020 the USA will have produced 30,000 tons of plutonium. There is no known way of safely storing plutonium. It has a half life of 250,000 years. One millionth of a gramme of plutonium in the lung inevitably produces lung cancer.

NESS

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within the meaning of the Espionage Laws, Title
o an unauthorised person is prohibited by law.

O. CS - 3/407,678

R. 5 August 1959

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CONTENT IS TENTATIVE.

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[redacted]

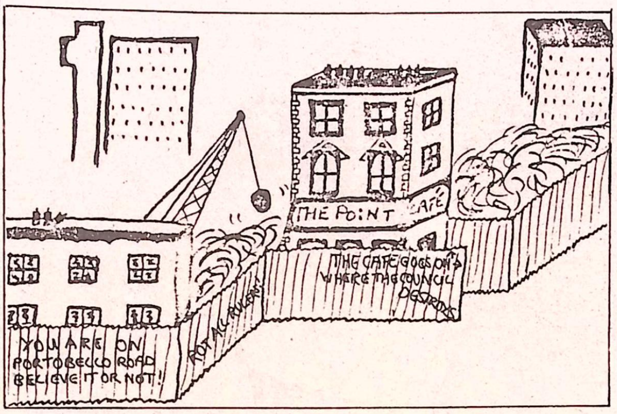
TWO of the three nuclear reactors at Indian Point in New York State are built within one mile of a seismic fault (earthquake belt). The third reactor is built directly over the fault and, although it has now been closed, an earthquake would jettison the radio-active material there into the New York City water supply. There is a housing development within four miles of Indian Point in which 75 per cent of the residents have developed some form of cancer. (*Is this really true? Jesus Christ! — Ed.*)

A LETTER in a recent issue of Sanity, the CND's mag, reports that the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston has recently purchased a new computer, the Cray I, which is generally recognised as the world's most powerful computer. It costs about £6 million.

Believe it or not CND is still going — they're at 29 Great James Street, London WC1N 3EY tel 242 0363.

* David Lilienthal, former chairman of the US Atomic Energy Commission.

COUNCIL TAKES THE POINT


THE POINT CAFE
THE CAFE GOES ON WHERE THE COUNCIL DESTROYS
ROT ALL RULERS
YOU ARE ON PORTOBELLO ROAD BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

THE Point, one of London's few remaining People's Cafes, serving real food at reasonable prices, is to close down on August 27. The council wants to knock it down to build another of its monstrosities . . . one day — maybe. It refuses to offer alternative accommodation. Some of the people working there may go up to Camden to start a cafe there but nothing is certain.

The building also houses a Free School for local kids who can't take straight schools and "We People", a work agency run as a co-operative that employed a fair number of people in its time. Point people went to the council and said something like "Look, there will be barricades and everything if you don't at least find somewhere for the school." After all kinds of bullshit the council finally offered, for one year only, a lean-to shed lying empty up the road, and had the gall to demand £25 a month for it.

A lot of people will miss The Point. Folks from all over the world used to go there, as well as people who lived and worked nearby. Now there is nowhere for people to get a real-food meal, to hang out and to talk.

[*The author of this news item concluded his piece with the suggestion that "IT" readers, in response to news of the Point's closure, should go out and smash a few telephone boxes and throw junk-food at the Town Hall. This suggestion was later amended to "throw a few telephone boxes at the House of Commons" and then deleted entirely on the grounds that this was a very silly thing for a vegetarian pacifist to do. — Ed.*]

RAIN OF FROGS HITS AFRICA

FRANCE now maintains about 12,500 troops or military advisors in 17 African countries. While the 600 paratroopers of the French Foreign Legion were battling rebels and evacuating Europeans from the copper mining town of Kolwezi, French Jaguar jets were strafing leftist POLISARIO guerrillas in the deserts of the Western Sahara, and one of France's 1,700 troops in Chad died fighting another radical guerrilla movement known as FROLINAT. Some 4,500 French troops are stationed in tiny Djibouti, perched precariously on the edge of the war-torn Horn of Africa. One of France's three aircraft carriers is stationed offshore.

The French are also major arms dealers in Africa. Although the French government now says it will abide by last fall's UN Security Council mandatory arms embargo against South Africa, France has been the apartheid regime's main source of modern weapons for more than a decade, supplying Mirage jet fighters, Panhard armoured cars and Daphne submarines among others. In the past five years, France has sold nearly half a billion dollars' worth of arms to the South Africans.

The French still have a contract with the South Africans to build nuclear power stations in return for a guaranteed supply of South African uranium.

France also has a booming arms trade with black Africa — escalating the deadly arms race on the continent. The French weapons industry reported a record $5.4 billion in export orders last year, mainly for aircraft, helicopters and missiles, including 25 Mirage jets for Morocco and sales to Gabon, Senegal, the Ivory Coast, Togo and Zaire.

Despite a policy of "Africa for the Africans," France has intervened in Chad, the Western Sahara and Zaire not only to play the role of the West's policeman, but also to guard its own economic interests. France has billions of dollars invested in French-speaking Africa and a two-way trade with the continent that totalled $8 billion in 1976. A large number of French nationals — 55,000 in Morocco, 40,000 in the Ivory Coast, 24,000 in Senegal — continue to live and work in the former colonies. N.N.E.

I thought Home was an ex-prime minister until I discovered SQUATTING

THE one hundred and sixty people (including 30 children) who live in Huntley Street, one of the bastions of the London squatting movement and base of the ever active Squatters Union, now face almost certain eviction after losing their court battle against the Camden and Islington Area Health Authority. The court ruled they can be thrown out any time after July 31 (two weeks' notice).

Once again a healthy, happy community is being ripped apart, refused alternative accommodation and referred to bed and breakfast torment (for families) and walking the streets (for the single).

The 54 flats and enclosed playground on Huntley Street, just off the Tottenham Court Road, stood empty for four years under the management of the Health Authority before being squatted in February 1977.

Three days after the occupation the Authority applied for planning permission to rehabilitate the flats. It claims that it needs the flats for staff residences. At the same time it is keeping other staff accommodation empty at The Elizabeth Garret Anderson Maternity Hospital, The Liverpool Road Hospital, The Highbury Fields Home and at the EGA itself — all in the same area.

Thanks to a ruling by so-called "Health and Social Security" Minister, doctors and nurses are also denied accommodation in flats provided for them by the council in Maple Street. The ruling prevents Health Authorities from acquiring leasehold properties for health workers.

The Authority's plan for the "rehabilitation" of Huntley Street includes knocking an access road through the building to allow parking space for five cars in the popular and unique playground at the rear of the building. As a result, two family flats will be demolished, and six on-street car parking spaces will be lost.

The plan involves the expenditure of £850,000 and is now the largest project in the South Camden Health District. This amounts to over £15,000 per flat — or £4,000 per room!

The flats are 80 years old and need new plumbing, new electrical wiring and new drainage. *None of this essential work is to be done!* All the money is to be spent on a lift which is unnecessary, some balconies, and the car park.

At the same time as this scheme goes ahead the Health Authority has threatened both the National Temperance Hospital and The Elizabeth Garret Anderson Hospital with closure. A recent meeting of the Regional Health Authority called on the Secretary of State Ennals to close the EGA as soon as possible on economic grounds. They are happy to spend £850,000 on space for five cars where there was room for six before, for a lift and balconies in flats that need plumbing and rewiring, while only £60,000 would repair the lift at the EGA Hospital and bring the two top floors and operating theatres back into use.

Now the families in Huntley Street face the prospect of returning to a round of hotels and Bed and Breakfasts until they can get another squat together. Single people will not be offered alternative accommodation.

Camden's Housing Department says it cannot rehouse the people of Huntley Street because they cannot allow people to "jump the waiting list." Okay, but a leaked report on Camden's empty property shows that there are 4,300 empty homes in Camden.

"When the going gets tough, the tough get going." — Nixon.

"That's all I can stands, I can't stands no more." — Popeye.

COCAINE

CHARLIE — its role in providing extra-official funds to a ruling oligarchy not only keen for any kind of easy money, but also driven by historical circumstances to ever more desperate measures in its attempt to stem the tide of an inevitable social revolution.

PAEZ WOMAN AT WORK.

UNDERPINNING the entire structure of the cocaine business in South America is the often neglected fact that this drug is rapidly becoming the single major trading commodity of all the Andean republics, and at a time when traditional exports are suffering heavily from the protectionism and economic depression of their Western trading partners. Of all the countries involved in the production of coca, only Peru has been fearless enough to publish its statistics, but in this case alone the figures are sufficiently dazzling to put the matter into a stark financial perspective. Approximately four million kilos of coca leaves are consumed annually by the Indians of the Peruvian Andes. Allowing also for a legal — though hardly legitimate — intake of 770,000 kilos of coca by the manufacturers of Coca-Cola. and another 66,000 for the production of cocaine for pharmaceutical purposes, one is left with a total consumption of coca which verges on the five million kilo mark. It is only necessary to compare this with the estimates of Peru's total coca harvest to understand how great has been the expansion of the world demand for illicit cocaine in the last fifty years: for from a harvest of five million kilos in 1926, the quantity rises to ten million in 1950, and to a full twenty million in 1974. This latter figure leaves a minimum of fifteen million kilos — a staggering three quarters of the total — for the extraction of illegal cocaine. Even applying an extremely conservative (0.5 per cent) estimate of the final yield of refined alkaloid, the 1974 figures would indicate the production of at least eighty thousand kilos of cocaine from the Peruvian harvest alone, worth upwards of 250 million dollars within South America itself, and at least two billion dollars on delivery in the United States.

Smuggling earnings higher than trade

The significance of these earnings can readily be underlined by a comparison with the statistics for legitimate exports in 1973, which neither in the Peruvian nor in the Colombian case greatly exceeded the billion dollar mark. The situation in neighbouring Bolivia is probably even more remarkable, for it has long been assumed that the size of the Bolivian coca harvest is rather larger than that of Peru. The only fair published assessment of Bolivia's illicit earnings through the export of cocaine put the figure at about 50 million dollars a month, which compares more than favourably with the country's rather paltry legitimate exports, whose total worth only reached 28 million dollars in 1973.

Indeed, the influx of black-market dollars to many drug producing countries has had the somewhat paradoxical effect of keeping down the official exchange rate while at the same time boosting internal inflation. Fully 564 million dollars were cashed in at the banks for Colombian *pesos* by drug dealers in the first nine months of 1976 — as against only 164 million in the same period of 1974. Unmistakably, the sheer scale of these "invisible" earnings allows many supposedly "underworld" economic groups to expand their legitimate capital holdings almost indefinitely — and often, as the Peruvian case has recently illustrated, at the expense of their own central banks and officially constituted governments, which hover characteristically on the verge of bankruptcy, and virtually at the complete mercy of the International Monetary Fund.

As a result of their newly won but unassailable financial position, it is unlikely that any of the smuggling groups should actually feel very cramped by their respective governments' attempts at control, always assuming that government and the smugglers are actually still separate organisations — an unlikely possibility, as we will attempt to demonstrate. In Colombia, for example, it has even become profitable to smuggle quite legitimate products, such as coffee, in order to avoid official taxes and bypass the inevitable bureaucratic hassles involved in dealing over — rather than under — the table. In the year ending in September, 1976, illegal exports of coffee accounted for an astounding 27 per cent of all Colombian coffee reaching the United States. The sheer quantity involved — 70,000 sacks, weighing 60 kilos each — makes a few thousand kilos of cocaine, or a few hundred tons of marijuana, seem like child's play in comparison. Even in 1976, at a time of artificially inflated world coffee prices, it was estimated that illicit earnings from cocaine alone reached three billion dollars in Colombia, as against only two billion for coffee. In such a context, to speak of a drug-trafficking "underworld" can only be seen as a deliberate act of mystification on the part of a government already compromised to the hilt.

The war-on-drugs farce

A sharing of common class interests, however, does not exclude a certain amount of armed confrontation between separate outfits vying for overall control of the entire illegal enterprise. Nor does it protect the smuggling groups from the occasional troublesome intrusion of members of the Colombian ruling classes with genuine moral scruples. The assassination of General Rincon in 1975 was one case where the drug-trafficking organisations took the law into their own hands, and a similar case has occurred more recently, in July 1977, when the same groups murdered chief of operations at the national civil aviation board in Bogota, Colonel Osiris Maldonado, and through their contacts in the media had the crime attributed to the "guerrillas", in a repetition of the smear tactics used in the Rincon case.

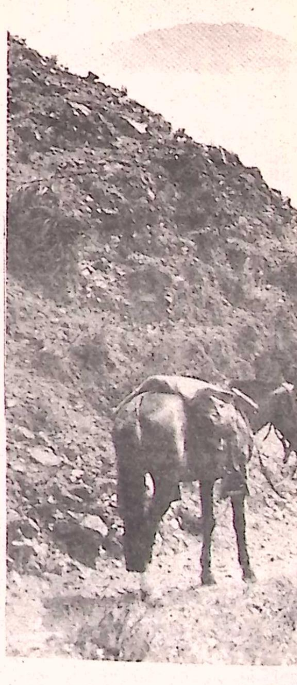
Such is the fate which awaits any investigator too keenly concerned with uncovering the specific details of the organisation of the drug business. It is not, therefore, very surprising that few such details have ever succeeded in being openly discussed in the arena of public debate. In the absence of any inside information, the precise social composition and political profile of the smuggling groups can only be analysed in terms of their economic power, a power virtually unparalleled in all the recent history of South America, and which is all the more dangerous since it operates within the context of autocracies which have always bent a more favourable and sympathetic ear to the demands of capital than to the modest aspirations of the common people. The whole elaborate farce of the war on drugs is itself part and parcel of a deliberate misrepresentation of political realities, for in stressing the threat to national institutions which is posed by the "parallel" power structures of the underworld, the orthodox view seeks only to deny what is already patently obvious — namely, that the smuggling interests have *already* prevailed, already succeeded in penetrating, corrupting and subverting the entire fabric of the state. Indeed, the very idea of a "parallel" power structure serves no other purpose than to lend credibility to the laughable notion that legitimate and illicit economic groups are still, in some sense, actually competing with each other.

In repudiating this fictional scenario, with its image of a criminal and marginalised drug-trafficking underworld, it should be stressed that in South America any industry as important as that of cocaine will inevitably tend to remain in the hands of the same political and social elite who control all the continent's other major sources. Rather than allow such a very lucrative undertaking to fall into the hands of mere petty gangsters and rebellious youths, the native oligarchy is driven to control the trade not only for the considerable pecuniary rewards, but also for straightforward motives of "national security". As the Palestinians have already demonstrated with regard to the Lebanese hashish trade, anybody with access to the sort of economic power created by illicit drug earnings could pose a truly significant threat to the already highly unsuitable equilibrium of the established order.

The truth of the situation is that no government can possibly afford to relinquish control of the drug trade, and in almost every case where broad publicity has been given to a particular instance of individual corruption, this publicity has obeyed the need to find a scapegoat, or to acquire some moral advantage over a political rival. A recent example is provided by the struggle for the Liberal nomination for the Colombian presidential elections this year. The ex-president Carlos Lleras Restrepo and his mouthpiece, the Bogota daily "El Tiempo", have dedicated considerable attention to exposing the links which their rival, Julio Cesar Turbay Ayala, maintains with the smuggling groups on the Caribbean coast. Such muck-raking, and the incidental information it provides on the organisation of the drug business, is one of the advantages of the Colombian system of old-style bandit democracy. Similar exposes are unfortunately rather less common in the more monolithic military regimes which rule the roost in the other cocaine-producing or exporting countries further south.

Institutionalised corruption

In these countries, the already beleaguered civilians have been almost completely excluded from any participation in the political process of their respective capitals, and it is the court-martial and the military high command which have themselves taken over the definition of legality in the drug business. Institutionalised corruption has become the very *modus operandi* of the authoritarian state, with the simple result that scandals are restricted to discussion only within the general staff and are seldom, if ever, ventilated in public at all. In Lima, rumours regarding this or that general's participation *in the cocaine trade* are common currency in the polite salons of San Isidro or Miraflores, but hardly ever do these rumours appear in the press, and nobody with a concern for his own health and safety would ever dare investigate the accusations in any detail. Nobody ever bothers to point out one obvious fact: that the legal precedent for a military take-over of the cocaine business was already enshrined in Decreto-



Ley number 11046, the decree which set up the state coca monopoly on June 13, 1949. The military junta of the time — led by General Orria — clearly specified that all the profits of the coca monopoly, under the terms of article 6 of the decree, were to be applied exclusively to "the construction and maintenance of military barracks". It is small wonder, therefore, that Peru seldom makes the headlines with anything like the impact that its crucial role in the cocaine business would seem to justify.

Paraguay

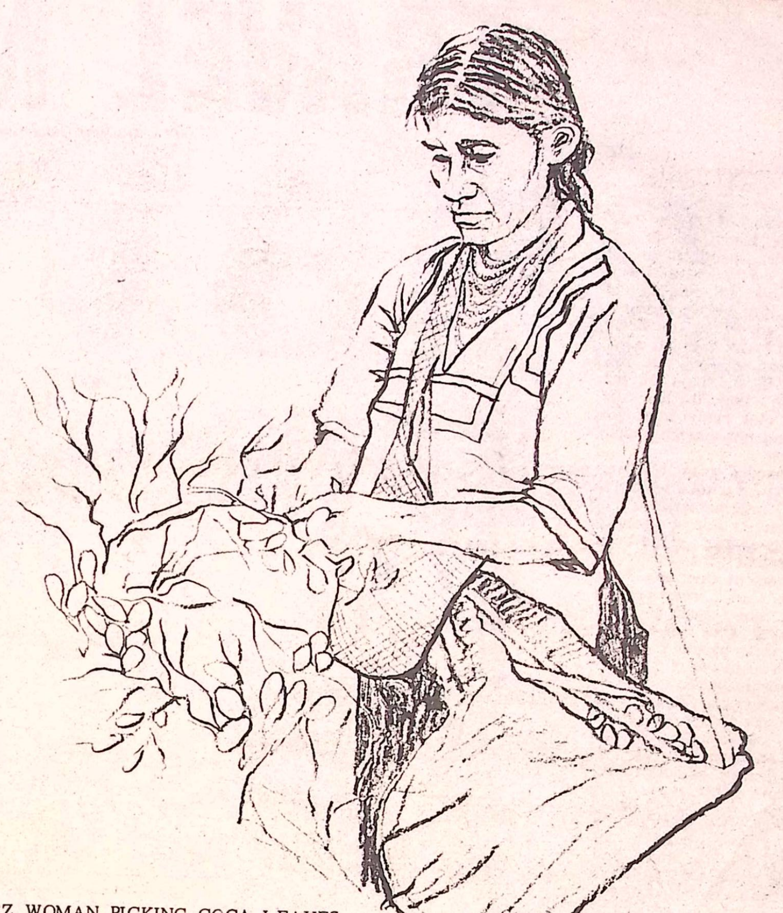
Something of a similar conspiracy of silence also operates within the dictatorship exercised by General Stroessner in Paraguay, a country which — although it produces little cocaine of its own — is virtually the continental crossroads for all forms of illicit commerce. Contraband is here the major industry, a national institution, and its control is divided between Stroessner himself and General Andres Rodriguez, the commander of the cavalry barracks in Asuncion. Disgusted with American exposures of his smuggling empire, this latter figure even allowed himself the luxury of snubbing General Willian B. Rosson, commander-in-chief of US Forces in Central and South America, refusing him entry to the cavalry barracks in Asuncion in August, 1974, when the American was in Paraguay on an official visit. The *gringo* general left the country three days ahead of schedule, reputedly incensed at the off-hand treatment he had received from the smuggling king. Closing their ranks against the common external threat, Stroessner and Rodriguez decided to put an end to the conflicts and competition between their respective organisations. In April, 1977, Stroessner's son married Rodriguez's daughter, thus cementing a single monopoly over the entire smuggling operation in Paraguay. A humourous touch was given to the proceedings by the fact the president's son, Hugo Stroessner, was at that time in Madrid trying to kick an unfortunate drug addiction, and the wedding had to be postponed until he returned. A delicious, surreptitious titter spread through the embassy drawingrooms in Asuncion. . . .

Chile

In the case of many other countries, one must usually wait for changes of government before being able to uncover a retrospective view of events. The Chilean example is partially enlightening in this respect, as a very different type of coverage was given by the bourgeois media to the frankly dubious evidence of drug trafficking by members of Allende's Unidad Popular administration, and to the much more concrete examples of racketeering by the subsequent neo-fascist junta of General Pinochet. In July, 1974, the Colombian conservative press dedicated a good deal of space to a report from Washington which quoted a Chilean Embassy official as claiming before a US Congressional committee that Allende had financed his election campaign with money made in the cocaine business. Other than accusing Allende of being a moderate user himself, the source also cited cases where his police had refused to co-operate with Interpol when Chilean couriers had been intercepted abroad with shipments of cocaine.

Given Allende's quite legitimate suspicion of foreign security organisations, these revelations were not in themselves terribly astounding, nor were they backed backed up by concrete evidence of the president's own direct involvement. Indeed, the most significant aspect of the case was that although the accusations had been made in Congress in May, they were only deemed worthy of release to the public precisely during this first week in July. The root cause of this was not difficult to ascertain. Three days previously, the press had reported what must have been one of the biggest and most embarrassing diplomatic busts of all time. The victims on this occasion had not been members of Allende's entourage, but rather, a number of diplomats and military attaches working in the Chilean embassy in Washington, this being by now almost a year since the puppet regime had taken power in Chile.

The quantity involved — no less than 162 pounds — was sufficiently large to warrant a number of categorical denials and shamefaced dismissals on the part of the Chilean junta. The United States gave their new political allies an opening to save face.



PAEZ WOMAN PICKING COCA LEAVES.

and the chief narcotic supervisor, John Bartels, and the Chilean ambassador made a joint statement denouncing the fact that diplomatic bags and military planes had been used to smuggle huge amounts of cocaine from Chile to the United States. Needless to say, the matter was quickly dropped by the media, the flimsy accusations against Allende were correspondingly widely publicised, and by the end of 1974 the American narcs were claiming that the flow of cocaine from Chile had been reduced to a small trickle. Considering how many brazen lies the US Government were then perpetuating with regard to recent events in that unhappy republic, their claim could only be considered of dubious merit, to say the least.

Argentina

It is, however, from neighbouring Argentina that the most astounding revelations of high-level involvement in the cocaine business have been forthcoming — not, admittedly, with regard to the highly paranoid, super-secretive present military rulers, but to the equally sanguinary thugs and gangsters who predominated in the latter period of Isabel Peron's presidency. The story was exposed by military intelligence in the lead up to the coup of 1976, and involved a number of leading figures on the right wing of the Peronista movement, including the infamous minister of social welfare, Lopez Rega, the foreign minister, Alberto Vignes, and a host of secondary figures such as minister Raul Lastiri, senator Cornejo Linares, the director of the "El Tribuno" newspaper, Roberto Romero, and the commander of the military "intervention" in the provincial administration of Cordoba, Colonel Raul Lacabanne.

Operating a series of well-equipped cocaine laboratories near Salta, on the Bolivian border, these figures controlled a wide-ranging network which made use of the Federal Police for internal distribution within the country, and the cover of the diplomatic service for the consolidation of a safe route for exports. In a seemingly labyrinthine web of intrigue and corruption, federal authority was used to silence the troublesome and inquisitive provincial legislature in Salta, members of the local judiciary were scared off by machine gun attacks, and eventually one faction of the Armed Forces themselves were enticed into taking a piece of the action. It would not, in fact, be unfair to suggest that the fall of Lopez Rega and Isabel Peron may well have been occasioned — among other things — by the same type of military take-over of the cocaine business which has already been suggested for most of the other countries with access to the Andean coca harvest.

The influence of the consumer market

It is very easy, when confronted by the almost unbelievable extent of cocaine - inspired corruption within the South American political process, to imagine that the whole set-up is somehow part of an alien tradition — as pathetic and idiosyncratic as the continent's historic propensity for palace revolutions and blood-soaked military coups. To fall back on such stereotypes, however, only serves to obscure the fact that the militarisation of the 1970s is quantitively and qualitatively different to all previous manifestations of the same spirit. For it heralds not just another temporary hiatus in the political life of the people, not just another passing interval of what has been fondly described as "stabilisation", but rather, must be seen as the last ditch stand of a class determined to defend its privileges to the last bullet and the last torture chamber. The rapidly accumulating crisis of industrial capitalism, the stiffening resolve of all genuinely revolutionary and progressive forces, and the gathering impetus of a war of liberation which stands poised to spread from Africa and Asia into the very belly of America itself — all these are factors which distinguish the present context from that of twenty or even ten years ago. The oligarchy may have succeeded in defeating the mass movements of the 1960s, in scoring a tactical victory over the armed vanguards of one generation, but it has done so at the expense of a complete loss of political legitimacy and public credibility. As a result, the dominant classes have been cornered, forced into a permanent state of siege — their policies of brutal internal repression being mirrored in the economic field by a weak-kneed capitulation to the interests of imperialism, by an object surrender of national resources to the voracious consumer needs of the overdeveloped industrial nations. In South America today, literally everything is for sale.

It is within this context of impotent dependence on external markets and foreign creditors that the rise of the military-dominated cocaine business must be seen. True, it is only the latest in a series of depredations which have included at different times virtually all the mineral and agricultural resources of the continent, but it is a particularly clear example of the process of neo-colonial pillage, and all the more alarming since it operates under the protective cloak of illegality. It is important to stress that the entire organisation as it stands today — with its cast of vicious generals and two-faced politicians — has not been produced as the result of any indigenous evolution of the coca and cocaine business, but quite on the contrary, depends for its very life-blood on its market, the well-heeled cocaine users of Europe and North America. A few years ago many of these people probably imagined — and with some reason, for it was largely true — that they and their purchases were supporting a rather romantic bunch of smugglers and latter-day pirates, the last exponents of a vigorous tradition of entrepreneurial capitalism. In the present context such an attitude is plainly no longer tolerable, for it betrays a profound ignorance and irresponsibility, as well as contributing directly to the maintenance of a society in which fellow drug users are themselves victimised, and drug producers are subject to some of the most savage regimes in their entire history.

Antonil is the author of Mama Coca, a searing indictment of the monopolisation of the cocaine traffic by the reactionary security forces and a passionate defence of the habit of chewing coca leaves in their natural state. Available from: Practical Paradise Publications, 2 Hill Cottages, Aldringham, nr. Leiston, Suffolk, England.

AN ANDEAN VALLEY.

TRAVEL NOTES

Contributions welcome.

A CAMEL TEAM, WITH WOOL, JUST ARRIVED AT CARNARVON, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The horse tied to back of wagon is ridden by the teamster, and is also used to muster the team after hobbling them out at night.

Amsterdam

NO cars! There is a strong movement for keeping cars away from A'dam. Their plans are to get 10,000 bicycles, paint them all white and let everybody use them. If you see a bike standing around just jump on it and drive to where you want to go. When you finish your ride just leave it so that other people can use it. They had this thing going in the days of the PROVOS in 1968/70 but the trouble was that many bikes got ripped off and not enough people repaired them.

People travelled from all over Europe to rip off a nice white bicycle. Now Amsterdamers are trying to get money out of the city council to try again . . . and keep it going this time.

At the moment they also have five "White Cars", described as being silent, slow, small and collectively owned. They run on electricity and their batteries can be recharged. You pay £5 for a lifelong membership in the coop, another £5 for the car key and you can use the vehicles when ever you want. They were designed by Luts Schimmelpeniak, who can be reached at Oude Zydsachterburgwal 125, Amsterdam.

THE building of the underground has caused a deep wound in the heart of Amsterdam. More and more people are forced to leave the old neighbourhoods for the new towns. Because of the political mess, the bureacratic inertia and the apathy of the mass of the people, a lot of citizens have become more conscious of the violence of town planning.

The dope scene seems to have changed a bit. It's still possible to smoke your joint in trains, cafes or parks but scoring it is more difficult like the Melkweg or the Paradiso between 8-10 at night. Whereas it used to be possible at any time. Don't ever buy on the Streets! Most of the street dealers are rip-offs and getting heavier — knives and stuff.

Be careful when buying magic mushrooms — some of them are just plain mushrooms spiked with acid. Nice trip but much more expensive than buying acid.

Apparently some people in Amsterdam want to open an Amsterdam office for Bit, anyone interested should write to Box 201 c/o Ins and Outs, NZ Voorburgwal 103, Amsterdam. Tel. 228884. Ins and Outs is a new English language monthly magazine into it's second issue and full of interesting material about what's happening in Amsterdam, events, short stories and poetry, teachers and much more put together by some ex-"IT" people. If you read the second issue, one of the things they lay on you is an advance festival tip — Grateful Dead at the Great Pyramid in Giza, Egypt, 16-17 September.

Someone says that in the Amsterdam Flower Market you can buy young marijuana plants for 5 guilder (about £1).

Paris

ALTHOUGH property speculators want to rip it down, "Le 46", an old house surrounded by large cement tower-blocks has been recommended to us as a place worth visiting. The people there say they are doing okay despite a winter that was sometimes cold and difficult. Apart from being a general hang-out place with a cafe and a place to crash for visitors it's also a meeting place for a prisoners action group, a women's group, a conscientious objectors group (everyone gets drafted in France) and a group of people with disabilities. Various wandering minstrels and musicians also frequent the place. It's at 46 rue du Pre St. Gervais 19 eme arrondissement, Paris.

Another squat in Paris at the moment is the "Moulin des Trois Cornets" which was occupied last October to prevent its demolition. Recently the municipal council decided not to destroy it after all so the occupation was successful. There are about 40 people living there.

Denmark

IN the north of Denmark, on 100 acres of agricultural land, live 50 adults and 15 children in an open experimental community. The land was purchased in 1970 by a nation-wide association called "The New Society" to use as a site for a permanent collective and for a large summer festival every year.

People from all over Scandinavia and Europe have constructed living structures on this land but, because they have not followed the building laws, the police and governmental bodies have waged war against the collective for the last five years.

In September 1977 the Danish courts ordered the collective to tear down 9 of their living structures and pay a fine of 150 Danish Kroner every day until all the structures were removed.

Since January 1978 the collective has paid 4,500 Danish Kroner every month because they continue to live in the homes they have built themselves.

After several months dealing with the authorities the collective has now received permission to stay on the land but must remove all the structures stated in the legal decision except two — one used in housing animals and another which is a 20 meter high, art and living structure. So the collective is now involved in rebuilding new places to live and have made use of a lot of movable caravans to make the fight with the government easier. If you're going that way the "Kollektivet Nordlyset" is at GL. Aalbergvej 16 7741 Frostrup, Denmark.

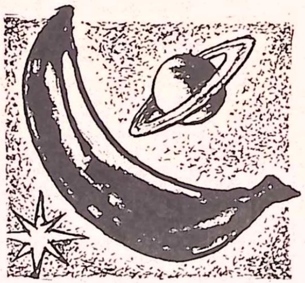
Sweden

THE women's movement is slowly resurfacing after the shock they got from the rejection of the abortion law. A new information and help centre for women has opened in Olten and in Basel a new centre called Frauenzimmer does more or less the same. — *Eva.*

Yugoslavia

THE city of Ljubljana has had an interesting year due to a lot of activity mainly by students whose aim is to "transform the whole universe into one big sweet banana". So far about 60 people have hit the city centre on their bicycles in the middle of the rush hour — the centre is reserved only for cars — bicycles are prohibited. Afterwards they presented a petition to the authorities without success. A lot of people participated in painting and decorating a street in the centre. There was a squat . . . the house was held for two weeks.

Out of these actions a group has formed to inform and get inform on different alternatives — it is called the Section for information on alternatives in the use of spaces.



Switzerland

THE terrorist panic has had strong repercussions here — Switzerland is the cheese in the sandwich between Germany and Italy. The Government is planning to set up a special police army corp even though the people have already voted once against the idea. The government says it is to be used against terrorism, and it has already been used once — against (yes, you've guessed it) an anti-nuclear demonstration.

Meanwhile one man in Switzerland who is well ahead in the fight against "subversives" is a certain Mr. Cincers, the nice guy who for years has been operating a special archive on anyone left of the Liberal Party. People who publicised his activities, and the fact that he has broken several laws concerning military and banking security (they proved he was working on the Army computer illegally) have recently been prosecuted and fined 100,000 Swiss Francs. Mr. Cincers is still running free.

Germany

THE general situation in Germany these days is a mixture of confusion, fear and the will to do something against the open fascism of the SPD and the police.

Whether it's the anti-nuclear energy movement, the street-theatre groups, marches against the German National Front, squatting houses or just having a good time in the parks or on streets there are always Police around.

The new 3rd Reich is here and it's on now, so better leave your "Atomic Power No Thanks" badge at home, and never say that Baader, Raspe & Ensslin might have been murdered in prison — otherwise we have to take you to the police station and show you the truth — too bad if you slipped and fall down the stairs.

German prisons are almost as bad as British jails, especially if you're in for a political crime, which can mean anything from printing newspapers to demonstrating against nuclear energy.

Political prisoners are alone in their cells, completely isolated, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, 23 hours a day, seven days a week, some for 10 or more years.

They can't see their lawyers and have to speak to visitors through a wall of thick glass once a month for 30 minutes. Some of them have freaked out in their cells, feeling like they have been on an acid trip, they have visions, can't speak and completely lose touch with the outside world.

HITCHHIKING

QUITE easy on motorways. Police may bust you when you're standing behind the blue motorway sign or walking across the motorway. Make sure not to get stuck on motorway intersections for they can really be a bummer, especially around Frankfurt. Leave the car at service stations and ask drivers where they are going.

HAMBURG

IF you have a chance, maybe some time while your waiting for a train you might go to the "Peace Food" which is 10 minutes walk from the central station. Nice quiet place for having a cup of tea and smoking a joint. They also run a food shop, restaurant and cheap hotel. They're at Schmilinsky str. 22. Tel: 280 3478.

VLOTHO FREE FESTIVAL

THE one and only free festival in Germany, it's near Hannover or Minden in north east Germany on the last weekend in August for three days. It's quite a big thing with about 30,000 people last year and it's worth going if you're into listening to music.

The organisation people cover their costs by putting out an album recorded during the festival.

Now you hippies — when you're used to anarchic-chaotic bring-what-you-hope-to-find delights like Stonehenge Free Festival or Glastonbury Tor, well scenes in Germany are quite different like it's forbidden to light campfires and Free Food Kitchens had to close down because the organisers felt that people should buy food from their stalls to make sure of their profit. Also last year the place was covered with beerbottles and many alcoholics looning around.

BERLIN

WE have just received a new alternative guide to Berlin which is worth getting if you're planning to visit Berlin. It's called "Stattbuch" and has, in 555 pages, thousands of addresses, — like the Georg von Rauch Haus, named after a German anarchist who was shot by the police in '71. Two days later 300 people moved into the house to protest and ever since then it's been a people's house. having many hassles with the cops but still going on and on. It's at Mariannenplatz 1-3, 1 Berlin 36.

The Thamos Weissbecker Haus, Wichelmstr 9 I Berlin 61 is a similar place. Both should offer you a place to sleep for a night somewhere.

There's a lift exchange centre called "Die Linde" on Dresdener Str. 125, I Berlin 36 Tel: "Lifts offered" 614 3033; "Lifts wanted" 614 3034. General info 614 3031.

There's a recommended whole-food restaurant at Koburger Str. 5, I Berlin 62 and a women's centre on Stresemannstr. 40, I Berlin 61. Tel: 251 0912. The gay centre is on Rulmer Str. 20a, 1 Berlin 30. And much more.

HANOVER

THERE'S an information centre called Alternative Cooperation which has thousands of addresses of all kinds of alternatives in Germany. Write if you want to know something in particular — they're at Limmerstr. 63. 3000 Hanover 31.

UGANDA

CROSSED into Uganda from Kenya in the morning — police check and search. No passport stamping. Hitched up to Masaka and got a mini-bus for 50/- to Kampala. Kampala accommodation is 40/- for a dormitory near the Stadium if you can get it, 80/- is more normal.

Blackmarket is everywhere. 25/- to the US $ and 45/- to the £ — average.

I kicked a guy's car as he tried to run me down at some traffic lights so he carted me off to the cops where I spent a couple of nights (free). The cops were friendly and as good as told the guy that he's asked to have his car kicked.

I think they would let you sleep there if you got stuck. Anyway, they were much more worried about my not having a visa or an entry stamp than about the car. Neither the British nor the Australians need visas, but finally they got round to reading the front of my passport.

Met a guy in the cells who's been there for nine months without charge, statement or trial. I left him a copy of Leon Uris's "Trinity" to keep him occupied.

Another guy had been there for a month. When they investigated his file they found a piece of paper saying he was supposed to have come out after seven days. Ho hum.

free radio

free air ~ free air waves

ENGLAND

ONE of the main free radio bands is the 48 metre European Short Wave band, which is currently heavily populated with Sunday pirate stations.

Skyport Radio, on 6260khz, have been a regular operator since 1971. They broadcast progressive album music from Surrey with 15 watts. Programming is very professional, their address is 134 Eastworth Road, Chertsey, Surrey.

FRBC, the Free Radio Broadcasting Company, have been transmitting under that name for just a few months on 6215khz. Previous names include Radio Vicky, Radio Sovereign International, etc. They use a 700 watt transmitter from Shropshire/Leicestershire area, although their address is PO Box 41, Dedemsvaart, Holland. FRBC's signal has recently been causing severe interference to other 48m band stations.

Radio Zodiac International broadcast from Sussex on 6270khz with 17 watts, but manage to cover the whole of the UK and have been heard in arts of Europe. They transmit pop. punk and album music. RZI can be contacted at 13 The Chase. Crawley, Sussex.

Radio Mercury International were testing throughout February and March on 6220khz using various powers. Address is PO Box 41, Dedemsvaart, Holland, although they broadcast from South-East England.

Sadio Sunshine International transmit on 235khz from London and their programmes are pop music and are very good. They use an address in Nottinghamshire: Kent Place, Norwell, Newark, Notts.

One of the most professional Sunday morning / afternoon stations is **European Music Radio**. EMR transmit on 6265khz and programming includes oldies, chart pop, DX/Free Radio news, letters and foreign shows. They use the same address as Radio Sunshine International. EMR broadcast from London and times are Sundays 10.00 to 13.00.

Radio Atlantis started test transmissions during January, continuing through Feb., March and April. Scheduled broadcasts were planned for June and July, but they were raided by the authorities on June 23. A transmitter, crystal, letters and magazines were confiscated by two officials. Radio Atlantis hope to obtain a new transmitter and get back on the air. Atlantis broadcasts album music on 6255khz from 11 a.m.-2 p.m. with 20 watts from somewhere in the Midlands. They use the same address as EMR and RSI.

The Skull & Bones Radio System transmit from Southern Ireland on 6220khz occasionally. Reception is usually poor in the UK. Their address is 13 The Chase. Crawley. Sussex, England.

These are just some of the many Sunday radio stations which can be heard in the UK. Most stations operate from in or around London/ South East England.

All these stations are highly illegal as they have no licence to transmit and cannot be granted one. They operate for a few hours on Sundays and run the risk of being traced, caught and fined for illegal broadcasting. If caught, they can be fined up to £400 and/or up to three months in prison.

Most stations broadcast prerecorded programmes, usually recorded earlier in the week. The station staff stand guard at the transmitter site whilst the station is on the air.

Stations using mailing addresses which forward the mail onto their proper address. Many stations' programming is often more professional than commercial or BBC radio.

As well as the 48 metre band, short wave pirate stations also can be found on the 41 metre band.

Sunday stations are also on Medium wave: Radio Jackie, 227m; West London Radio, 199m; North London Radio, 221/225m; East London Radio, 201m.

Also there are several VHF/FM stations such as Radio Invicta, Radio Telstar South, Radio Free London and Thameside Radio.

6200 — Radio Atlantis testing.
6205 — Radio Iris.
6215 — Free Radio Broadcasting Company.
6217 — Radio 49.
6220 — Radio Mercury/SBRS.
6225 — Radio Viking testing.
6230 — SBRS.
6235 — Radio Sunshine International.
6240 — Radio Viking.
6245 — Radio Verona testing.
6250 — Radio Cortair.
6255 — Radio Atlantis (temp. off-air).
6260 — Skyport Radio.
6265 — European Music Radio.
6270 — Radio Zodiac International.
6275 — Big D / Westside Radio.
6280 — Radio Solent City (temp. off-air).

More news on VHF and MW and SW stations next month.

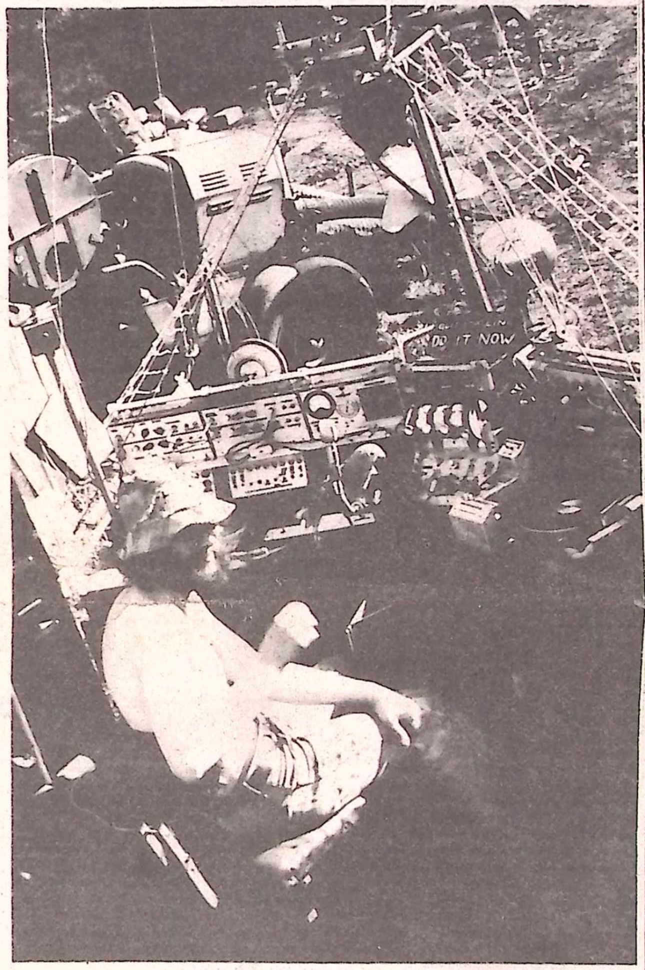
Listing provided by "Alternative Voice" available from NFRM, 7 Woodside Grove, Hartburn, Stockton-on-Tees, Cleveland. 35p.

DUBLIN

THANKS for a rather interesting loophole in Eire's laws on broadcasting, several pirate radio stations have been able to operate in Dublin quite openly without prosecution.

The big breakthrough came last summer when there was an attempt to bring action against Radio Dublin for illegal broadcasting. Radio Dublin found that in order to escape the law all they had to do was make a fairly simple technical alteration to their equipment, making their transmitters into "amplifiers". As long as this modification is made before the authorities arrive, they cannot be charged.

So now the pirates operate with some useful alarm systems which enable them to have time to make the technical alterations to the gear before the authorities can actually get at them.



The Caroline Road Show in "Action"

What is interesting now is that quite a lot of public support is now behind the pirates, existing, as they do, in a region which has been ignored (like so many others in Britain) as far as community broadcasting is concerned.

The pirates represent varying standpoints, yet they do, together, stand for a rebellion against the current monopoly on broadcasting. And their status is further reflected by the numbers of listeners they have secured.

Forced into a corner the Irish Government is currently hoping to get its own Radio Dublin going, before closing the legal loop-hole. A related sop to the people in Dublin who are now very clearly "voting with their feet" as far as conventional public broadcasting is concerned.

Source: *Comcon.*

Radio Dublin — 253 metres, 08.00 to 03.00 hours daily;
Alternative Radio Dublin — 257 metres, 07.00 to 02.00 hours daily;
Big D Radio — 273 metres, 24 hours per day, every day. **(FRC Show Sun mornings);**
Capitol Radio (Dublin) — 227 metres, 09.00 to 02.00 hours daily;
Downtown Radio Dublin — 195 (+259) mts, 12.00 to 24.00 hours daily;
Radio Dundalk — 220 metres, 08.00 to 24.00 hours daily;
Radio Carousel (Dundalk) — 265 metres, 08.00 to 24.00 hours daily;
Radio Cill Dara — 270 metres, 10.00 to 18.00 Sundays;
Cork Broadcasting Company — 230 metres, 08.00 to 20.00 hours daily;
Cork City Radio — 199 metres, 07.00 to 21.00 hours daily;
Atlantic Radio (Galway) — 300 metres, 13.30 to 18.00 hours Saturdays and Sundays;
Independent Radio Galway — No details available as yet;
Radio Valleri — 6202 kiloHertz 10.00 to 13.00 hours Sundays;
Westside Radio — 6280 kiloHertz 10.00 to 13.00 hours Sundays (carries FRC Show);
Radio Condor — 6317 kiloHertz 10.00 to 13.00 hours Sundays (carries FRC Show);
Waterford Local Radio — No details available as yet;
Radio Southside (Dublin) — 12.00 to 18.00 Saturday 14.00 to 18.00 Sunday (102 MHz) FM.

Listing compiled by K. Murray and provided by "Sounds Alternative", FRC-Ireland, 53 Charleston Road, Dublin 6, Ireland. 25p.

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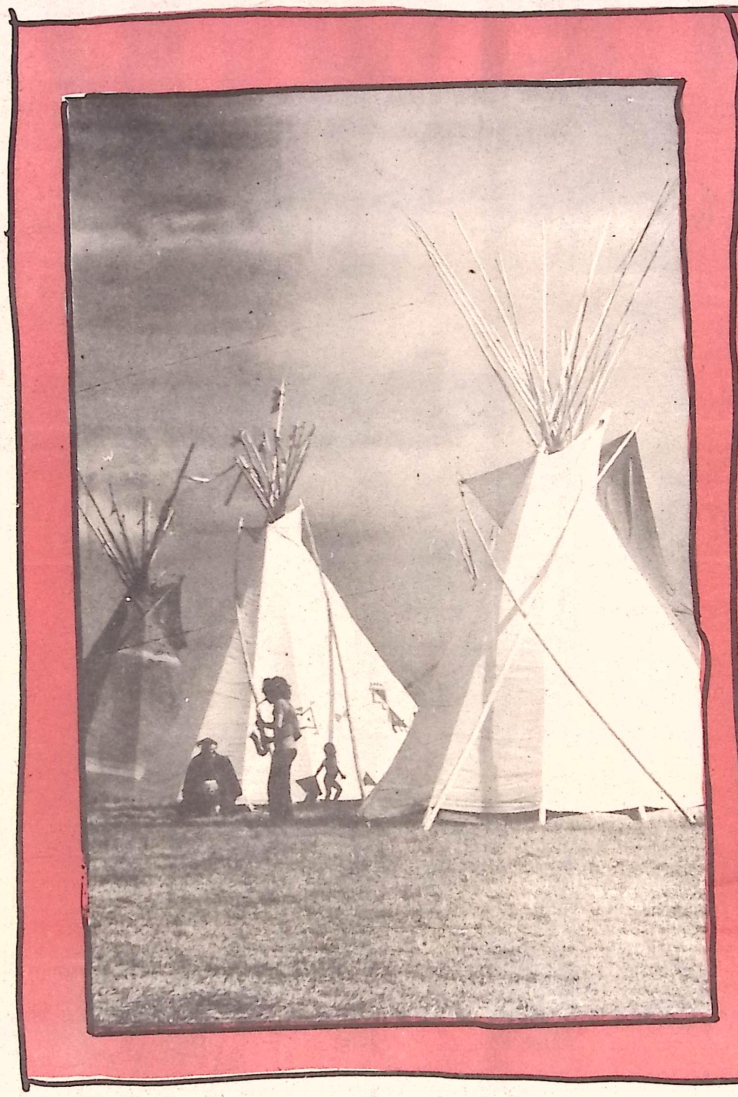
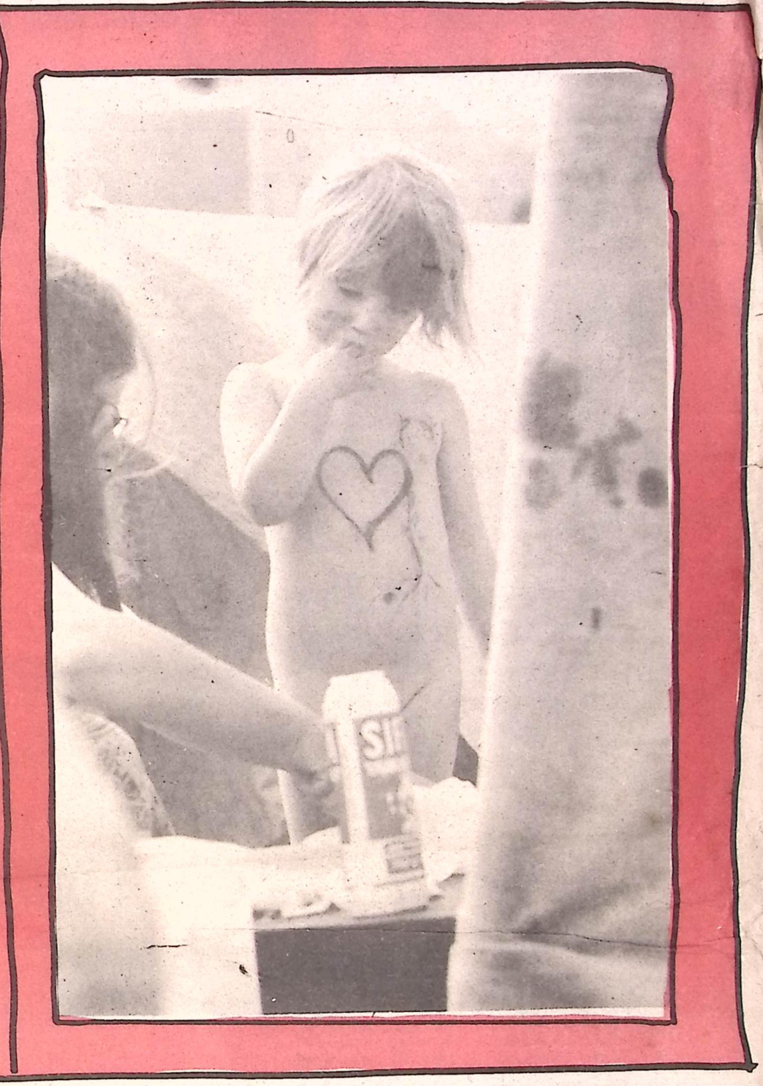
FREE FESTIVALS





GLASTONBURY — It was decided by certain people after the legendary Glastonbury Fair of 1971 to hold a festival there every seven years (though last year on the 7th of the seventh month, 1977, a festival happened because no one could resist the numerology of the date).

But 1978 was the seventh year (if you believe in numbers) so this year's festival was intended to be a superbly organised affair with a budget of thousands, bands brought over from the States specially and every conceivable added extra, cost to be recouped from the proceeds of a film and a record. (The double album made at the last festival is rumoured to be fetching $100 a copy in America now.)

Unfortunately no way could anyone raise the money, and so when the rabble army of floating anarchy, tipis and vehicles of every conceivable shape and size, colour and state of repair lifted off from Stonehenge destined for Glastonbury there was no site arranged, nor anything else. A series of skirmishes with the Police Force at Glastonbury (in league with the cows, some say) saw the people beaten off one place and barred from everywhere except Michael's, the most friendly farmer, friend of the people and owner of the 1971 site.

So that's where it was, at Michael's "Worthy Farm", with an amazing view of the Tor at the other end of the valley. It rained almost all the time but noone seemed to mind. A pyramid stage arrived, thanks, I believe, to Nick Turner and friends, and the music to come out of it was the best I've heard at a festival for a long time.

It's surprising how quickly you can become at ease in mud.

And it's surprising that so many people still don't know how to shit in the country (you dig a hole). There was a plague of feeling very sick but the word soon came that eating raw onions and drinking bay leaf tea was a cure. It certainly worked for me.

The high point of the whole festival was when a ferocious storm hit us very suddenly in our encampment on the hill, with huge bursts of thunder right overhead, lightening and torrential rain such that if you believed in the wrath of the gods you'd think the end was nigh for sure. Lightening even struck the Pyramid and wiped out the electrics for a while.

I was sitting in the BIT tent at the time, a billowing yellow plastic affair full of people; someone said, "Look, the sun's shining" (for the first time) and it was, really bright, and blue sky, while the rain continued to pour down, and a vast rainbow appeared over us with a second one alongside. Well, there we were in Glastonbury and you couldn't *not* believe in magic after that. Everyone piled out of their various shelters marvelling and exclaiming to each other. The whole camp was filled with an incredible feeling of communal joy like you get on a sailing ship of old, and land is sighted after a long voyage, everyone smiling and feeling like maybe they want to hug each other.

A LOT of people thought this event heralded a change of weather but the rain soon came back, and the field became a mud bath for real, but if you rid your mind of hang-ups to do with mud being dirty it soon becomes bearable. Mud, in case you don't know, is the best soap there is and it's used as such more than you think.

Michael was really very cool, all things considered. He was caught up between the local people and the cops on one hand and us on the other with the ecology of the area in the balance — wood was running out, the people were shitting everywhere and so he started hustling to leave. The people who had arrived first had promised to leave in a week but there were still people a·riving

In the end the festival split up in a dozen different directions, including at least three alternative sites, confirming the cops' worst dreams. I heard of one group, some of the tipis and about 150 people, set off in a caravan for some place in the hills, but somehow when they got there the cops had already worked out where they were headed — there must have been an informer — for there parked across the entrance was a police Land Rover which refused to move. By this time it was late so the caravan of cars, buses and trucks lined up along the road and went to sleep. When they woke up the police were still there. So, at about six in the morning, there was a little council of war huddled around in the mist and they decide to rush the police. About 50 or so people simply surrounded the Land Rover and shoved it to one side with the five or so cops still inside, bleary eyed, hopelessly outnumbered and helpless. The caravan of vehicles then drove through the gate and the field was taken. The Land Rover drove away at some speed. So the tents started to go up, tea was brewed, joints were rolled, but suddenly about 60 cops in full riot gear arrived and began to advance on the settlement. It looked like battle, women and children to the rear, etc., but luckily a parley was arranged, which ended with the withdrawal of the police.

DEEPLY Vale is in full swing as we get this down. Someone rang to say it is an amazing site, three lakes plus drinking water, Steve Hillage, the Buzzcocks, a really big stage, friendly locals, no busts so far (though police searching at service stations), plenty of free food, altogether fantastic. Lucky people.

August 4-13 — Stoneleigh, Nr. Warwick.
August 5-7 — Phoenix Park, Dublin (Ubi says this is a preparation for Windsor).
August 5-6 — Bristol Community Free Festival — we hear the Crystal theatre will be there and they are really good. This festival was great last year, lots of positive things.
August 17-20 — Rivington Pike, Chinese Gardens, Chorley, Lancs. Same place as last year; another nice one.
August 12-13 — Second Polgooth, St. Austel, Cornwall. Foot's Barn Theatre and lots of bands. Even a "Kids' Fun Factory" and a bakery on site.
August 19 — Knebworth. Rumour has it that 30,000 got in free at the last one.
August 25-28 — Bath.
August X Megan? — No. It is *not* happening. Anyone wanting to engage in battle with the local farmers and even with the local freaks can go, but more peaceful folk should try to discover when the local freaks are having their own small, almost private, affair, which they don't publicise because otherwise there is so much hassle. (Well, that's what they asked us to say and they mean it.)
August 1 — BIT's Festival: Who knows?
August 26-28 — Windsor. Windsor is a good place to spend a couple of days and something is sure, really sure, to happen.
September 8 — Cambrian Psylocybe Festival.
September 10 — Smokey Bears' Picnic, Hyde Park, 2 p.m. (10,000 turned up to the last one. Much excitement.)

Extra information closer to the dates of each festival can be obtained from BIT, 97a Talbot Road, London W11. 01-229 8219/0 **24 hours a day, seven days a week.**

T/SOR/43/1/6

John 424-0992
A. Reid 332-0735
J. Ross 344-1048

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97a Talbot Road
Notting Hill Gate
London W11

WINDSOR'S OFF WHAT NEXT?

The Editors
"INTERNATIONAL TIMES"
SISTERS and Brothers,

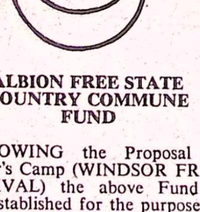
We have suffered a serious defeat this year in the prevention of the Windsor Free Festival. And it is only right to recall that this event, started in 1972, was part of a great Vision which promised a new world. That Promise is true and it remains to us to find the ways and means to fulfil it.

At Caesar's Camp — whether this year's festival was diverted — the proposal was made that we work to procure a site in the country. Since then and in view of our movement's profound involvement in the environment this move now embraces, additionally, communal and agricultural features. It is called the Albion Free State Country Commune Fund, details for which are set out elsewhere in this paper.

There has been some mention in the daily press of the Universal Church of Love. To me Church, as in the original, means People so the words can also be rendered World of Love. What is important is that we acknowledge we are deprived of the means of victory and despair takes over from that invincible hope which is our natural inheritance. I have promised to organise a Pilgrimage to Virginia Water on the August bank holiday Sunday next year and would expect this to be continued annually until such time as the Windsor Free Festival is re-instituted. I shall be back in England by 1 May and welcome hearing from all those faithful to the Commune, the cause for the festival and our movement. The address is as above or, alternatively, BM — Circle, London WC1V 6XX. Yours for Life, UBI by the Grace of Love.

ADDENDUM: For those of your readers who are interested in theology the five founding principles of the Universal Church of Love are:
1. LOVE IS THE HIGHEST.
2. We are all One (in that the Seed of Love is sown in everyone).
3. Work to Live in COMMUNES.
4. Love's Temple is the Mind.
5. Love's Home is in the Hearts of People.

3 Gowrie Park
Dun Laoghaire
S. Ireland
UBI



ALBION FREE STATE COUNTRY COMMUNE FUND

FOLLOWING the Proposal at Caesar's Camp (WINDSOR FREE FESTIVAL) the above Fund is now established for the purpose of securing suitable land in the country to serve as a farm festival site and training ground for living in communes.

The Trustees for this Fund are: Heathcote Williams; David Waterfield; Max Handley; Chris Sanders. No money shall be withdrawn from the Fund except to purchase the land and with the consent of the Trustees who shall operate a joint bank account for the purpose.

A very considerable amount of money is required for this Project and you should give as generously as possible. David Waterfield and UBI have both pledged £100.00 each as a start. As the latter's occupation and income is that of hospital assistant this should serve as a guideline of what you might give — about two week's income. The Annual General Meeting, at which the Trustees may be re-elected or fresh ones chosen, shall be held at Virginia Water in Windsor Great Park on the Sunday of the August bank holiday.

All comments and suggestions to: Albion Free State Trust c/o "International Times" 14A James Street London WC2.

Legalise Lash-back

DEAR "IT" — Hiding under the guise of the fabulous Smokey Bears' legal officer "IT's" correspondent chose to take a muddled swipe at The Legalise Cannabis Campaign in their review of "A guide to growing Marijuana in the British Isles." Nothing was offered as an alternative to legal change apart from understanding cannabis' "vegetable divinity" and the comment that "if they (the police) choose to spend their lives in this spiritually empty and time-wasting manner, who are we to interfere with their simple pleasures?" Workers on the LCC have seen too many brothers and sisters imprisoned, hassled and persecuted under the Misuse of Drugs Act because of their skin colour, appearance or political/sexual preferences to remain quite so detached and callous about the law's effects.

The LCC is going to see cannabis' illegality abolished. To do this we will play the law-makers' middle class games, because without those games, amongst other methods, nothing will change. Middle class may be a cult dirty word, but this is our analysis of the last ten years' frustrations in cannabis law reform.

However, to go on to accuse us, as you do, of working to take the heat off "us" and onto "them" is insulting beyond the bounds of trying to stir controversy, and betrays the authors' ignorance of what the LCC actually does and who we involve. It is no coincidence that the last 2 LCC benefits have been played by reggae bands, ASWAD and Merger, aware as they are that black youths are pulled out of bus-queues sometimes on "sus" of nicking the mythical ladies' hand-bags, sometimes on suspicion of cannabis possession. We say in our pamphlet that the law is often used in a discriminatory way, and have used much of the space we worked for in the press and on radio and TV to illustrate this point, highlighting squat raids, street harrassment, the dubious practices of the Drugs Intelligence Unit and discriminatory sentencing policies as examples. In a recent "Sounds" interview one of the LCC co-ordinators, Megan Doolittle, said: "The main thing is that ordinary people who get busted have a really bad time. There's nothing romantic about sitting in a police station, going to court and in many cases going to prison."

Finally, we don't want to see the weed commercialised either. This is no excuse, however, for allowing weed users and many other people to live under the threat of door smashings, intimidation, criminal records and incarceration. Rather the LCC has two objectives, getting the criminal law out of cannabis and making sure people have a say in what happens next. At our AGM in January we will be discussing this amongst the Campaign members and promoting more interest in this vital issue.

From our rocketing membership figures and support we are receiving, we would surmise that luckily there are a few others out there bored with "more radical than thou put-downs" who want to do something effective.

Love and Peace, "IT", It's a pleasure to write for a paper which will not edit you to pieces.

Tim Malyon, coordinator, Legal Cannabis Campaign

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ANNOUNCEMENT

SOME TIME IN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS "IT" WILL PUBLISH AN EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT MADE UP OF FULL-PAGE CONTRIBUTIONS FROM PEOPLE WHO HAVE READ THIS ANNOUNCEMENT.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN CONTRIBUTING, FULL DETAILS ARE AVAILABLE FROM 97A TALBOT ROAD, LONDON W11. 01-221 1543. PLEASE ENCLOSE A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

THE ONLY OBJECT OF THIS EXERCISE IS TO PRODUCE SOMETHING REMARKABLE. IF NOT NOW, WHEN?

Greens versus reds & blues

DEAR "IT" — What is the "Green Alliance" and who has ever heard of the "Values Party"?

From my brief acquaintanceship with British politics this year it seems to me that they amount to the same thing. The Green Alliance appears to be a nebulous entity; a group interested in pushing politically the collective concerns of many ecological and environmental groups, with an overiding concern for the fact that our present political decisions and economic actions are choking the life from Mother Earth.

The Values Party is a political force in New Zealand, those bashful ex-British islands. A party that is in the process of contesting its third General Election and hoping to improve its 5 per cent share of the 1975 vote.

The incredible irony in this situation is that Values was born of considerable British influence. The content of Values' Political Manifesto of 1972 has an uncanny resemblance to the Ecologist's publication entitled "A Blueprint for survival", (Penguin 1972).

Hearing a Radio 4 interview last month reminded me of earlier debates and political discussion within New Zealand. There the commitment has been made while here in Britain a rather delicate foot is still testing the icy water of politics and industry. Really, I find it amazing that Britain is yet to take the plunge in the NEW politics; the politics of survival in our exponential growth/consumption-mad age.

Ultimately many of our old political groupings must give way. A simple new line must be drawn. Those who look ahead to plan in a logical manner for the future — and those who don't.

New and simple lessons must be taught to politicians, industrialists and our fellow citizens.

Fact number one: The world is finite, its resources and capabilities for life support have definable limits of exploitation.

Fact number two: Our present economic system (mainly Western) is based on growth and exponential rates of consumption.

Conclusion: Disaster (if continued).

To expound this simple lesson is not to be pessimistic, negative or a prophet of doom, it is to be factual and honest.

The real Question of course is what do we do! Pressure groups and single issue organisations have grown remarkably in an attempt to keep pace with the many obnoxious symptoms of our present way of life. But as always we should look, not to symptoms but to the causes, to contemplate our cure.

Growth, increased consumption and obsessions with idiot measurements such as Gross National Product are the things that cause water pollution, threaten wildlife, mill forests and consume non-renewable fossil fuels.

So it is to be our way of life, our industrial and economic way of life that must be restructured. Planning for the best use of resources, the stabilising of population and proper regard for the earth's natural cycles. In essence budgeting for our future — within our means.

I believe this to mean political action, and urgent political action. The problems are known, but many answers are to be found. Time decreases with every call for growth. Hopefully the Green Alliance will gear itself up for a serious assault on Parliament.

Brian Dreadon

Brian Dreadon was a founding member of the New Zealand Values party and has been a Parlimentary and local body Values candidate since 1972. Normally an industrial/welfare lawyer he is on a year's leave visiting Britain, Europe and Japan. He would be grateful to receive any further information on the Green Alliance or to hear from people interested in forming an International Green Alliance/Values movement. Information on similar European political movements would also be appreciated. Write c/o "IT".

Italian Housework

DEAR "IT" — Save the Earth Project. Location: 100 year old watermill in Tuscany (Central Italy). Altitude: 400 metres (1,300 feet). Latitude: 43°. Construction: Main house has six rooms plus sheds plus milling room (grinding stones and horizontal water-wheel) barn: Four rooms. All in stone-work and tiled rooves. Main wall and all windows to the South. Land: 15,000 square meters. Four/five flat and cultivable. One/five bush on hill-side. Water: River (dry in summer); Stream — all year with canal and storage pond for mill operation and fish farm; Spring — higher level than house. Climate: Central Italy. Rains: February to April. Minimum: 10 C. Condition: Was abandoned for 10 years. Windows, doors and floors to replace. Walls and roof sound. Capacity: To provide minimum housing and food for four to six people all year round.

We are salvaging this place and turning it into a self-suporting home using local materials, intensive agriculture and a combination of wind, water, wood, solar and bio-gas energy systems.

In this area of largely abandoned farms we believe such a practical experiment can help in a vital way to induce local farmers to stay with the land and to gain experience which can be passed on. A distribution/exchange network has been set up locally for agricultural products and local crafts between communes and individuals in a radius of 50Km. There is a local free radio and underground press. We are in touch with FRED (!) — Federation of Democratic Radio Transmitters in Bologna. They have set up a duplication centre for cassettes which means that we could prepare one cassette a month in our own radio (Radio Ophelia). The cassette would go to Bologna and, after duplication, be sent to the 220 radios of the network. Wealso have an antenna in Lubjana (Yugoslavia) with access to student radio and the one radical paper over there. It is the best way to distribute foreign news in Italy as few Italians can read anything but Italian and themarket is saturated by left publications. Any news?

We urgently need support, information and money. We want this project to be built by active co-operation. Those interested will benefit by being on our mailing list and are always welcome to visit us or work with us at any time. Ciao! Keep going . . . From Italy with Love.

Step 72
Molino di Berino
58020 Travale
(Grosseto)
Italy.

MoDopoly

DEAR "IT" — Your readers may be interested to learn of recent developments in the State's games up here in York. The MoD are currently building their Northern "communications centre" right next to the Army barracks in Fulford, about a mile and a half from the city centre. This is apparently a top secret operation and there's very high security all round the place, with expensive equipment being installed, and co-operation with intelligence boffs from European specialists. It's something like a co-ordinating centre for NATO forces plus being the nerve centre for army/RAF movements in the North of England. A fair part of it is underground, and no expense is being spared to get it "just right". Apparently one supervisory officer came to look round and see the progress with building work, and didn't particularly like the layout of some rooms — so they're being switched round to suit him, at a cost of several thousand nicker.

Co-incidentally (or maybe not), also under construction just down the road — in fact, come to think of it, just next door — is the new Police Headquarters of the North Yorkshire Police. Now there's nothing secret about **that**, as it's going to be in use very shortly (and, by the way, it's an appallingly ugly lump of modern architecture which doesn't please the people who live nearby.) But what the local population don't know is that there's a **direct telephone line** being laid from the MoD place to the Police HQ. The Post Office engineers working on the job started to wonder (as the line doesn't go through an exchange), but were just made to sign the Official Secrets Act **again**, and get on with the job. Where the ordinary army barracks fits in with this I'm not sure, except that it must give the crazy planners of all this a sense of security to think of all that muscle — and fire-power so close at hand.

With one of the Regional Seats of Government (RSGs) here too, and the whole area bristling with squaddies, it seems as though the patriachal street scene drawn by Cliff Harper might be here tomorrow; although on the other hand I suppose it's going on all over the place (worse in Colchester I hear), and we shouldn't complain about Big Brother tightening up security a bit, eh? — Love 'n' anarchy, name and address definitely withheld.

Lingua Franco

DEAR "IT" — "We lived better with Franco". . . . Different versions of this refrain repeated with varying degrees of bitter irony or grim sincerity have been audible in Spain for most of the time since the death of the old man. Among those who are certainly beginning to rue the day of his demise are owners and directors of the English language schools, the carpet baggers of linguistic imperialism and their local patrons. An amnesty for foreigners illegally expired working and living in Spain today. "Nothing has changed at all" is the other refrain, predictably repeated by a different set of people.

No-one is quite sure whether it has or it hasn't. Up until now hundreds of "acadamias de idiomas" have been raking in fat profits without paying a penny in tax or social security . . . unless you can count bribes to police and government officials as taxes. I shouldn't really say that. No-one has yet explained to me exactly how the relevant officials are paid off. I did, however, hear the following anecdote: police arrive at the reception desk of a school asking for a foreign teacher wanted as a result of a drunken escapade. The receptionist, with the savvy of Catalan born under France, speedily asembled what ever ready cash available and handed it to the unastonished pigs who then happily departed without their victim.

Most of Franco's henchmen are still in place. The reaction to the latest amnesty seems to show there's still a lot of confidence in their staying power. Some schools it is true have buckled under and are now paying the highest social security tax for the worst service in Europe. Most seem to be carrying on as before with a few concessions to the nervousness they must feel. Some are paying SS for a small fraction of their teaching staff and asking the rest to apply for permits as teachers giving private classes. Others are simply crossing their fingers and hoping that they'll have enough to start a language school in Switzerland by the time they get busted.

And the teachers? After the coup in Portugal, teachers in language schools acted like many other Portugese workers and took over their schools. Along with the police and military civil servants, language-school teachers must be one of the few islands of apathy in the sea of eager militancy that envelopes just about every imaginable category of employee from the mentally handicappd to University professors. Most live lives of petty hedonism. A woman who's been here teaching for eight years was heard to ask: "What does izquierda mean?" "Left wing." 'Yes well what does that mean?"

Last year there were some attempts to organise but these seemed to come mainly from French and Spanish teachers, communists and socialists mostly, whose ideal of a militant trade union organisation seems to be the TUC. And it is true that from the present position the Tolpuddle martyrs would feel they would have to go through it all again.

Love, Farrell

ANL Butchers

DEAR "IT" — The Camden Anti Nazi League and local supporters picketed a butchers shop on Kentish Town Road on Saturday 4 November to pressurise the management of the shop to sack one of their employees, Mike Harkins.

Harkins has been identified as a Nazi thug, who, with his mates, has been terrorising the Kentish Town neighbourhood (hitherto an area with little racial disharmony) in recent weeks. Victims include blacks, Greeks, students at the North London Polytechnic, and wearers of ANL badges, who have been beaten up and cut with knives and broken bottles, once even in broad daylight.

Harkins is a self-confessed Nazi, member of the National Front and member of a paramilitary organisation which he says "is into violence".

Local police have been unhelpful and uncaring, even though the culprit and ringleader of this mob has been identified and reported; perhaps they feel sympathy for these racists who have become so isolated and desperate.

Two thousand leaflets were handed out during the picket and a lot of sympathisers joined the lined, chanting "sack Mike Harkins". He was not sacked, however, so legal proceedings are to be undertaken by Camden ANL through the local Community Law Centre.

Pru Lambert

down with skool

DEAR "IT" — I am in my final year at School and have been going to a Secondary Modern for nearly five years. The teachers have little understanding of people and the methods they use are so back-dated and unimaginative and unnatural. Anyway enough of my ravings. Could you find a tiny tiny square in your next issue to which to publish this small poem. A poem which expresses my feelings for school and probably hundreds of other kid's feelings too.

Sasha p,

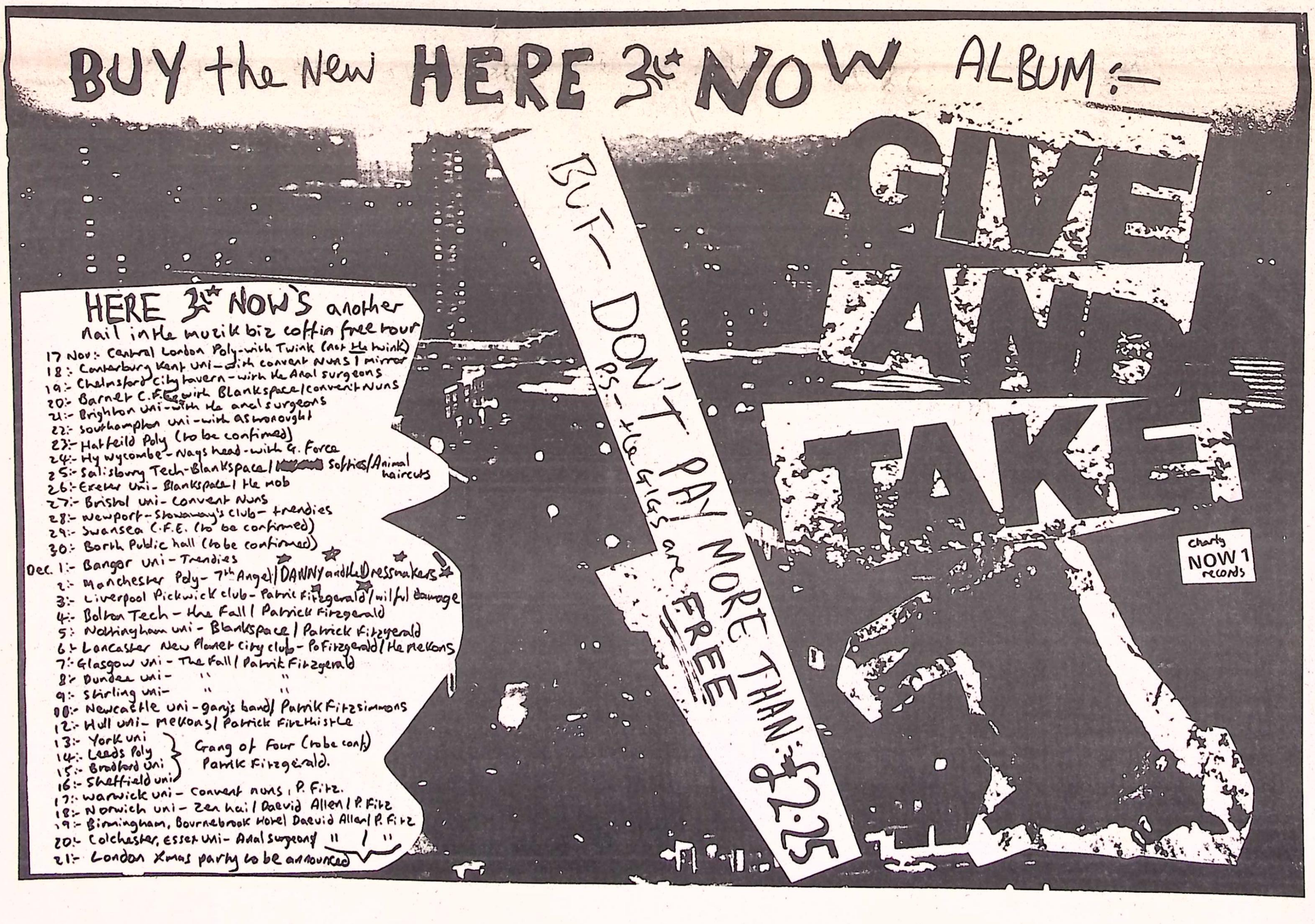
School

Tomorrow I return to the brightly lit
Dungeons of School
I don't want to go
It is hard to return
After eight weeks payroll.

Tomorrow I will trudge
The monotonous track.

THEY will try to condition me
They will not suceed.

THEY supress life
The potential joy of growth they
destroy.



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17 Nov:- Central London Poly - with Twink (not the twink)
18:- Canterbury Kent uni - with convent Nuns / mirror
19:- Chelmsford City tavern - with the Anal surgeons
20:- Barnet C.F.E. with Blankspace / convent Nuns
21:- Brighton uni - with the anal surgeons
22:- southampton uni - with astronought
23:- Hatfeild Poly (to be confirmed)
24:- Hy wycombe - Nags head - with G. Force
25:- Salisbury Tech - Blankspace / [redacted] softies / Animal haircuts
26:- Exeter Uni - Blankspace / the mob
27:- Bristol uni - Convent Nuns
28:- Newport - Stowaway's club - trendies
29:- Swansea C.F.E. (to be confirmed)
30:- Borth Public hall (to be confirmed)
Dec. 1:- Bangor uni - Trendies
2:- Manchester Poly - 7th Angel / DANNY and the Dressmakers
3:- Liverpool Pickwick club - Patric Fitzgerald / wilful damage
4:- Bolton Tech - the Fall / Patrick Fitzgerald
5:- Nottingham uni - Blankspace / Patrick Fitzgerald
6:- Lancaster New Planet City club - P. Fitzgerald / the mekons
7:- Glasgow uni - The Fall / Patrik Fitzgerald
8:- Dundee uni - " "
9:- Stirling uni - " "
10:- Newcastle uni - gary's band / Patrik Fitzsimmons
12:- Hull uni - mekons / Patrick Firethistle
13:- York uni
14:- Leeds Poly
15:- Bradford uni
16:- Sheffield uni
(13–16:) Gang of Four (to be conf) Patrik Fitzgerald.
17:- warwick uni - convent nuns, P. Fitz.
18:- Norwich uni - Zen hail / Daevid Allen / P. Fitz
19:- Birmingham, Bournebrook Hotel Daevid Allen / P. Fitz
20:- Colchester, essex uni - Anal surgeons " / "
21:- London Xmas party to be announced

TORNESS the battle begins

"The real fight to stop Torness,, Britain's next nuclear power station, has only just begun. All available formal channels have been exhausted and we've not even been given the opportunity to state our case — our call for a public inquiry has been brushed aside. There is no option left for the responsible citizen other than non-violent direct action and the consequent risk of arrest. It is two years before major construction work will start. We have at least that long to stop Torness and make the government see sense." — The Torness Alliance.

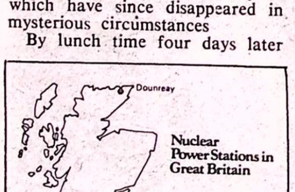
AFTER receiving leaked council documents concerning the Torness nuclear site which showed that construction work on access roads and fencing was imminent the Torness Alliance (a network of nearly 200 affiliated groups) decided to occupy the site "indefinitely, i.e., forever".

Members of the Alliance moved onto the site on October 1. On November 13 the building contractors (Rogers Builders Ltd.) arrived to begin work with two caterpillar earth - movers (JCBs) and a bulldozer. The occupiers, supported by some local people, blocked their path with vans. One person was charged with breach of the peace after sitting down in front of the bulldozer. Three people occupied the scoop of the earth-mover to prevent it knocking down a wall in an attempt to by-pass the van blockage. The day ended with the occupiers still in occupation of the site.

At eight the following morning officials of the Scottish Electricity Board arrived on the site followed, half an hour later, by the police. All the occupiers were arrested except for three who somehow managed to escape by taking to the roof of the renovated Half Moon Cottage which had been their base.

Some members of the occupation support group were also arrested after trying to stop vans which were removing the contents of the cottage. By the end of the day eight people had been charged with breach of the peace and eight others with obstruction. The cottage was bulldozed and the contractors busied themselves erecting PRIVATE signs — many of which have since disappeared in mysterious circumstances

By lunch time four days later (Saturday 18th) about 200 supporters were encamped in a field belonging to Jim Thurburn who used to farm barley on the proposed nuclear site. The next day over 100 local people joined by the other protestors attended a meeting close to the site called at two days' notice by the Lothian and Borders Anti-Nuclear Group. They followed Jim Thurburn on to the site where he ceremoniously ploughed the field — as an act of faith in agriculture.



By dawn the next day about 400 protestors had moved on to the site, a stone circle was built from the rubble of the Half Moon Cottage and human circles were formed around the contractor's machinery..

The contractors arrived with two large JCBs, but for almost an hour the protestors prevented them advancing more than a few yards at a time. The moment one group was removed by police another was there to take its place. It all got too much for the site manager James Hadden who lost his temper and had to be restrained by the police after urging his men to advance the JCBs over the people in front of them. About 50 people held up other work by occupying a large hole.

Throughout the action the police removed over 100 people from the site but in the end only formally charged 38 of them — for breach of the peace. The police were briefed by the protestors in advance about exactly what they were going to do and relations were very good throughout. Several local police-people are known to support the anti-nuclear cause. There was no violence. The only casualty was a police sergeant who was hit by a passing lorry on the main road. The protestors decided to end their action after this incident in sympathy with him. He was hurt "moderately badly" and first to his aid was a male nurse — one of the protestors.

Legally the road to a nuclear-powered Scotland is free of obstruction. Planning permission for a nuclear Torness was rubber-stamped without a public inquiry in May this year; only occupations and public outcry can disrupt the proposed development.

The intention of the campaign, of which the six-week occupation was an important part, is to take all non-violent steps to prevent the construction of any nuclear installations at Torness, and to show that it is possible to stop the nuclear plans, that the building of the reactors is not inevitable.

While it lasted the occupation became the centre of a very wide spectrum of local opposition to nuclear planning. Now that the Electricity Board had shown its hand it's popularity ratings locally must now be at an all time low, and relationships have not been improved by the recent discovery that planning permission has been given not for one reactor, as the Electricity Board let it be known, but four. A letter from the Scottish Economic Planning Department to SCRAM (Scottish Campaign to Resist the Atomic Menace) has confirmed that permission has been granted for nuclear generation capacity of up to 5,280 MW — more than the total demand for electricity in Scotland last year.

Fairly sordid attempts to win support by promising rich employment prosects which turn out to be non-existent unless you are a nuclear scientist have not met with much success among the large proportion of farmers and fishermen who live in the area. They have already learned that promises of no pollution affecting their livelihood are without basis.

During the occupation support from local people in the area included the donation of sacks of potatoes, cabbages and swedes, boxes of leeks, apples and lettuces, goat's milk, home made food of various sorts, building tools for the renovation of Half Moon Cottage plus two windows, roof timbers, corrugated-iron and bags of cement, some oak trees for the garden and the loan of a pick-up truck and van.

In August the local council passed a motion asking the Secretary of State for Scotland to reconsider his decision not to hold a public inquiry into the nuclear plans for Torness. The motion asked him to note the many objections to the plans and the lack of public debate on "whether we want a wasteful energy intensive society". Last month he replied through his secretary saying that the motion did not raise any issues to which he had not already given consideration. The council has now decided that the Secretary of State should be asked to receive personally an all-party deputation from the council to discuss the matter.

The campaigners meanwhile are going ahead with plans for a mass occupation of the site again starting on May 6, 1979. In the meantime other smaller actions are planned and members of the Alliance elsewhere in Britain will be working in their local areas. Contact your nearest anti-nuclear group if you want to join in.

Scrambled Sam

it couldn't happen here

BRUNSBUTTEL is a small fishing village on the Elbe, about 30 miles downstream from Hamburg. A 770 Mw. boiling-water nuclear reactor has been working there for almost two years. It has had to be shut down 25 times — the twenty-fifth time, on June 18 this year was almost a catastrophe.

Boiling water reactors are especially dangerous because there is only one piping system. Steam is produced directly in the reactor vessel — it is used both for cooling and moderation. This means that radioactive steam is fed directly to the turbine.

When the control crew realised that the steampipe system was leaking, they switched off the automatic emergency "scram-down" unit and left the reactor going. Probably up to 7,000 tons (the official figure is 100 tons) of steam loaded with tritium, krypton 85, strontium-90 and iodine-131, escaped into the atmosphere.

The radio-active cloud drifted over the river, the marshes, pastures and villages — polluting people, cattle, milk and fish. But nobody was warned, nor was anything done about it.

The reactor itself "scrammed down" by a technical accident three hours after the leak had been discovered. Why did the reactor staff try to prevent this, instead of shutting it down themselves?

Probably they were advised to do so by the HEW (Hamburg Electricity Works), because every emergency shut down means an increased emission of radioactivity. If the legally fixed yearly emission had been exceeded, this could have meant the reactor would be closed for the rest of the year.

They realise the shortsightedness of the response later, when it became clear that the radio active stream had left the reactor building. Now the station will be forced to close for a few months.

The HEW have been extremely cagey about all these facts — the German magazine "Der Spiegel" called it a "systematic disinformation policy". The Secretary of Research, Herr Hauff, pretended to be very concerned and called the accident "the first serious clear breakdown in Germany". As usual, the official version spoke of "no danger to the public" and blamed "human failure". Nobody tried to make it clear that it had happened only because profitability had taken precerence over safety.

What would have happened if the Brunsbuttel reactor had not scrammed down by accident? If all the cooling water had steamed off, the core could well have overheated and blown the pressure vessel apart — setting free huge amounts of radioactivity. This would have led to an unimaginable catastrophe. We missed it only by accident . . . SCRAM

Euro squatters join hands

DIPLOMATS and officials at the British Embassy in The Hague had a stormy afternoon tea on September 21. A 150-strong demonstration of Dutch squatters besieged the three storey building boarding up the front door, smashing eight of the windows and daubing whitewash slogans across the redbrick facade! The demo was an outrageously suitable act of solidarity with 160 Huntley Street squatters unnecessarily ousted on August 16 — Britain's biggest eviction to date.

The residence of the British Ambassador was another target for the demonstrators. It was the heavy-handed and para - military nature of the Brit police action which the Dutch squatters particularly objected to — "Nijmegen squatters protest against British police terror" read one of their banners.

Bulldozers at the bottom the Garden

A FEW years ago office workers at the GLC were planning to completely demolish 90 or more square acres of central London in Covent Garden to build office blocks, multi-storey car parks and shopping precincts. Thanks to a massive struggle by the people living in Covent Garden and others this grandiose plot was foiled and last year the then Labour controlled GLC agreed to back down.

They agreed on the "Covent Garden Plan" which would turn the area into a mix of homes shops and small industry as well as offices. The plan was hailed as a "victory for common sense" and a way to bring back life to the inner city.

Everyone slapped each other on the back, glowing editorials were written — "The death of the inner city has been prevented" etc, etc., and those who campaigned for "Homes not Offices" wondered if, for once, they had really won.

They haven't.

Since then the Tories have taken over the GLC and though they are not intending to actually outdo the Luftwaffe's attempts to demolish London the contracts are already going out to the demolition squads and for a multitude of crazy projects, none of which involve creating more housing.

The GLC is actually evicting people from their homes and renovating the properties to be used as offices. Here are some of their plans:

The GLC plan to move residents out of Coventry House at the corner of Coventry Street and Haymarket to convert the flats to offices.

In Covent Garden the GLC has taken the first step in what is expected to be a move towards releasing itself from undertakings suggested by the Covent Garden Plan.

It has submitted a planning application — to itself — for permission to change the use of 25-31 James Street to offices — housing-loss: 90 people. The Covent Garden Plan explicitly proposes "Converting James Street terrace properties for housing use incorporating studios or workshops at ground level — housing-gain: 90 persons."

Now the GLC has decided to provide £½ million out of their "much stressed" financial resources to convert the 90 potential homes into luxury offices, totally ignoring the plan for which the local community fought so hard.

The GLC wants to demolish Jubilee Hall in Covent Garden which opened just over six months ago after being converted at a cost of £70,000 to be a recreation centre run by and for the local community. The money was raised independently and since it opened an average of 1,000 people a week have used the building.

The GLC wants to replace it with a complex of car parks, shops and a few expensive flats. If you want to support the campaign to prevent this contact Ian McNicol or Alan Tattersall at the Jubilee Hall, tel: 01-836 2799.

The GLC also plans to convert the London Pavillion Theatre in Piccadilly Circus into a multi-storied shopping centre, preventing plans to restore it as a theatre. The Save London's Theatres Campaign are leading the fight against this — they're at 8 Harley Street, London W1N 2AB.

Plans rejected in 1976 to widen Charing Cross Road into an 8 lane highway are being reconsidered by the GLC — the only difference is that instead of "widening plans" they are now called "improvement lines."

At Coin Street near Waterloo the GLC has gone against plans to build homes — it wants to build offices.

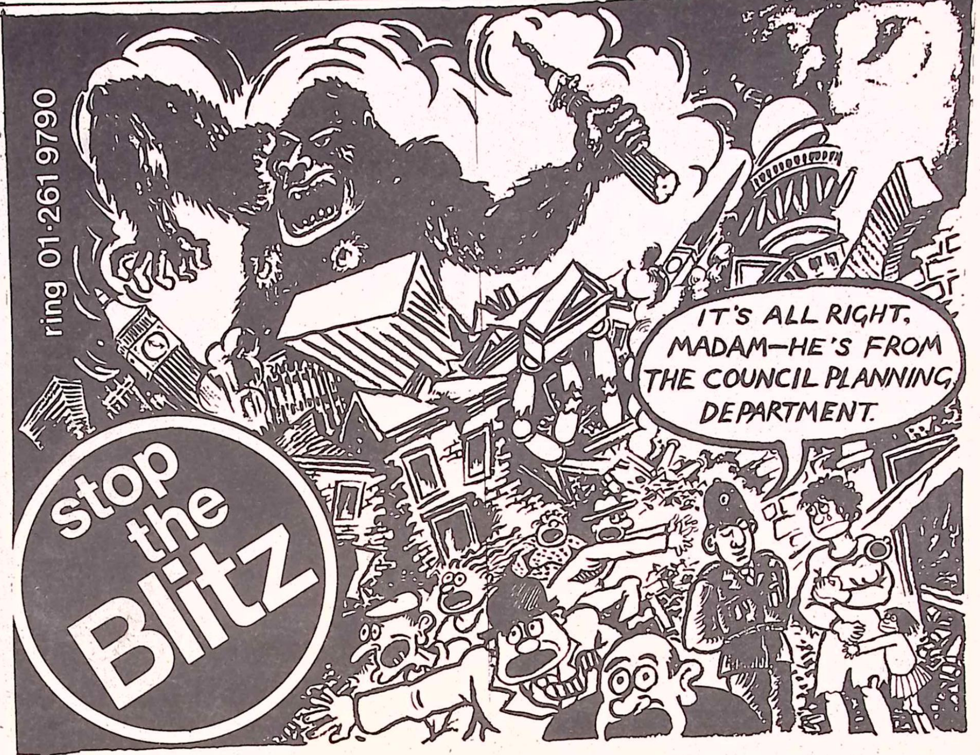
Westminster Council has decided that the St. Annes Court site on Dean Street, bought as slums and demolished 10 years ago, should have an office block built on it instead of the planned housing.

After a seven year battle by local residents (and they say still more to follow) Westminster City Council has decided to go ahead with their plans to demolish Sandringham flats on Charing Cross Road (west).

A survey, which the council itself commissioned at a cost of £25,000, reported that the building could be rehabilitated to provide good flats with a life of over 30 years. Estimates for the renovation as living accommodation are half that for the new development.

The council's decision means that the 98 low income flats in the building will disappear at a demolition cost of over £11,000 to be eventually replaced by . . . offices. However, for the moment, the resulting derelict site will join five others in the area owned by the council which have been awaiting development for 10 years! All are used by National Car Parks. . . .

Research by the Covent Garden Community Association, 45 *Shorts Gardens, London WC2.*


ring 01-261 9790
stop the Blitz
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MADAM—HE'S FROM THE COUNCIL PLANNING DEPARTMENT.

There were 57 arrests in The Hague mainly under the Public Order Act. Dutch squatters (they are called Kraakers) were also on the streets in Amsterdam where they broadened their solidarity to include the 100 squatters in Sweden who were under threat of eviction from a similar mansion block to Huntley Street.

The actions in Holland coincided with the preliminary hearings at Bow Street of the Huntley Street 14, charged with various offences ranging from resisting arrest to vague crimes under the abominable Criminal Trespass Law. The 14 were supported by a vociferous crowd in the public gallery and a further 100 more squatters and friends in the street outside.

The case was remanded . . . (ring 267 1456 for details).

On Monday September 25, 300 Dutch kraakers turned up to support the "Lettague 57" when they appeared in front of Netherlands magistrates after being held over the weekend. In a reciprocal gesture of solidarity the London Squatters' Union organised a picket of the Dutch Embassy in South Kensington. Thirty London squatters turned up and leafletted the staff and passers-by.

"Compared with the Dutch, our action is embarrassingly low-key," commented one of the pickets. "They're much more together over there — 10,000 of them in Amsterdam and nearly all crammed into the old city; and that's out of a population of only 400,000."

Another 20 LSU and ASS (Advisory Service to Squatters) members picketted the premises of Grand Vista Properties in South Audley Street, a decidedly ruthless firm of British speculators who own much property in Amsterdam and who have just recently failed to evict a mass squat in the old city.

One Huntley Street squatter, temporarily re-housed in the LSU "Limbo" squat in ritzy Fitzroy Square, and obviously encouraged by the Dutch militancy, commented to "IT": "We're all kraakers now."

Meanwhile, in Sweden, the government took an unprecedented step and voted to beseige the Mulvarden squat (the Mole) mentioned earlier. The 100 squatters held out for two days before leaving although there is conflicting stories to what pressure they were under.

London Squatters' Union have declared an international day of action on December 4 and squatters from Holland, Sweden, West Germany and Denmark's "Christiana" have pledged support and action. All countries either already have a Criminal Trespass Law or have it waiting in its final parliamentary stages. T.A.

FANATIC
8½
FANATIC

WHICH MAG DARES FLYPOST THE LAW COURTS, CENOTAPH AND BUCKINGHAM PALACE
TO PROMOTE ITS VISIONARY WARES? **THE FANATIC!** Issue number Five out now:
with Robert Crumb on This Here Modern America, Abbie Hoffman fucking
Communism up the Bum (from somewhere on the Run), David Solomon (author
of first acid anthology) writes on the New Ordure, or the Shape of Shit
to Come, extracted from **Shit Power!** (to be completed when the powers
that shouldn't be release him from Bristol Jail), John Michell finally
demystifies Hitler & reveals him as a failed comic with some hitherto
unknown and choicely selected sparks from the Fuehrer, the Love Life
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REBEL RADIO BOOMS

THE main item of news on the Free Radio scene at the moment is the new offshore radio station. **Radio Delmar** has recently started low-powered transmissions from a ship anchored off the coast of Holland. Programming is mainly in Dutch and Radio Delmar can faintly be heard in London and on some occasions as far North as Birmingham and Manchester. Full details of the station and ship are as yet to be confirmed. Radio Delmar operates on 192 metres Medium wave with between 2 and 5 kilowatts of power.

Perhaps even more important is the news of the start of a new powerful European offshore station which is to begin broadcasting in December. **Scan Radio** is to be operated from on board a Dutch coasting Vessel flying the flag of Panama. The Danish newspaper, Berlingske Tidende, said that the venture was the project of about ten Englishmen who are old hands at defying Government broadcasting legislations. It added that the station will be heard throughout most of Europe at night and will broadcast from International Waters off the coast of Europe, possibly Denmark.

Scan **Radio** will come on the air just before Christmas, operating from a Dutch ship anchored between Denmark and Sweden. The station, run by a group of British entrepreneurs, will broadcast on 1430khz (210 metres) in the Medium Wave band. Programmes will be mostly in English, with news, commercials, announcements, weather and traffic reports as well as music. Scan Radio hopes to broadcast 20 hours per day from the ship, which is flying the Panamanian flag. It was reported that Radio Caroline and former owner of Radio Syd Britt Wadner were involved in the venture, but Scan Radio has denied this.

Meanwhile, the Danish authorities (Boo-Hiss) have said that they will close down any ship that broadcasts illegal programmes to Denmark.

It is rumoured that former RNI ship, the MV "Mebo 2" is preparing for a move. It is said that Mebo owners are to sail the ship from its current anchorage in the Mediterranean to the coast of Europe to start broadcasts. Since RNI was closed by the Dutch Government in 1974 no full broadcasts have been made by the ship, although a series of tests were made when the Mebo 2 was in Tripoli harbour, Libya.

Confirmation of a frequency change for Radio Caroline is still awaited. Radio Caroline, Europe's first and only album station, broadcasts on 312 metres (962khz) medium wave, although Caroline has been off the air recently because of generator problems. **Radio Mi Amigo,** the Dutch station which hires air time from Radio Caroline has also been off the air.

Two radio rebels prepare to do battle with the forces of claustrophobia.

It is reported that **Radio Luxembourg** have plans to beam a "pirate" TV service to the UK within the next five years. Luxembourg, who are technically an illegal pirate station anyway, have been broadcasting for around 50 years. They have been going so long now, no Government dare oppose them, despite their illegality. It would be interesting to see the reaction of the British Government if TV Luxembourg did open in competition with the BBC and ITV.

Also in Europe, **Radio Sunshine** is apparently an offshore station off the coast of Spain broadcasting programmes to tourists. Ex-pirate and Luxy DJ Chris Carey (alias Spangles Muldoon) is apparently involved.

The organisation that used to be called **Radio Veronica** and is currently part of the Hilversum radio and TV network in Holland is reported to be considering going offshore again. Radio Veronica opened in 1959 as an offshore station from the ship "Norderney". It served the Dutch people with music until 1974 when the Dutch Government closed all the offshore stations off their coast. Veronica then applied for a licence to join the Hilversum network and since has been allowed 4 hours of radio and 1 hour of TV per week: At the end of June, it was announced that they would not get extra airtime as expected. Rumours are that Radio Veronica is considering buying a ship, and returning to the sea in their original form.

The former pirate radio ship, the "Mebo 2" currently anchored in Tripoli harbour in Libya was reported to have closed and told to leave by the Libyan Government. However, reports suggest that transmissions are still being made from the ship on 6206khz, 92Mhz FM, and a 41m band frequency. News from the Mebo organisation is that they are soon to start transmissions on 243 metres (1232khz) Medium Wave for the Mediterranean area.

From the Ocean waves to Dry land. Two very popular land-based Free Radio stations, **Radio 49** and **Radio Zodiac** have merged to form logically enough, **Radio Zodiac 49.** The new station operates on 6270khz (48m band) and broadcasts are scheduled for twice a month: The address is 13 The Chase, Crawley, Sussex.

In Eire, **Big D Radio** opened on Monday, 10 April. Big D operates from Dublin and is the only Irish station to broadcast continuously 24 hours a day. Although a Free Radio station, Big D operate as the ILR stations in the UK and the matter of legality or illegality is hotly disputed in Ireland at the moment. Address is 11 Chapel Lane, Dublin 1 and the phone number is Dublin 740353. Big D operates on 273 metres Medium Wave with several kilowatts of power.

The Independent Kingdom of Sealand is reported to be under development. Plans for an entertainment complex on the towers just outside British waters are being made. It is reported that Sealand is *to have luxury restaurants, heliport, hotels, etc.*

South Coast Radio recently started. 1349 Khz. 222 metres Eastbourne and Hastings area. Fifteen watts. Mailing address; Radio Cavendish, Kent Place, Norwell, Newark, Notts. Transmits Sundays 11-1 p.m.

Radio Cavendish was received with fair strength on the 48 metre band at **6255khz recently. Radio 49** have been heard with very good strength on **6217khz.** The most powerful 48m band station, **ABC Europe** continues to broadcast on 6220khz with very good strength and very professional programmes in several European languages. Their address is PO Box 25, Hoeven, Holland. Another fairly strong station nowadays is **Radio Zodiac International** who make regular appearances on 6270/6275khz with a mixture of programming including a very good punk show, DX and Free Radio news, LP charts, letters, etc. Their address is 13 The Chase, Crawley, Sussex. **Empire Radio** 6200khz is a newcomer to the band, and has been heard faintly. **Radio Corsair** continue on 6255khz with progressive music over lunchtime Sundays. **Radio Atlantis** have temporarily closed down. The station is to buy a FM transmitters and a new MW rig tuned to 240m and will remain on SW also. It is expected that it will re-open sometime next year with transmissions on evenings and possibly under a different name. **Pyramid Radio,** which broadcasts from Nottinghamshire, can be heard occasionally on 6225khz. Also on 6225 is **Britain Radio International** who started test transmissions several weeks ago. Their address is the same as Radio Atlantis, Empire Radio and Radio Cavendish — Kent Place, Norwell, Newark, Nottinghamshire.

FREE AIR: FREE AIR-WAVES.

WRITE to "BIT" information, 97a Talbot Road, London W11 for a full list of UK and offshore alternative/free radio stations giving the frequency on which they broadcast and the address or phone numbers where they can be contacted. Also details of how to build your very own 20 watt Medium Wave Transmitter.

Jackie Weathers PO Storm

EIGHT **Radio Jackie** operators have recently been fined a total of £1,800 after one of the most concentrated campaigns ever against a land-based pirate radio station.

The raids on **Radio Jackie,** which started in December of last year and continued almost every week for six months, resulted in the loss of six transmitters but failed to prevent the station's weekly Sunday broadcasts. They are appealing against the fines and will be complaining that the Police who made the arrests were themselves breaking the law as the charge was for a civil and not a criminal, offence, therefore the police had no right to detain them. They were all charged under the "Wireless and Telegraph, Act of 1949".

Jackie has been illegally broadcasting in London since 1968 after the Home Office refused their application for a licence to operate as a private commercial station.

However, **Jackie** has told "IT" that it is not the Home Office or the GPO who has been tracking them down but individuals who are working unofficially for reasons of their own. They told "IT" that they know who these people are and why they have been operating but do not want to reveal this information as "negotiations" are under way. It all sounds very intriguing. In recent weeks there have been no raids.

Until the recent blitz **Jackie** has had very little trouble from the Post Office. This is possibly due to the outcome of a 1976 raid when a Post Office official called Eric Gotts decided to put an end to their transmissions by assaulting one of the engineers. Gotts found himself in the dock at Kingston Magistrates receiving a £70 fine and one year conditional discharge.

Behind the facade of Buzby the bungling budgie lurk white-collar thugs like Jim Crow (really!) and Brian Horne who will break into your house and rip off your communications gear.

Since then **Jackie** has not been bothered by the post office again, though the Home Office has been at work in a more subtle way: several newspapers have been visited by Home Office officials asking that news stories about Free Radio in general and Radio Jackie in particular should not be carried. The "Surrey Comet" and the "Sutton Advertiser" are but two of the journals under pressure.

Radio Jackie is one of the more respectable radio stations squatting the airwaves at present. Their programme content of local news "without political bias" and "equally unbiased music" is varied and of good quality; their aim is "to provide a real alternative which will appeal to most people without alienating them."

In sharp contrast to an individual who calls himself "Squeaky, and who has been frequenting the air waves for years without getting busted; his sole repetoire is Fuck Off Fuck Off delivered very quickly in short, sharp bursts.

The Home Office has always claimed that there is not enough room on the airwaves for a large number of independent stations although anyone who has even twiddled a dial on foreign shores will wonder how this can be so when most major cities have dozens of different stations. **Jackie** claims to have received details of a study made by the BBC's Engineering Department which estimates that at least 145 stations could operate in Britain without any problems occurring.

They have now got the support of their local MP, Mr. R. C. Hamilton, who represents Epsom. Just before the parliamentary summer recess he put forward a Private Members Bill stating that private commercial radio stations should be allowed. It went through without any trouble but has to have three readings before changes in the law can even be contemplated.

If this happens it almost certainly would clear the way for a lot of very commercial stations rather than the local community based stations that most advocates of "Free Radio" envisage. That will be their next challenge.

In London you can hear **Radio Jackie** every Sunday between 9 and 5 on 227MW or 13.31KH. Since the raids they have been hard pressed for workers — anyone interested should write to their address — Radio Jackie, West Molesey, Surrey or go to one of their meetings every Sunday night at the Kings Arms, Hampton Court. Their studio phone is 01-644 0118, the Air phone is 788 4917.

Radio Tower, in County Durham, have been encountering problems with their transmitting systems and have postponed their opening until the various difficulties can be overcome. Tower will operate on 240 metres, Medium Wave, with 10 watts of power.

Britain Radio International was recently raided by the Home Office (Boo!) but was heard making a short test transmission later. Their address is Kent Place, Norwell, Newark, Nottinghamshire, NG23 6JX.

Radio Mercury made a very good transmission recently on 6270khz. During the programmes they announced a phone number to ring: 0293 23887.

Free Radio Magazine "Free Radio Waves" have banned **Radio Corsair** and **Skyport Radio** both of which operate on 48m band and the 41 metre band. Both stations stand accused of putting out Communist propaganda. Another Free Radio magazine "Free Broadcasting" has backed FRW's feelings about such political stations. It is likely that many more Free Radio mags will follow suit and put an embargo on any station that is "political".

Kountryside Radio is reportedly starting regular transmissions shortly on the 48 metre band, broadcasting from South-East England, Sundays only. So far we have no address for them.

Radio Kestrel is a station operating on 92Mhz VHF from the Surrey area. They broadcast on Saturdays although they are soon to change name to the very original **Radio Veronica** (the old Dutch offshore pirate). And the new station will then probably go out on Medium Wave in addition to VHF.

Radio Atlantis have announced that due to lack of both time and money, they are to cease transmissions. In fact the station has never made any full programmes, test transmissions have been heard irregularly since June '76 on 6200 and 6255khz on the 48 metre band. Atlantis Director Tony Emerson said that they hope to re-open, possibly under a different name, next year, if finances allow.

A new European radio station is reportedly opening shortly. **Radio Inter Continental** is to be coming on the air shortly from Europe and will be using a powerful 100 kilowatt transmitter. Apparently the station will use the Kent Place, Norwell, Newark, Notts address.

On VHF in London, **West London Radio** are on 92.6Mhz every Wednesday night 8-10 p.m. On the same frequency, **Uptown Radio** have changed their broadcasting night from Friday to Sunday evenings.

As previously mentioned, the Communist station **Radio Corsair** contiues to broadcast defiantly on 6255khz (48mb) and 7.3Mhz (41mb) and announcing a phone number to ring: 01-897 8614. The address is 134 Eastworth Road, Chertsey, Surrey.

News has just come in of a station operating near Southampton. **Free Island Radio** broadcasts from 11 a.m. to 13.15 local time on 22m (1349khz) using an L shaped ¼ wave aerial. FIR's address is, apparently, 160a Hampton Road, Twickenham, Middlesex and the station has for sale some T shirts, badges, stickers and a newsletter. FIR broadcasts to the Solent area from the Isle of Wight.

RADIO AMY (Alternative Media For You) is London's first pirate radio which seeks to serve social communications needs. It opened on 7 May this year and broadcasts every Sunday from 11 a.m.-3 p.m. on 1385kHz or 221m Medium Wave to North Londoners in the boroughs of Barnet, Camden, Enfield, Hackney, Haringey, and Islington. AMY makes a point of servicing community groups and voluntary organisations and is keen to encourage local musicians, poets and theatre groups.

AMY hopes to prove that there is a demand for genuinely local community-controlled radio in London and after the White Paper on broadcasting is published wants to be able to apply for a licence.

For more information about AMY contact them c/o 11 Halifax Road, Enfield, Middlesex.

[*Source*: *COM COM*]

More news on the Free Radio Scene in next month's "International Times". Compiled by Alternative Voice magazine, which is available for 35p from Andrew Ormston (Editor) Alternative Voice, 7 Woodside Grove, Hartburn, Stockton-on-Tees, Cleveland. TS18 5EG.

Press Release of the Month

incorporating leaflets, posters, stickers and other manifestations of propaganda.

GUEST COLUMNIST
Grant Silverstone.

November was a particularly dismal month for press releases. Maybe it was the weather; an "unfavourable atmospheric condition for radical initiative", the changeover from the not very Indian summer to the sub-tropical autumn — I even saw one Fleet Street rag blame the terrible summer on the Russians. Maybe it had something to do with Camp David, or maybe it's a further sign of the disheartening lack of direction, concentration and positive inspiration that seems to be invading the world, effecting those who issue press releases in particular!

Anyway once again the "IT" mail box and IN carrier-bag was inundated by the usual collection of bad news, gloom and despondency plus, thankfully for our sanity, the odd ray of light and inspiration.

Tragic

As usual the Chile Committee for Human Rights (1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1) was depressingly informative. More than 2,500 missing political prisoners, in August 100 women relatives of the missing people were arrested, the families of 25 vanished persons have received official confirmation of their relatives' death from the Ministry of Interior. Marcela Garcia who was arrested and tortured in 1974 at the age of 14 has been arrested again — she was interrogated for three days before being released; a bomb was set off recently in the city centre causing no damage but emitting hundreds of leaflets criticising the government. Good news is that this year has seen the most open opposition to the dictatorship in Chile since it took power five years ago — for the first time there have been mass demonstrations on the streets.

Then there was the Committee Against Repression in Iran (3,000 defenceless civilians killed), and the South London Health Workers Against Racism who say racists tell lies about immigration and promise to oppose them in the NHS.

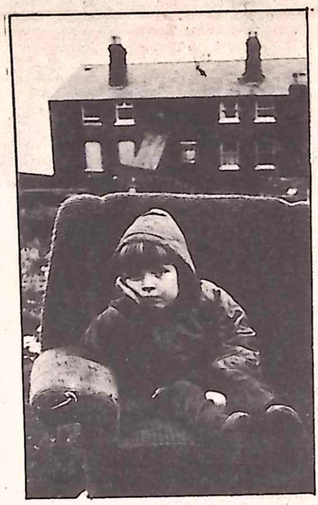
Yet another committee is the Central American Human Rights Committee who have picketed the Nicaraguan Embassy and say the Nicaraguan people have had enough of Somoza and have faced the tanks, aircraft and automatic weapons of the dictator's army from behind street barricades and have suffered terrible casualties and atrocities. The leaflet calls for international support — you can ring 01-251 3495 or write to 59a Church Street, Old Isleworth, Middlesex TN7 6BE if you want to help.

Considerate

Most considerate was the Release "Midnight Express" blurb which added "Thank you for reading this leaflet" at the end for those inspired enough to wade through it. It's all about Danny de Souza who is languishing in a Turkish jail on a 18-year hash charge. It seems the Foreign Office is willing to do nothing and leave Danny to his fate till his release sometime in 1993! It prints some extracts of his letters — "There is a big power struggle going on over who is chief. Rich Arabs against poor Arabs, with Greeks in the middle and the few freaks left to cower on their beds afraid to blink." The leaflet asks people to write to the Foreign Secretary asking why the Foreign Office is doing nothing and make donation to Release's Foreign Arrest fund which goes to help people like Danny — Release is at 1 Elgin Avenue, London W9 3PR tel 01-289 1123.

Creative

Worthy of mention is the Oval House bumph which describes itself as a "Creative activity centre" including experimental theatre, video, tap dancing, and lots more, also a coffee bar with very good apple crumble. It's at 52-54 Kennington Oval, London SE11 5SW tel 01-735 2786. Also the Latin American Center leaflet which describes what happens there without being too boring — social and cultural things, a bookshop, a reading room, craftshop and Latin American food — its at 17 Hoxton Square, London N1. Tel: 739 2910.

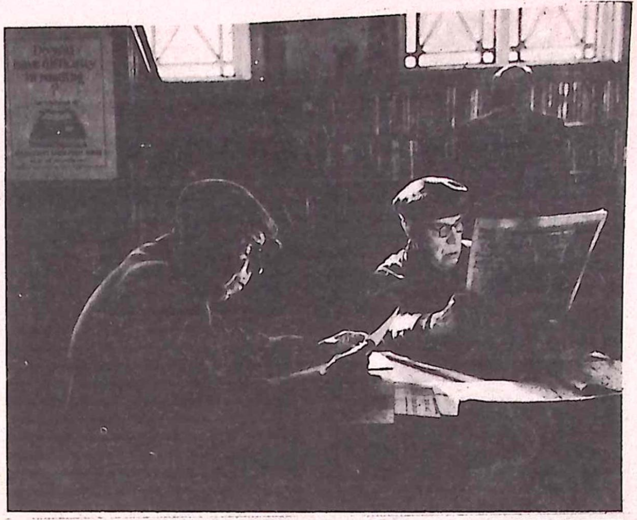


Sincere

The Huntley Street Defence Campaign did come across as sincere, and they obviously need funds — they can't even afford to borrow a decent duplication machine.

Sexual

Then there was the "advance news" of a book called "The Law and Sexuality" produced by Grass Roots Books in Manchester. Apparently it's about how to cope with the law if you're not 100 percent conventionally hetrosexual — a guide to the law for lesbians, gay men, tranvestites and transexuals — and their lawyers. They want a plug — It's available from Box P. 1 Newton Street, Manchester 1 and costs £1.15 including p&p. Unfortunately they neglected to send us a copy so we can't say if it's terrible or not.



Unfair

The most disappointing leaflet was the one with the bright green "Unfair to Young People" title, part of which read:

WHY do we always have to go home
Where they don't know what we need
Don't understand what we say
Don't think we're old enough to decide.

Why are girls told that having sex when
They feel like it is dirty and being a slut?
So they have to pretend they haven't
Got any feelings.

We don't let teachers push us around
We don't take rubbish from parents
We don't take shit from bosses
But we haven't got what we really need
We've got no one we're really close to
And nowhere to go when we want to make love.

Is this the beginning of a kids liberation movement? I hoped . . . unfortunately it turns out to be from SEXPOL, which is trying very hard to build up the Socialist Workers Youth Party so they can have "The Right To Work" by promising the possibility of the "Right to Fuck".

Enterprising

Most enterprising leaflet of the month must be the one from the Squirrel's Co-operative who offer to save you time and money by delivering whole foods in bulk to your door once a month. They can be reached at 52 Nimrod Road, Furzedown, London SW16 or tel 01-769 5858.

Gfpnixism

There was some things not worth reading — the International Communist Current's effort, for instance, which was written in another language.

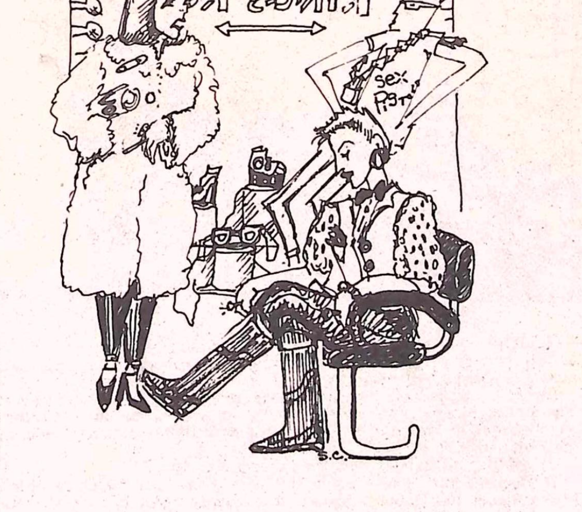
The Winner

After the usual deliberation — and I might add that although my decisions are final I like to get a little correspondence occasionally, I award the Silverstein Cup for the most practical, and, depending on your sense of humour, entertaining Press Release / leaflet to the Namibia Support Committee's Gum Boots for Refugees appeal:

"Can you afford £2 for one pair of wellies? Or more? Have you got small kids who have grown out of theirs? Has your neighbour got some wellies? Could you collect wellies in your street for the Namibians? Doesn't matter where they come from — we'll have them all."

For some reason I find this the funniest press release of the month — but it's also the most practical — they say there are an estimated 40,000 Namibian refugees, mainly women and children in Zambia and Angola with up to 500 more arriving every week. The rainy season has started (November) and the risk of foot-infection because of the muddy ground is great, especially for the kids. Good footwear is essential. The need is RUBBER WELLINGTON BOOTS.

Send all Gum Boots to 188 North Gower Street, London NW1, Tel: 388 5539. "Large quantities of wellies can be collected by arrangement."



OH, WELLIES! I HEAR THEY'RE IT IN NAMIBIA

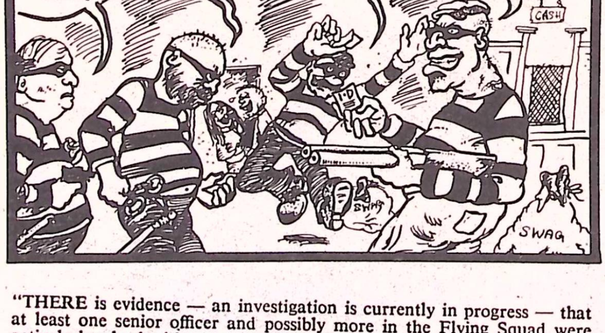
WIG WIGGLERS

A REVIEW of current performances at Turd Theatre. Crackpot Court at the Old Bailey.

Plot: The Robbery Squad, under pressure from the Home Office (proprietor Merlyn Rees) to improve their arrest record, keep a seven month tail and a two-month video surveillance on five men and then frame them with a £2,000 bank-robbery. Despite overwhelming evidence of their innocence, a pile of police lies as high as a High Court, the jury — firmly directed by Judge Rees — find the defendants guilty and Rees gives them from fifteen to seventeen years each. Eighty-one years in total, £2,000.

This is a production that could run and run. Ever since George Davis the Not Guilty was caught red-handed, the notion that a known criminal could ever be innocent has become utterly laughable and so we can expect many more productions of this nature from Turd Theatre.

We don't want to give away the whole plot. The true delights of farce at Turd Theatre can only be truly savoured from the front stalls, but here are a few of the many brilliant gags written into this wonderful play.

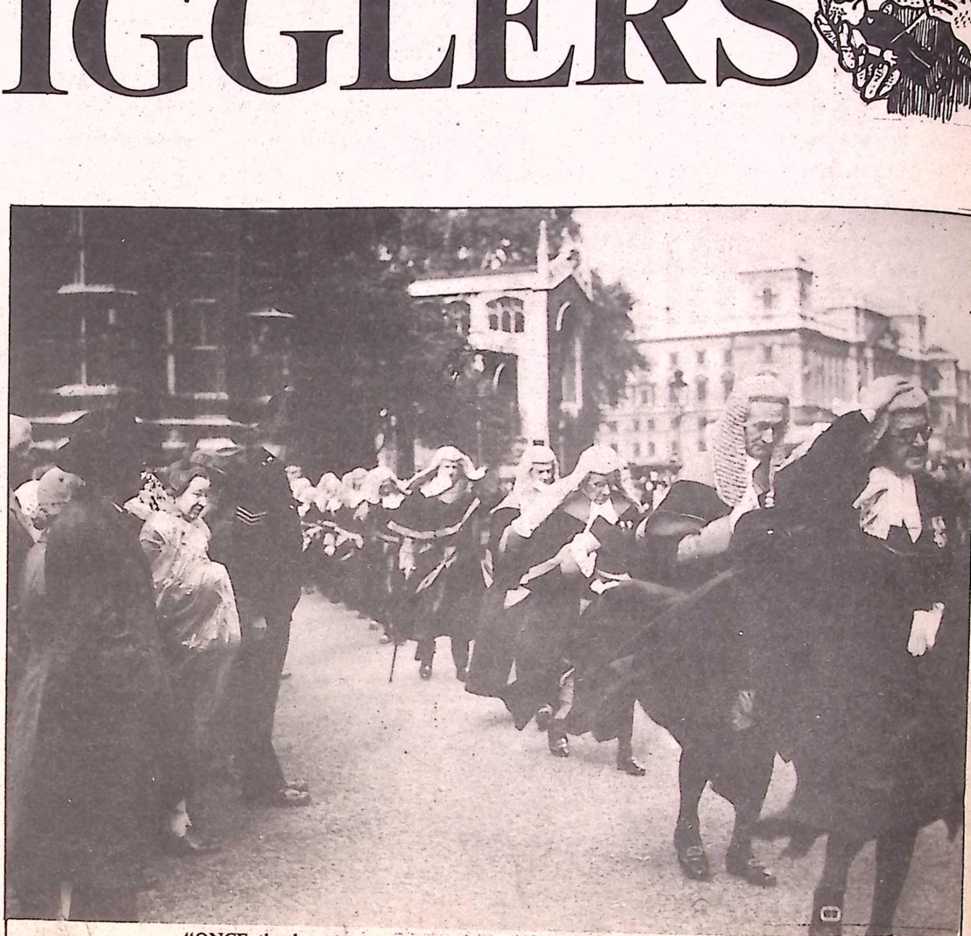

CID! — YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
FLYING SQUAD! I ARREST YOU...
REGIONAL CRIME SQUAD! YOU'RE BUSTED
SPECIAL PATROL GROUP OFFICER CO 007! I ARREST YOU!
CASH
I.D
SWAG

"THERE is evidence — an investigation is currently in progress — that at least one senior officer and possibly more in the Flying Squad were actively involved with top criminals."

Flying Squad officers "set up and staged robberies and other crimes. The police then arrested the petty criminals involved but the others were allowed to escape and the proceeds were shared between the criminals and police."

Dr. McDonald Labour MP Friday, 16 December 1977.

The same officers involved in this case plus other members of the Flying Squad and Robbery Squad are currently under investigation following allegations from a supergrass that police were actively involved in robberies if not actually doing the robberies themselves. The same team was involved in investigating the *"Daily Express* Robbery" which is one of the cases being checked again because of suspicions that the officers concerned were corrupt.



"ONCE the law ceases to protect the rights of the individual from a gang — any gang — freedom is lost." Prince Philip.

The Glove Compartment Gag

A GOOD one from W. D. C. Salmond of the Flying Squad who "found" maps with various banks marked which were produced as evidence for the prosecution.

At the trial she was asked where she had found the maps to which she replied that she had removed them from the glove compartment of the car.

She was asked whether she had a key and she replied that it was already unlocked.

She was asked on which side of the car the glove compartment was situated, to which she replied that it was on the left hand side.

She was asked to describe what she had done in detail and she replied that the glove compartment had opened downward and she had withdrawn the maps.

The Defence then suggested that she was lying, to which she replied that she was not.

The Defence said, "I suggest you are lying because there is no glove compartment in this model car," to which she replied that she hadn't actualy said there was a glove compartment, but that if there *had* been a glove compartment then that was how she *would* have opened it.

The Safe-Crack

ANOTHER good howler by W D. C. Salmond.

She had been in charge of the money seized at the house of one of the defendants and told the Court that she had deposited it in the safe of the Chief Superintendent. During the committal proceedings she described in detail how the Superintendent had opened the safe, how he had put in the money while she was present, and how he had entered the event into the record book. When it was pointed out that there was no such entry in the Chief Superintendent's Record Book she told the Court that she must have put it into the Robbery Squad's safe.

Shocking Manners in Court

WDC Salmond's interpretation of her part as "Damsel in Distress" armed only with a handbag just did not fit her often ambigious script, which among other things featured her smashing a car windscreen with a riot stick and disputing evidence given by a fellow officer, calling him a "liar" in open court.

The Amazing Shrinking Car-Dealers

A WITNESS admits in evidence from the box that he had been intimidated by the police who threatened to write him a part in the case unless he made a statement.

First he made a statement for them describing two tall men, one with a moustache, who bought one of the get-away vehicles from him at 9.45 one morning.

This description fitted the moustachioed Farral and tall Maggione However the police later discovered that they had both Farral and Maggione on videotape outside Maggione's house at 9.40 that same morning. The witness then changed his statement to describe two *short* men, *neither* with moustache, who brought the car from him. This new description fitted Joe Lee and Mick Jones and this evidence became part of the prosecution case.

Glass with a Grip of Steel

GLASS found on the shoes of four of the five defendants was identified by a forensic expert as being of Types A and B as used in Anti-bandit screens in banks. The expert gave evidence that one couldn't expect the glass powder to stay on the shoes for more than about twelve hours. The police did not remove the defendants' shoes until twenty-four hours after the robbery. The forensic scientist also said that the glass was "surprisingly fresh and sharp". It was found not only on the soles of the shoes but on the uppers and even *inside* the shoes. Regrettably, the police had "lost" the defendants' socks. However the scientist said in his evidence that he didn't believe police officers were intelligent enough to plant glass.

The Mysterious Vanishing Seals

THERE were several discrepancies between the numbers on the seals which secured evidence bags produced in court and the numbers of those same seals listed on the charge sheet. Two interesting examples of broken seals for which the police could offer no explanation were on evidence bags containing *The Money,* which left Kilburn Police Station bearing one number and magically arrived at Ealing bearing another.

Good Rates of Interest with The Police Prudential

THE police claimed that they had made treble checks on the money and that they had found £1,086. When the Defence counted the cash in Court there were £1,186 — this represents an annual interest rate of a staggering 40 per cent. It pays to bank with the Robbery Squad.

Imaginative Costuming by the Judge

THE defendants appeared at the committal proceedings wearing tee-shirts which bore the legend "I am innocent". The Judge refused to countenance should outrageous behaviour, preferring to have the accused dressed only in underpants and blankets.

On one occasion the defendants came into court with the book "The Fall of Scotland Yard" as an exhibit. One of them said first it was ,the Porn Squad, now it's the Robbery Squad.

IT IS very hard in such a short review to do justice to the feast of fun and frolics that this latest Turd Theatre Production offers:

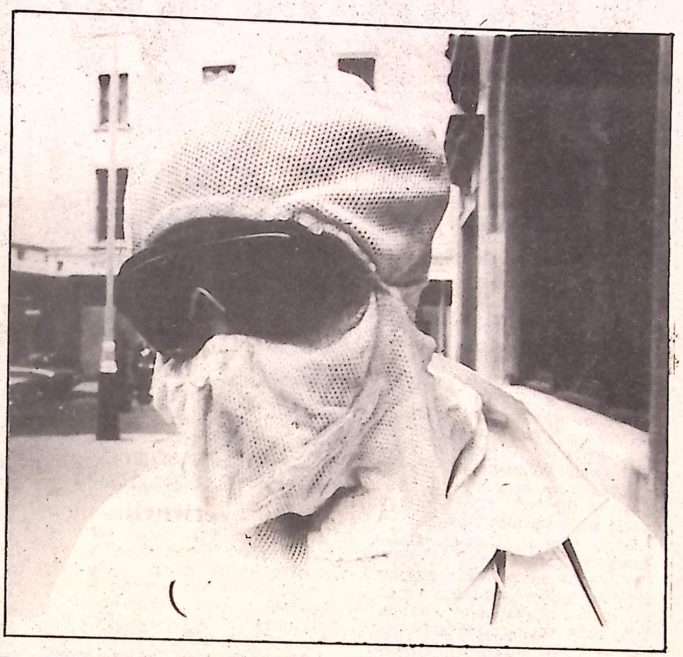
Persons Unknown Farce Bombs

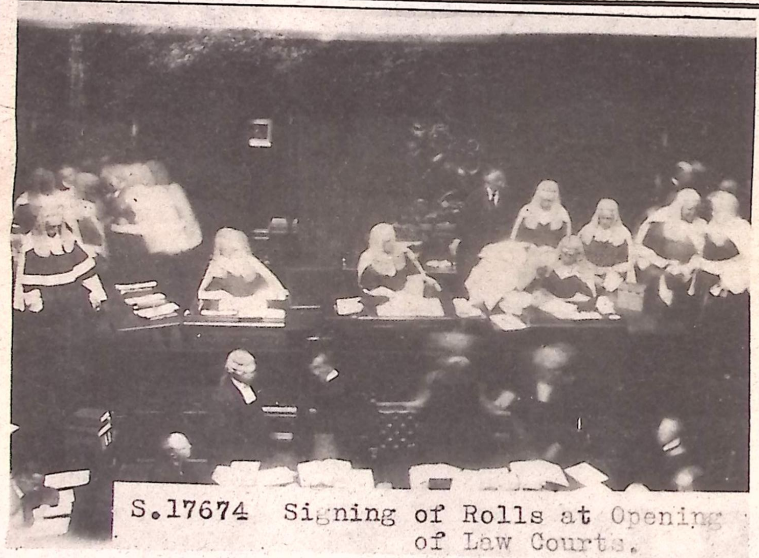
the end of the kitchen cabinet as we know it

"PERSONS Unknown" — another Turd Theatre show, a real spectacular, brought to you by the Anti-Terrorist Squad Players, now resident at Lambeth Magistrates Court, Renfrew Road, Box Office tel. Anarchist Gala performance any Thursday morning — be there early — seating very restricted. Audience participation: — Selected members of the audience will be followed home after the show.

ADULT WARNING — This show includes explicit scenes of armed policemen in paramilitary garb patrolling the streets of London, occupying the tops of buildings, searching civilians and taking photographs of them with telephoto lenses.

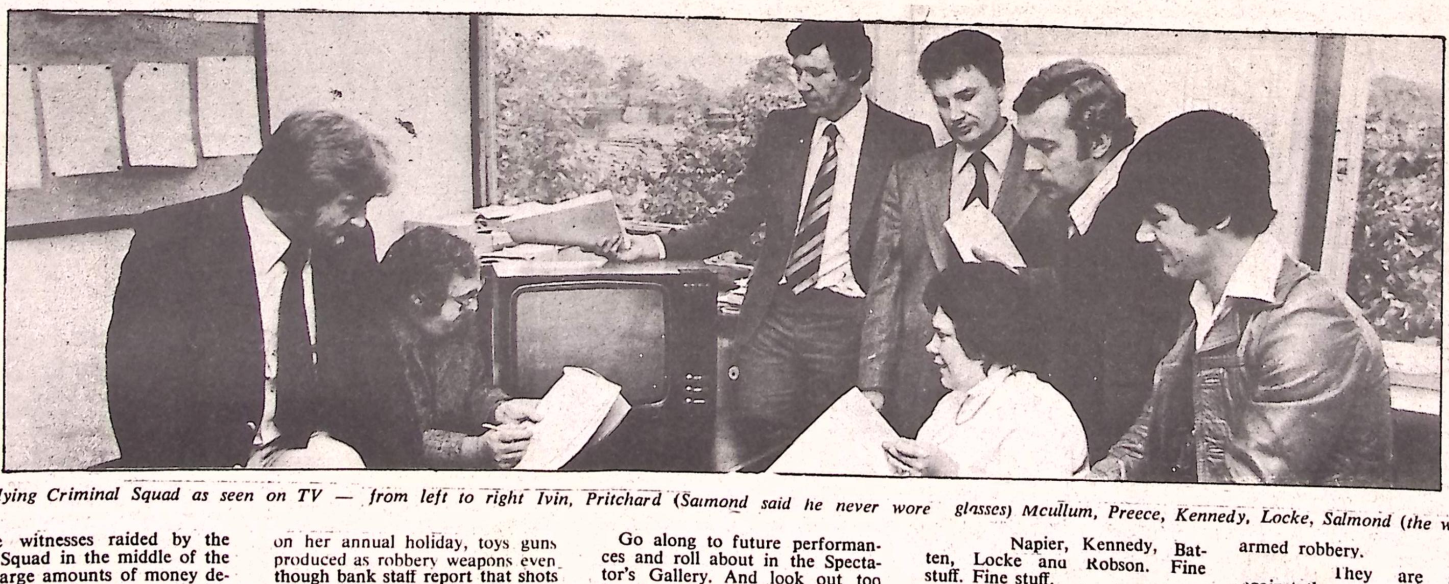
Full story: page ten.




S.17674 Signing of Rolls at Opening
of Law Courts.

Open to the public: The Royal Variety Performance.

Backstage: Visits by royal appointment only.



The Flying Criminal Squad as seen on TV — from left to right Ivin, Pritchard (Saimond said he never wore glasses) Mcullum, Preece, Kennedy, Locke, Salmond (the woman).

defence witnesses raided by the Flying Squad in the middle of the night, large amounts of money demanded by officers in return for not fabricating evidence, unseemly games with the evidence bags while the evidence officer was off

on her annual holiday, toys guns produced as robbery weapons even though bank staff report that shots were fired — guns which were found "on a shelf in a cupboard" — a cupboard which had no shelf. and much much more.

Go along to future performances and roll about in the Spectator's Gallery. And look out too for the team that made this production possible: W. D. C. Salmond, D. C. I. Andrew. Pritchard of Kilburn, Thurtle, Preece, Cale,

Napier, Kennedy, Batten, Locke and Robson. Fine stuff. Fine stuff.

Footnote: Mick Jones and Guy Maggione are now serving 15 years; Patrick and Josepf Lee and James Farrel 17 years each for armed robbery.

They are appealing against the sentence but due to a technicality in the law cannot appeal against conviction.

Turd Theatre. Crackpot Court at the Old Bailey. 1978.

PRISONERS ANONYMOUS

The plot so far — After nearly six months of virtual solitary confinement in Brixton Prison Iris Mills is out on bail, so is Trevor Dawton but there are four others still there.

All six face police charges which were initially "Conspiracy to cause explosions with persons known and unknown" but have changed to a variety of firearm and armed robbery offences.

So far the only evidence has been two bags of sugar, one-and-a-half bags of flour, an air gun and a starting pistol.

A "Car full of bombs" which the police said they found at the bottom of a cliff in Wales has, strangely, been dropped from their evidence.

A series of ID parades organised by the police on the robbery charges have been a disaster — none of the forty or so witnesses could make an identification.

Wiely Detective Superintendent Bradbury, experienced Scotland Yard politician who was heading the case, has now passed the case, and its risk of extreme embarrassment to a younger officer. Bradbury is known in police circles as an ambitious careerist.

Operating out of the most fortified police station in Britain (outside of Northern Ireland) the "Anti--Terrorist" Squad have been working hard to answer strong criticisms of their work — most annoying were the suggestions that they were not needed and should be disbanded. Ironically the lack of any violent terrorist activity was becoming an embarrassment to the police forces set up to prevent them.

Most troublesome were the questions in the Houses of Parliament asking why Left Wing MP's, trade unionists and small radical groups were being singled out for having their telephones tapped and being put under surveillance — and if there was really a need for a rumoured 2,000 or more Special Branch officers to do this type of work.

The real problem was that for some time the Anti Terrorist Squad players had been having trouble finding a new act which would satisfy the punters at the box office. Already they had seen members of the company cut from 200 to 30.

Then amid calls for an inquiry and a steadily worsening Press they found answers to all their problems, "Anarchy" and "Persons known and unknown". The bad publicity suddenly turned into rave reviews with the first show: "The Raid on Iris Mills and Ronan Bennett's Bayswater Flat." The Players were on a winner. Raids in Highbury, Hornsey and Hackney in London and as far afield as Swansea and Bristol soon followed.

More recently activity in Manchester has included the burglary of thelocal Persons Unknown Support Group. Although no valuables or money on the premises were taken, all documents, address lists and contact books had been rifled.

In Liverpool an odd incident occurred on 15 October. A member of the locally based support group telephoned the local BBC station "Radio City", at their request, to give the dates of a Persons Unknown public meeting.

Ivor Godfrey Davis, Radio City's news editor, received the call and having established where the call box was, and it's number, suggested that he call back because of the bad line. Five minutes later six plainclothes police pulled up in a car, body-searched the supporter and then drove off saying nothing. Several weeks ago a letter from the London Persons Unknown arrived in Liverpool opened and minus its contents. Recently mail between Persons Unknown and friends in Germany, which has always been irregular, is now not arriving at all.

In a letter to the Persons Unknown the Home Secretary Merlyn Rees explained that Iris had to be held in Brixton because "no other accommodation in the South East of England offers the degree of security required for an unconvicted female prisoner in Category 'A'."

At the beginning of her imprisonment she was denied visits, even from her mother, for three weeks and kept in solitary confinement.

In a letter to the support group she wrote "I'm really living a Jekyll and Hyde existence, I know I am a quiet kind of person, yet they treat me like a homicidal maniac."

In submitting the case for bail (finally accepted after nearly six months) her solicitor said that the trial would probably not take place until September or October of 1979 by which time, "Her already strained psychological state would have become very serious."

CHARGES have been dropped against all of the six defendants in the "Conspiracy to cause explosions" case.

The demand for bail on behalf of those still in Brixton, and particularly Vince Stevenson, has become more urgent, as the case against them is eroded week by week.

Crackpot Court

Fringe Events.
Lambeth Crown Court Festival 1978

"Jury Service."

The plot — Burglars smash hole in door of restaurant in the Kings Road, Chelsea. Police are notified but do not appear. Manager of restaurant asks the maintenance man to remove smashed door and store it to await the arrival of police forensic experts. Three days later the police arrive and take away the door. Three months later they return and arrest the maintenance man, charging him with burgling the restaurant on the evidence that they had found his finger-prints on the door.

In this entertaining event the prosecution waxed lyrical with the style that countless audiences have come to know and expect. The case lasted two days.

One reviewer said afterwards "We (the jury) took two minutes to reach a verdict and it was only that long because we wanted a cigarette break." Anyone wishing to take a part in "Jury Service", roll in the aisles and have the chance of winning years of freedom for innocent people should make sure they are on the voting register — big prizes to be won!

Leather~boy seeks Pen Pal

MR. REAKE, Director of the **British Leather Federation** says he will "continue using sperm-oil, even if the Ministry of Agriculture were to declare the sperm whale to be endangered." The "Animal Activists" would like you to write to him at 82 Borough High Street, London SE1 1LL.

MCPs at NUPE

ALAN Fisher, General Secretary of NUPE was recently heard to say at a meeting: "Women have no place as active trade unionists." Women constitute 60 per cent of NUPE's membership. — *PNS.*

Glass Teat News

PRE-SCHOOL children in the United States spend more than one-third of their waking lives watching television. This is according to a survey which asked four- to six-year-olds which they preferred, "Television or Daddy". A total of 44 per cent replied "Television."

ComCom.

Cheap Dead Trees

"OPEN Road" is a magazine which claims to be devoted to "Total Anarchy". They say: "We will send 'Open Road' to anyone who requests it. We have no subscription rates and depend on readers' donations." They had a good story in the last issue about how Bob Dylan offered a measely $100 reward for information about those who gave away 2,000 counterfeit tickets for his concert in Sydney, Australia. It turned out to be a group calling themselves the Sydney Sewer Rats who said "It's time we stopped looking to politicians, bosses, union bureaucrats, priests, deities and POP STARS, and start looking to ourselves and each other. This is the only way we will ever transform our lives." Apparently thousands paid $10.50 a time to get in the concert which was held "In a livestock arena which featured foot-deep mud from recent rains."

"Open Road's" address is Box 6135, Station G, Vancouver, BC V6R 4G5, Canada.

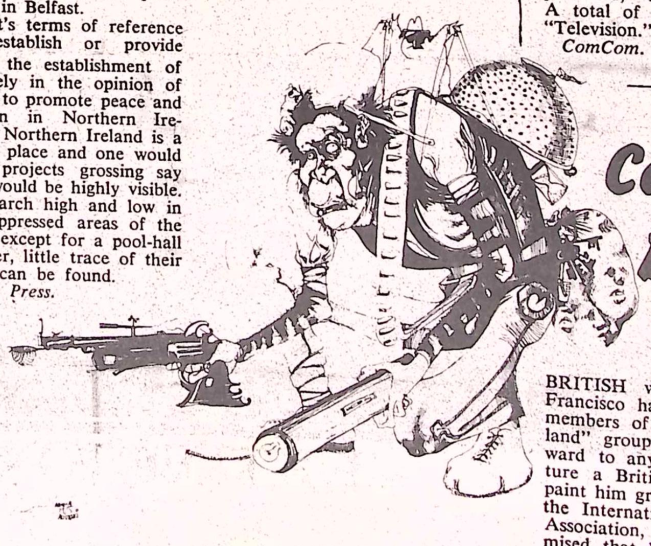
POOL FOR PEACE

BELFAST — The so called Peace Movement has a constant theme — public money. They never have enough of the stuff. At their third annual conference in October Jim Galway, the movement's treasurer, said, "The Peace People have no money." Last spring Ciaran McKeown claimed the Peace People were involved and might have to close. However, according to Peter McLachlan their new chairman "no money" equals a mere £56,000 — a vast sum in the ghettoes which the "movement" holds so dear.

The movement is divided into three parts: the Trust, the Community and the Company, Peace by Peace Ltd. — all sharing the same director and personnel. Any one of the three may be tactically broke at any one time. When McKeown made his "broke" claim he was referring to the "Community" sub-division. However, not a million minutes from the time of this announcement the "Trust" was in possession of £225,000. And that large sum does not include the deluge of money with which they have had to cope — rumoured to be £300,000 — within the first year of their existence. A constant flow of cash has disappeared into their maws leaving little trace except for the opulent life-style of their luminaries and the plush office suites in Belfast.

The Trust's terms of reference are to "establish or provide monies for the establishment of projects likely in the opinion of the trustees to promote peace and reconciliation in Northern Ireland". Now Northern Ireland is a pretty small place and one would think that projects grossing say £½ million would be highly visible. You can search high and low in the most oppressed areas of the North, and except for a pool-hall in mid-Ulster, little trace of their endeavours can be found.

Irish Free Press.

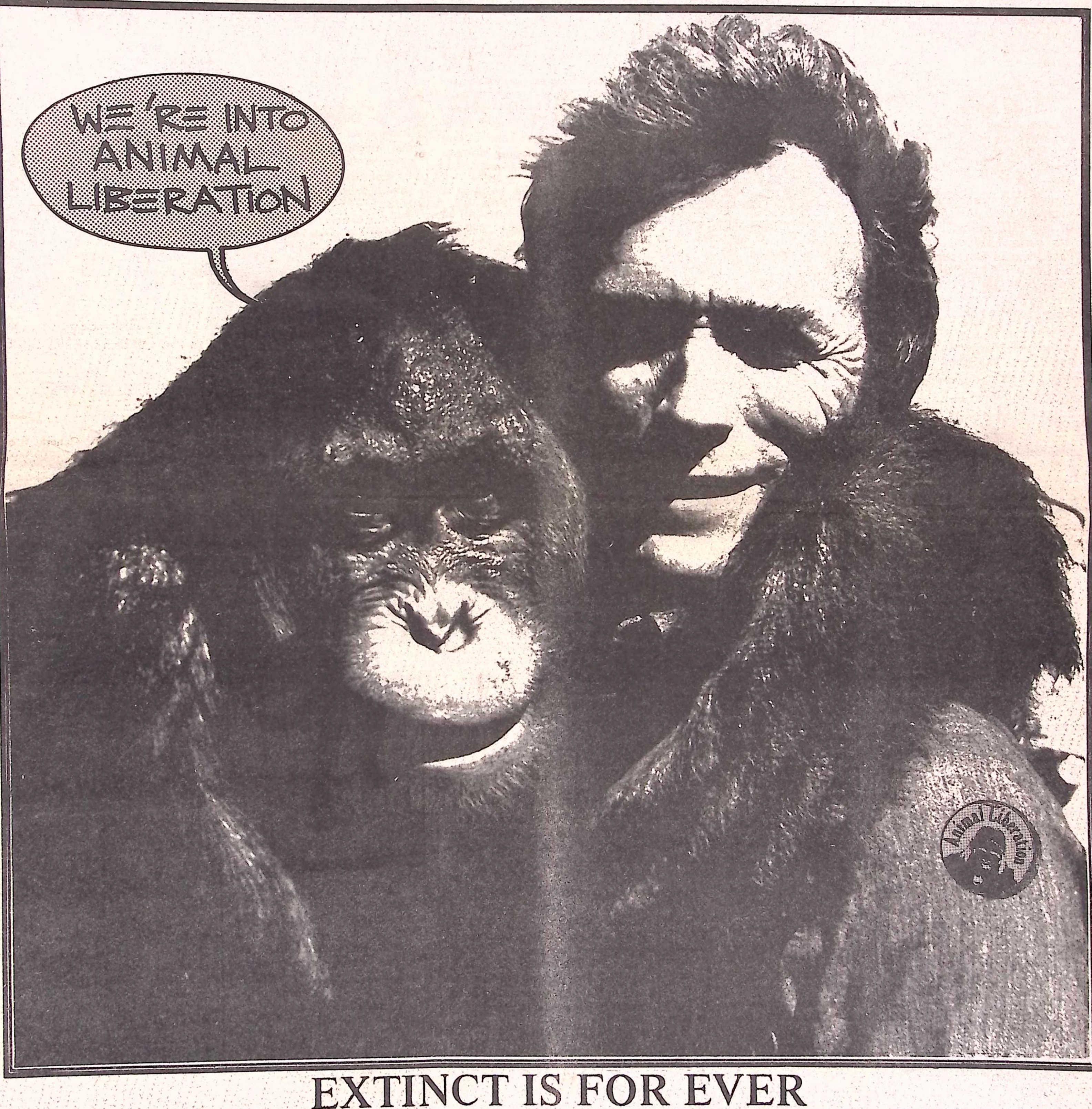


Captain Bounty

BRITISH warships visiting San Francisco have been picketed by members of the "Friends of Ireland" group. They offered a reward to anyone who could capture a British naval officer and paint him green. The president of the International Longshoremen's Association, Tom Gleason, promised that his union would participate in a boycott of British goods coming into the US. He commented that they had already done the same to goods from Chile.

THE BEAST

"ALL ANIMALS EXCEPT MAN KNOW THAT THE ULTIMATE IN LIFE IS TO ENJOY IT" SAMUEL BUTLER.


WE'RE INTO ANIMAL LIBERATION
Animal Liberation

Still from new Eastwood picture, Every Which Way But Loose. Courtesy Warner Brothers.

EXTINCT IS FOR EVER

ANIMAL LIBERATION

Animal Liberation is an idea whose time has come, and *The Beast* is the prototype of a new magazine for this movement.

At present information is scattered in numerous bulletins newsletters and specialist publications, reflecting the fact that the movement itself is sectionalised into a wide number of groups, each with their own particular perspective.

The Beast aims to present a much-needed independent overview to demonstrate that the parts form a much larger whole.

This issue was written and edited by John May and designed by Michelle Mortimer and Richard Adams. Books and organisations listed, by Phil Windeatt.
Badges designed by Michelle Mortimer.

Grateful acknowledgement is made for the help and support of: the *NME* animal liberationists (particularly Val and Fiona), Pat Chapman, Cornelia Durant, the *OPEN HEAD PRESS* image bank, Heathcote Williams, and the many other animal people who've helped get things this far.

Future issues depend on your support and contributions.

THE BEAST has now escaped.

A *NETWORK* publication.
2, Blenheim Crescent, London, W.11.

Beast News

EVOLUTION ENDING IN THE TROPICS

We are in the middle of a "biological holocaust without precedent" claimed biology professor Michael Soule at the recent First International Congress of Research in Conservation Biology in California.

Soule claims that because tropical forests are being cut down at an ever-increasing rate, animal populations are either starving to death or being wasted by disease. As many as a million species could become extinct in the tropics alone, between 10-20% of all the species on Earth.

Even more alarming, Soule claims, is that there is no longer enough physical space for the natural processes of evolution to occur. Evolution in the vertebrates that live in the tropics will cease by the year 2000, he says, and novelty in nature will be wiped out.

The only solution proposed at the Congress was a temporary one — that of creating as many animal reserves as quickly as possible, to try and prevent species from becoming extinct. But even this measure does not provide much hope. Many delegates calculated that half of the species within Kenya's vast game reserves will be gone within the next century.

CELLULOID CRUELTY

A Bill which passed through the Californian legislature recently made it a public nuisance to exhibit a motion picture in the production of which animals were killed or cruelly treated.

This issue has been a live one in the States for some time now, after the trade organisation, the Motion Picture Association, admitted that in 1975, some 88% of their 1,617 complaints were from people protesting animal cruelty in films. Three animal groups — the American Humane Association (AHA), the Humane Society of the United States (HSUS) and the Fund for Animals — all joined forces to conduct their own investigation, even to the point of recruiting spies within the movie industry itself.

Ben Hur was one classic film in which a large number of horses were mangled during the shooting of the stunning chariot race. More recently *The Missouri Breaks* starring Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson, was slated, as a rabbit was killed by a spike on camera, and a horse was drowned.

In the UK John Hale wrote a letter to the *Sunday Times* on the subject and was swamped with letters offering help and support. The result is the formation of a pressure group with the unlikely acronym of **FATSO** (Film Animals Terrible Stunts Opponents). They hope to register as a charity and have applied to the BBC's Open Door.

Beast readers should contact John Hale at Nyewood Lodge, Rogate, Petersfield, Hampshire. Enclose S.A.E.

LAB ANIMAL GENOCIDE

Despite assurances from Prime Minister James Callaghan in 1977, that he would make every effort to try and cut down on the amount of laboratory experiments on animals, this year's total kill is expected to be over 5½ million — the highest figure yet.

One of the biggest offenders was the Government germ warfare research department at Porton Down, Wiltshire, which claims to have killed 16,000 animals last year in its various experiments.

Dr. Alice Heim, a Medical Research Council scientist, recently compared laboratory experiments with animals to those carried out under the Nazi regime in Germany. She said she had been "brainwashed" for many years into thinking the experiments were necessary, but now was totally opposed to them.

A storm was caused when it was revealed that ICI was carrying out smoking experiments using beagles, but these kind of experiments still continue at the Tobacco Research Laboratories at Harrogate. It is a problem it seems to get animals to smoke like we do, so their cats are anaesthetised for the experience. Researcher Murray Jarvik claims that he has now trained 50% of his monkeys to smoke through a straw, which should do them a lot of good.

Animal liberationists would claim of course that either animals felt like us, in which case the experiments should be condemned, or else their reactions cannot be compared to ours, in which case they're unnecessary and produce no useful information.

DOWN ON THE FARM

Peter Roberts of Compassion In World Farming claims: "95% of eggs in the UK are produced from hens which have only four inches of cage-width each. Compare this with their wing-span of thirty inches and you will see just how cruel this system is."

The man responsible for factory farming of chickens is Sir John Eastwood, who was recently in the news when he sold out his 11,500 acre farming empire to the Imperial Group, the very same people who run the tobacco company.

In 1964 Eastwood set out to become the world's largest egg producer, setting a target of 12 million laying hens. In the process he developed the inhumane methods of cramming chickens into cages stuffed, rack upon rack, in large sheds, which certainly upped his production — but at the expense of the chickens.

He only managed to reach the 8 million mark, but in the process earned himself and his family many millions of pounds.

The consequences of his success are now being felt. The huge numbers of laying hens have now produced a glut of eggs, leading the National Farmers Union to propose that 2,500,000 hens be killed to restore the balance. Mr. David Cummings of the Eggs Authority commented recently: "The intention is to reduce the number of hens in a normal business-like way. It is not with the intention first of raising egg prices."

Livestock Lib are claiming, cruelty aspects aside, that the scheme contravenes the Restrictive Trade Practices Act and are calling for the kill to be stopped.

Meantime Sir John Eastwood, having shed his poultry interests claims: "I am now thinking very hard about a pig unit turning out 500 to 600 pigs a week. I've been studying pig production and I believe I've worked out the most efficient system yet devised."

DOWN ON THE FARM (2)

The Babraham Institute of Animal Physiology in Cambridge, one of the world's leading establishments studying animal breeding, has successfully produced multiple births in sheep using a new technique.

They do this by removing a newly-fertilised egg from an ewe at the stage when the egg cell has multiplied into four or eight similar cells, all of which are then implanted in other ewes.

This implant technique will enable farmers to produce four sets of twins instead of one, and will enable breeders to raise the quality of their herds much quicker than by traditional breeding methods.

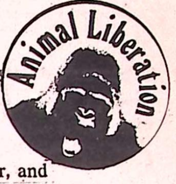
ANIMAL STRESS

In our modern urban environment it's not only the human animal that suffers from stress. In America a whole industry has developed to aid the freaked-out pet. Dr. Daniel Tortora, an animal psychologist, even wrote a book on the subject called *Help! This Animal Is Driving Me Crazy.* In it he claims that dogs can develop phobias about such things as thunderstorms, televisions, refrigerators and even music, and become very difficult to deal with.

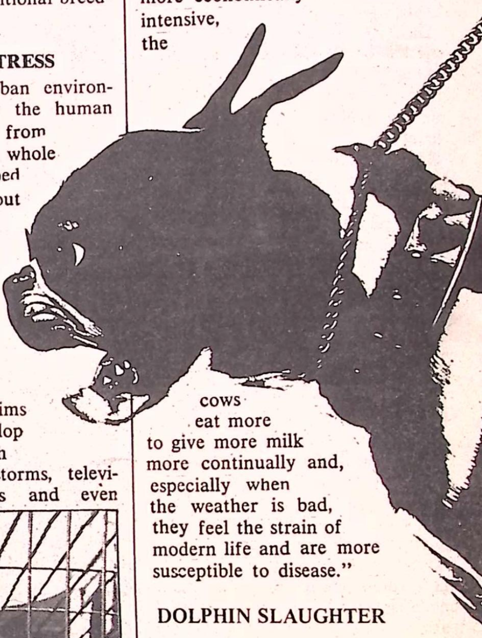
A former Playboy bunny, Carole Wilburn, has carved out a career for herself as a "cat therapist", and claims to have eased 7,000 patients through "traumatic kittenhoods". She often prescribes valium as one way of calming down a neurotic kitty.

The more serious side of this subject was recently aired by John Mitchinson, a farm vet in the Yorkshire Dales.

Talking about the difference between his work and that of Supervet James Herriott, he told a *Daily Mail* reporter: "Three illnesses frequently met with in cows are mastisis, milk fever, and grass staggers, and all of them are much more prevalent than they would have been in Herriott's day."



"The animals are under so much more stress nowadays. You think of stress as being a human problem but the cows feel it too. As farming becomes more and more economically intensive, the cows eat more to give more milk more continually and, especially when the weather is bad, they feel the strain of modern life and are more susceptible to disease."



DOLPHIN SLAUGHTER

A well-publicised world outcry followed the killing of 1,010 Dolphins at Iki Island, Western Japan last February. Now it has been revealed that a far larger cull, aimed at slaughtering 6000 Dolphins to provide meat for human consumption, takes place annually at Izu near Tokyo.

The hunt has been held annually for about a century and has successfully escaped public attention- until a documentary by Japanese and American environmentalists revealed the real horror of what is going on.

It is further estimated that Japan kills some 20,000 Dolphins a year which puts it on a par with the United States as the major Dolphin-killing nation.
More news as it happens.

CREATURE CLIPS

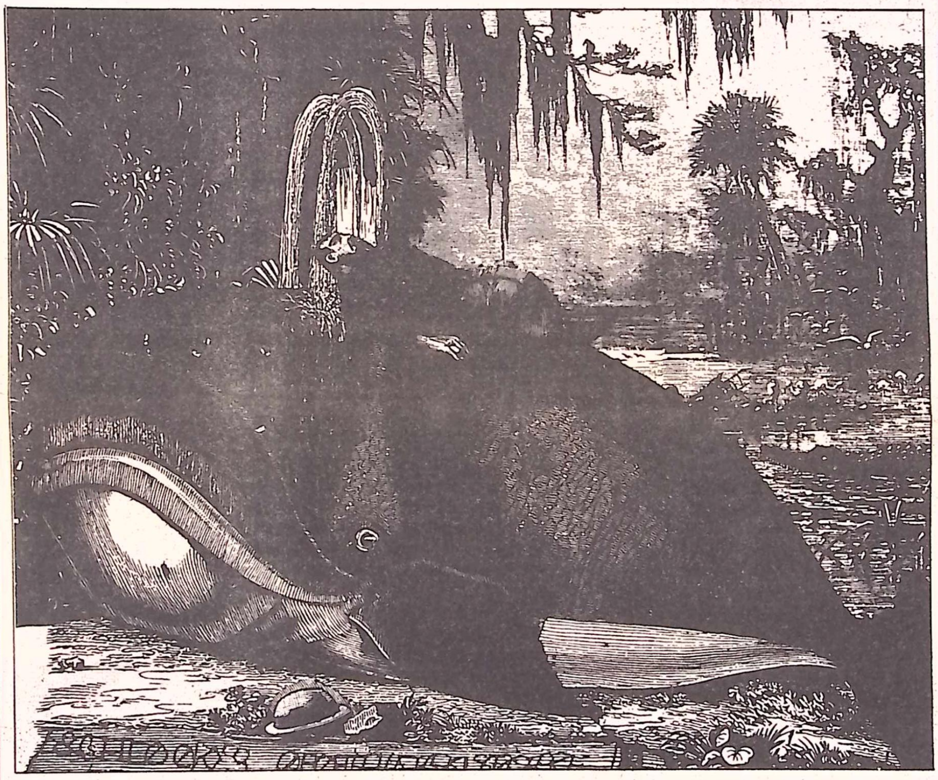
- President Eyadema of Togo spotted a whale from his office window in Lomé as it browsed in the Atlantic, and quickly flew off in his official helicopter to shoot it. Fortunately for the whale, he ran out of ammunition.

- In China a mobile zoo with about 30 animals, including a giant panda, is to be taken round the streets of Shanghai to show animals to the people.

- In Belgium bird protectors are protesting to the Government at their decision to relax the ban imposed in 1972 on mass bird catching. Belgium is on one of the big migratory courses and this autumn the Government are allowing catches of 31,130 migratory birds and 20,500 singing finches.

Whales

A PROFILE ON JOHN GORDON DAVIS



John Gordon Davis is the author of a passionate and controversial anti-whaling novel *Leviathan.* His hero, a Cousteau-like ecomedia man called Justin Magnus, believes the only way to save whales is to destroy the whalers and the book concerns his sabotage mission to hit the Russian Antarctic whaling fleet.

Shortly after its paperback publication his fiction was matched by fact, when the FBI uncovered a plot in America with eerie similarities to *Leviathan's* plot.

Davis is a Rhodesian by birth, who has combined the careers of a barrister and a successful author, and is now bucking to join the golden elite of Robbins, Hailey, MacLean and the like.

He was Crown Counsel to the Attorney-General's Chambers in Rhodesia until UDI when, on both legal and moral grounds, he quit and moved to Hong Kong.

His Rhodesian experience was turned into his novel *Hold My Hand I'm Dying* while his job as prosecutor in Hong Kong — which involved dealing with cases of counterfeit currency, unseaworthy ships, illegal abortions and dangerous drugs — provided the background for two further novels, *The Year of the Hungry Tiger* and its sequel *Typhoon.*

In between times Davis wrote a book based on his experiences as an observer on Operation Rhino, a massive translocation of the black rhino population from one end of Rhodesia to a safer game park.

A confirmed animal liberationist, I met Davis in London recently and, not surprisingly, whales dominated the conversation.

When Davis was 18 as a student in Cape Town, he had shipped out to the Antarctic on a Dutch whaler. This was in the days before the idea of an environmental crisis had been considered, a time when whales were plentiful. What did he remember most of this experience:

"The terribly impressive business is chasing this massive animal, which you only catch glimpses of as it blows and shows its spine and then goes over. The tremendously heart-rending thing is, when you have shot it and it's going into its death throes, the actual fight it puts up can last for hours.

"This is all a remote thing because you're only seeing your line tight into the sea. But when you've reached the stage where you're wearing it down and getting close to it, this massive animal is coming up more and more frequently and the sea is red with its blood. When it finally goes into its death flurry, you realise this isn't some kind of fish that you're catching . . . it's a warm blooded thing and its quite shocking.

"But even though I saw that, I sort of tolerated it because, after all, this was a legitimate industry and we weren't conscious of the terrible shame and tragedy going with it. In fact it was only in the last five or six years that I began to put the cruelty and the unnecessariness of whaling side by side and found the whole thing condemnable."

These experiences led Davis to writing and his first novel *Cape of Storms.* So why did he write another book on the subject many years later: "*Cape of Storms* didn't condemn whaling. I tried to make it as accurate and realistic as possible so you smelt the blood and felt it sticking to your books . . . but I didn't set out to convert the reader as I did eight years later with *Leviathan.*

Why the change of heart? "I had a sympathetic audience in my American publisher, who's also very fond of whales. He's the guy who was editor of *Jaws* and between the two of us we hatched the notion that a book should be written which is high adventure about the crisis of whales. I hesitate to say with a double purpose of making a commercially entertaining book which is also a cause book. Publishers hate to be branded like this, so do writers. You don't want to become known as a champion of anything. You're job is to tell stories and shut up."

So what is it about whales that has such a powerful effect on people: " I think because of their enormous size and their known pleasant disposition, that they are somehow representative of the whole environmental crisis. This doesn't in any way diminish the argument that they are specifically in crying need of protection.

"They somehow, like the rhinoceros and the elephant, touch a chord that harks way, way back to the beginning of time. They're survivors and developers of a wonderful environmental accident, assuming this enormous size because they took to the sea instead of staying on land."

Apart from being the first mass-market novel to deal with the whaling issue from a strongly anti-whaling point of view, the book had other interests. It had barely hit the stands in this country before the papers were full of the exploits of one, James Rose, who was discovered by the FBI with a mini yellow submarine in his garage, a bunch of sophisticated underwater equipment and high explosives, and pictures of the Japanese whaling fleet at their base in Chile. His plan was clear; destroy the whalers to save the whale. All Rose's equipment had been bought with a stack of $100 and Rose is currently out on bail — all courtesy of an unknown benefactor.

So what was Davis's reaction to fact overtaking his fiction? "I suppose I've got to be careful what I say because you'll bloody print it, won't you, and I'm sufficient of a lawyer to know you've got to be circumspect about this sort of thing." There's a long pause while he phrases his answer.

"As a lawyer and as a law-abiding citizen, it's quite right that he be prosecuted for committing an illegal act. As an environmentalist, I'm inclined to feel that his heart's very much in the right place. It is hard to agree with the *Save The Whale* people when they say that violence never gets you anywhere. One thing's for sure. You aren't going to stop the bloody Russian and the Japanese unless you disable their ships. You can try other sanctions and blockades of whale products, but it hasn't stopped them, has it?

"I think the answer to your question lies in Justin Magnum's words: 'My heart does not bleed for the big Japanese banks and industries and manufacturers of motor cars and cameras who are the stockholders in the Japanese whaling companies. My heart would not bleed for the Kremlin either."

So did you have anything to do with Rose's plans?

"No, I had nothing to do with it and I'm not responsible for his bail. I never heard of this man until this happened."

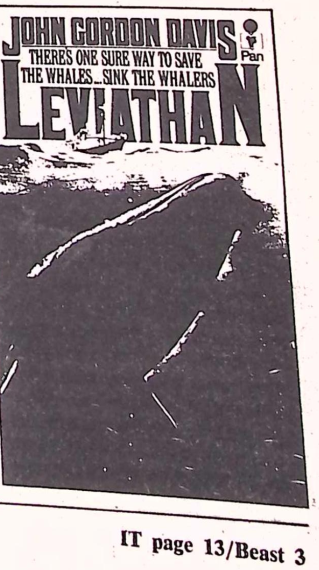
But given the chance, would you carry out an operation like that?

"I can say this. I doubt I'd have the guts to do it. Would I like to do it? I think the answer is yes, I'd like to do it. Or better still, I'd like to see someone more efficient than me do it. Wouldn't you?"

The film rights of *Leviathan* have been sold to Charlton Heston's company, so let's hope it gets made.

Meantime Davis, despite his fears of getting typecast, is currently hard at work revising his new book, another animal liberation novel. It's the story of a disgruntled circus employer who steals some animals from his Big Top employees, then liberates a gorilla, an elephant and a tiger from the Bronx Zoo, and takes the whole menagerie to the Smokey Mountains National Park, with the forces of law and order on his tail. Davis's search for realism led him to study in detail the security system of the zoo, and he travelled by car and later by foot, every inch of the route his fictional hero takes.

No doubt many animal liberationists will accuse Davis "of cashing in on the movement, but this is missing the point. Animal liberation has to be socked into the mass consciousness as quickly as possible if the whales, in particular, are going to survive. Davis, whatever his motives, is doing just that.



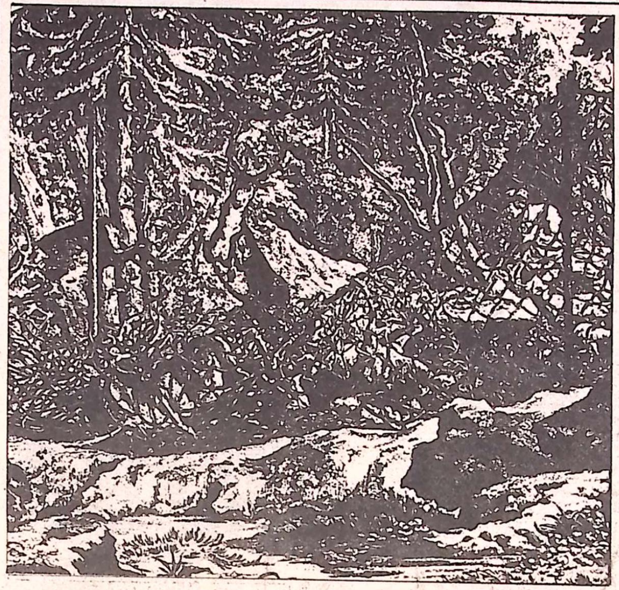
Books and Organisations

BOOKSHELF:

- **Animal Liberation** — Peter Singer (Paladin, 95p).
  Definitive. As yet unassailable.
- **Moral Status of Animals** — Dr. Stephen R. L. Clark (Clarendon Press, 5.95).
  Very academic and at times heavy going. Advocates spiritual approach to end animal abuse. Essential.
- **Animals, Men and Morals** — Ed. by Godlovitch and Harris. (Gollancz, 2.20).
  The first and seen by many as the best. Articles by Bridget Brophy, Maureen Duffy and Richard Ryder.
- **Animal Rights and Human Obligations** — Ed. by Regan and Singer (Prentice Hall, £4.75).
  Chapters for and against animal liberation, going back to Greek times.
- **Animal Rights** — Rev. Andrew Linzey (SCM Press, £2.25).
  Christian perspective.
- **Food For A Future** — Jon Wynne-Tyson (Abacus, 95p).
  Ecological perspective. Great read.
- **The Vegetable Passion** — Janet Barkas (Routledge, Kegan & Paul, £1.95).
  History of vegetarianism.
- **Doctor Rat** — Bill Kotzwinkle (Corgi, 85p).
  Tremendous animal liberation novel. Shits on *Watership Down.*
- **Victims of Science** — Dr. Richard Ryder (Davis:Poynter).
  Essential stuff but harrowing. Caused a stir in the scientific world.
- **In Pity and In Anger** — John Vyvyan (Michael Joseph, £1.75).
  A History of Vivisection. A bit over-emotional.

PAMPHLETS/MAGAZINES

- **The Ethics of Vivisection** — Dr. Richard Ryder.
  Available free from *Scottish Society for the Prevention of Vivisection,* 10 Queensferry Street, EDINBURGH EH2 4PG.
- **The Rights of Animals** — Brigid Brophy.
  Available for 5p from: *Vegetarian Society*, 53 Marloes Road, LONDON W8.
- **RESURGENCE** magazine. No. 64 (Sept./Oct. 1977).
  Animal rights issue. Available for 50p plus 15p p&p from: *Resurgence,* Pentre Ifan, Felinore Farchog, Crymych, Dyfed, WALES.



ORGANISATIONS

VIVISECTION

- **Animal Liberation Front,** c/o Peace News, NOTTINGHAM.
- **Animal Activists,** PO BOX 19, Tonbridge, Kent.
  (Demos, pickets and sit-ins against labs.)
- **Animal Rights Association,** 40 Francemary Road, LONDON SE4.
  (Pickets outside labs., Ministeries and Home Office, once a month. Membership £1.00 per year.)
- **National Anti-Vivisection Society,** 51 Harley Street, LONDON W1.
  (Parliamentary pressure group. Respectable. Emphasis on petitions and fund raising.)
- **British Union for Abolition of Vivisection,** 47 Whitehall, LONDON SW1.
  (Respectable but becoming activist minded. Have small but growing activist groups.)
- **Humane Research Trust,** Brook House, 29 Bramhall Lane South, Bramhall, Cheshire.
  (Education and fund raising only.)
- **FRAME,** 312a Worple Road, LONDON SW20.
  (Run by medics to encourage alternatives to vivisection.)
- **RSPCA,** The Causeway, Horsham, Sussex.
  (Opposed now to 90% of vivisection. Going radical but rank and file is very staid.)

BLOODSPORTS

- **Hunt Saboteurs Association,** PO BOX 19, Tunbridge, Kent.
  (Very successful. Have made other organisations turn radical. Now incorporate anti-NF policy. £1.00 per year membership.)
- **League Against Cruel Sports,** Reform Row, London N17.
  (Great literature. Going radical. Membership 55p per year.)

FACTORY FARMING

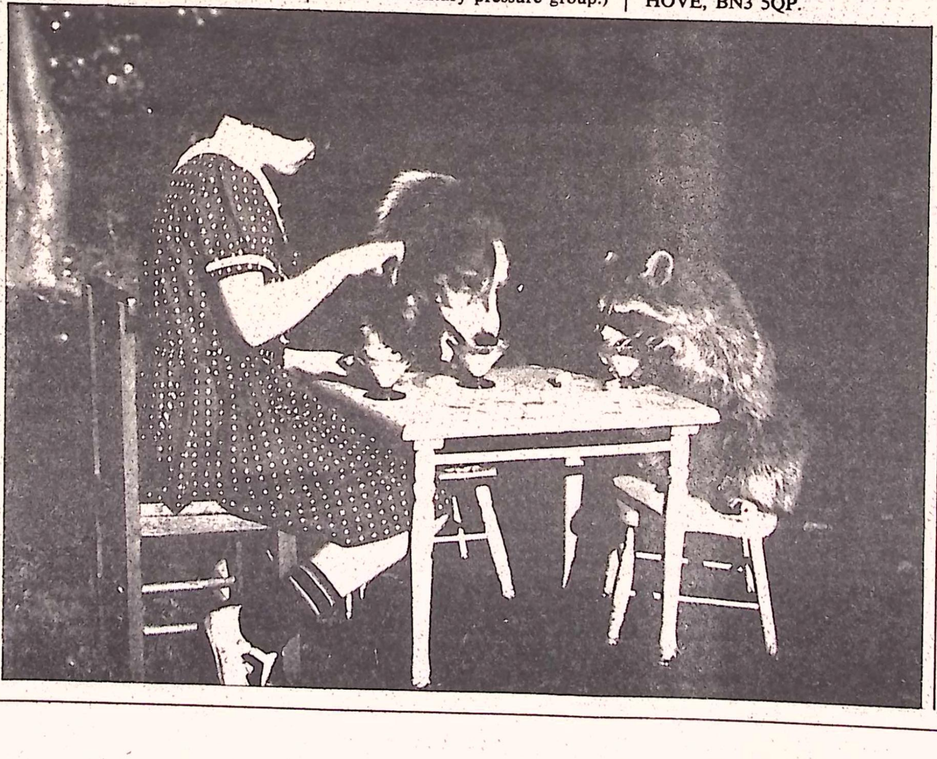
- **Compassion In World Farming,** Lyndum House, High Street, Petersfield, Hampshire.
  (Activist minded and really keen. Recommended.)
- **Chicken's Lib,** Maple Hill Cottage, Lower End, Leafield, Oxfordshire.
  (Parliamentary pressure group.)

Smith sculp.

BLACK ORAN-OTAN. *from Tyson.*

CIRCUSES

- **Captive Animals Protection Society,** 17 Raphale Road, HOVE, BN3 5QP.



VEGETARIANISM

- **Vegetarian Society,** 53 Marloes Road, LONDON W8.
  (Good bookshop, worth a visit. Health orientated. Needs activists.)
- **Vegan Society,** 47 Highlands Road, Leatherhead, Surrey.
  (Buddhist orientated, slightly cranky.)
- **Vegetarians Against The Nazis,** 13 Upper Addison Gardens, Holland Park, LONDON W14.

SPECIES PROTECTION

△ Green Peace, Columbo St,
London SE1.
(01) 633 0929

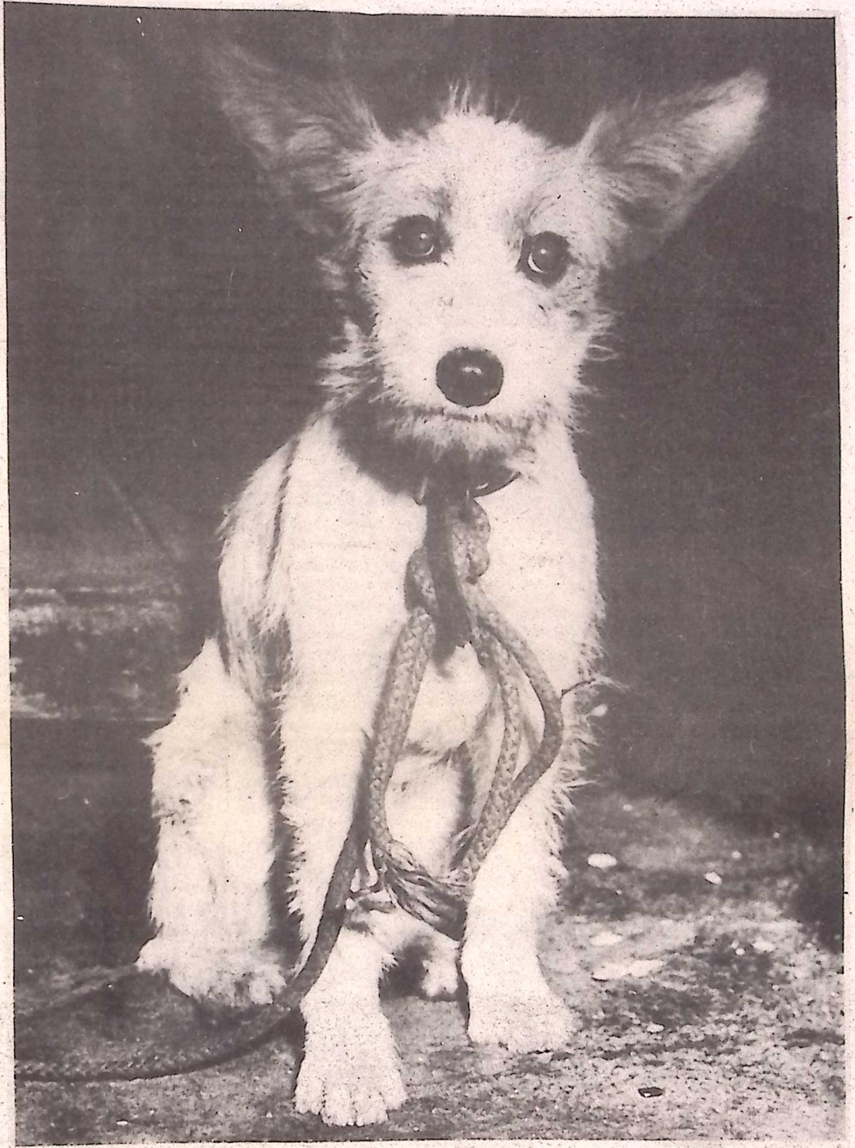
△ Friends Of The Earth
9 Poland St. London W1V 3DG.
(01) 439 9247

△ World Wildlife Fund
Panda House, 29 Graville St,
London EC1N 8AX.
(01) 404 5691

POLITICS

△ General Election
Coordination Committee For
Animal Protection
10 Queensferry St, Edinburgh
EH2 4PG.
(031) 225 2116

EXPLOIT ANIMALS? NOT ME!



REALLY?

APART FROM OUR PETS, WE ALL EXPLOIT ANIMALS!

Cosmetic and beauty aids not only contain animal ingredients but are tested on living animals.

The meat and poultry on our tables often come from factory farms where animals are bred in unnatural conditions which deprive them of their basic behavioural needs.

The animals we visit at Safari Parks have been rooted out of our natural environment and some species may be sold subsequently for research purposes.

Our cigarettes are tested on dogs, monkeys and rats to see just how much they need to smoke before cancer develops, and many other experiments on living animals are not likely to have any benefit for man or animals.

If you feel these are matters of genuine concern and would like to know more about how we exploit animals send for a free copy of the Annual Pictorial Review of:

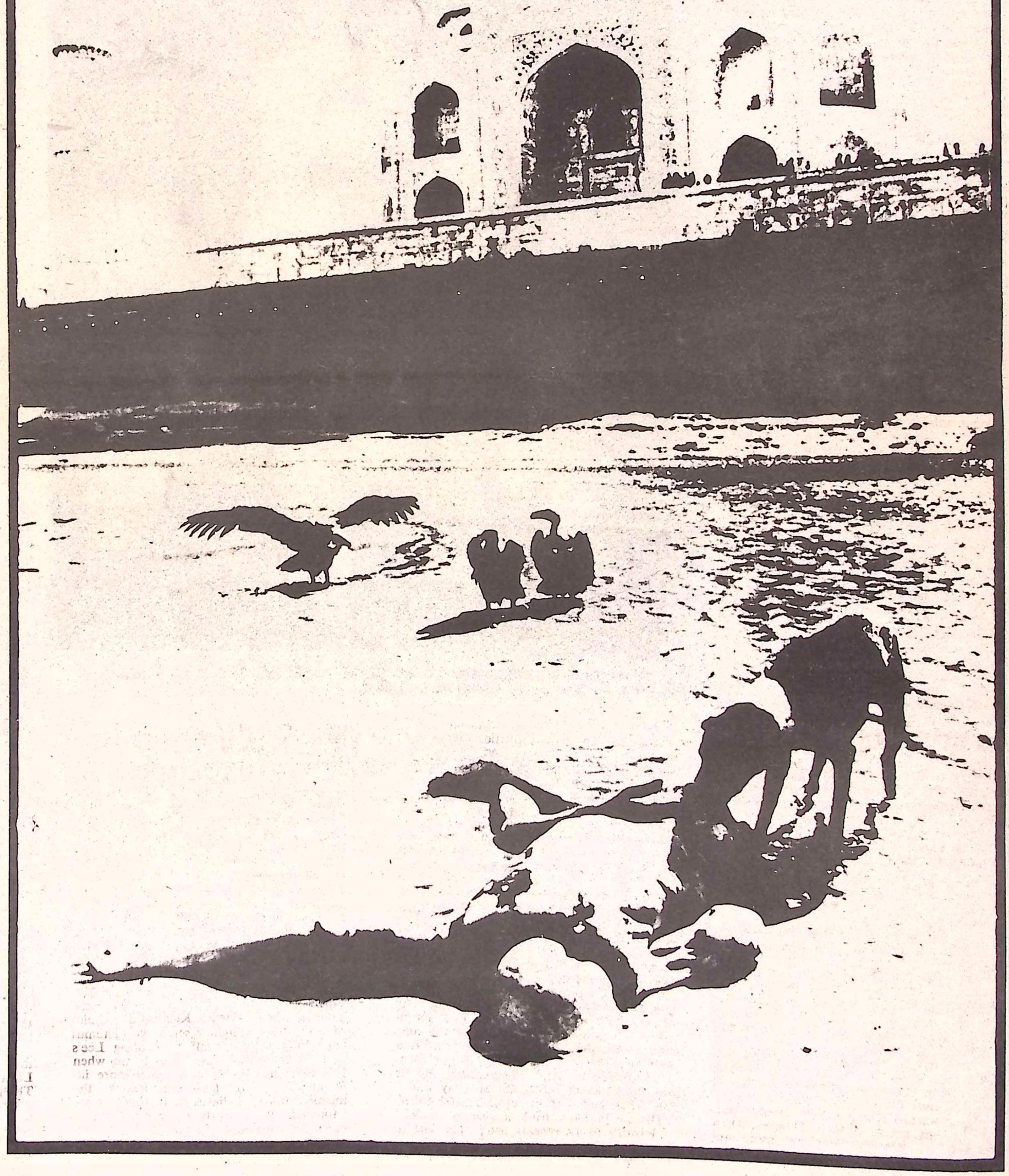
THE SCOTTISH SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF VIVISECTION
10 Queensferry Street, Edinburgh EH2 4PG

Please send me a free copy of your Animal Pictorial Review:
Name ....
Address ....
.... **Code BI**

TRAVEL NOTES

Contributions welcome.

Taj Mahal, 1970. By Mark Edwards.



THESE are current fares for the overland route to India (Kshmir). **London-Athens** — Magic Bus is £25. Stay in Athens — Andrews Guest House — 2 Kekropolis, Plaka — 65 dx per night for dormitory — free hot shower, The Square Inn, Plaka — 60 dx per bed (37 dx = approximately $1.00).

Athens-Istanbul — Magic Bus — 750 dx = $10.00. Watch for the guy who loads the bags on to the bus — if he tries to demand 20 dx for loading the bags don't pay unless you want to — he'll go away eventually.. The bus may not drop you in Istanbul in the cheap hotel area — Sultan Ahmet Square across the Galata Bridge — but a taxi for four should not cost more than 60 TL.

The Youth Hostel outside the Topkapi Palace wall is 40 TL a night, slightly more for double rooms.

Danny De Souza is *still* in Bayrampasa prison on a 30 year hash sentence — he can be visited — approach the British Embassy and mention Release — take him newspapers, magazines food. If you are not going that way, you can also send help to him — and others languishing in foreign jails — through Release who operate a foreign bust fund — 1 Elgin Avenue, London W11.

Istanbul-Teheran — three-and-a-half days — 500 TL = $20. Teheran is horrible, but the Amire Kabir is probably the only choice — the bus stops there anyway — a bed is about 125 Ryals (almost $2.00) showers free.

Teheran-Meshed (train) — 455 ryals = $6.50. Meshed-Iranian border — three hours — 125 Ryals = $1.80. Iranian border to Afghani border (three to four hours of bureaucracy) 50 Ryals or 20 AFs (currently $1 = 37 AFs).

Afghani border to Herat — 50 AFs = $1.40 — three hours. In Herat the "Mustapha is excellent — frequent water, good home cooking, beds in rooms of four for 30 Afs (80 cents).

Herat-Kabul — 14 hours — 200 Afs = $5.60. In Kabul the "Green" is excellent — and restful at 40 Afs ($1.00) a night but the "Faiz" (behind the Mercedes Restaurant) 25 Afts, and the "Payam" (across Chicken Street) 20 Afs can also be recommended.

If you have Dollars or Deutchmarks you can buy a bottle of Scotch duty-free when leaving Turkey and entering Iran, then you can sell it to your hotel keeper in Afghanistan for twice the price. You can sell blood lucratively in Athens and in Kabul at the Public Health Institute.

Kabul-Peshawar — 100 Afs = $2.80. Approximately eight hours.

Peshawar-Lahore — train — 11 hours Prs 18.10 = $1.95.

Lhore-Indian border — local bus or share taxi — taxi is 22 rp = $2.20 — but up to five can ride in it.

Border-Amritsar = 50 piastres = 60 cents.

Amritsar-Jammu — eight hours — tickets never checked on night train — fare (if you want): 8.20 Rp = $1.00.

Jammu-Srinagar — 12 hours — 16 Rps = $2.00.

Next month: On foot across the world. Its only a few bob from Kashmir to Ladakh in the Himalayas. Ladaka has only been accessible to foreigners for two years so they are still as curious about you as you are about them. How to do it on a quid next month.

INSULT to INJURY

OPERATION JULIE by ex-Inspector Dick Lee and Colin Pratt of the “Daily Express” is, the blurb would have it: the “sensational story behind the world’s biggest and most successful drugs investigation,” which Inspector Lee “master-minded”. Lee it is claimed “stumbled on a lead” indicating the existence of an LSD factory in Wales, and “further investigation revealed that this was the centre of a highly sophisticated and international drug network . . . manufacturing enough LSD to meet the needs of half the world . . . ”

“Overcoming the initial reluctance of his superior officers and working on a shoestring budget, Lee and his team set out to identify and infiltrate the ringleaders and their centres of manufacture and distribution. This is the story of a small group of British detectives whose selfless dedication and unremitting inquiries took them to the drugs underworld of London, a hippy commune in Wales, banks in Switzerland, and a chateau in France. This is Dick Lee’s story but it is also the dramatic unfolding of the struggles, the disappointments, and the final success of the entire Operation Julie team.”

The book is a ghost-written autobiographical account, fashionably presented as a sub-Maileresque “faction” with the main protagonist referring to himself as Lee throughout, though there’s a large swatch of unpleasant photographs, in the centre of the book (all exclusively attributed to the ‘Daily Express”), to give the novel documentary authenticity. Photos of the houses where labs had been operating, police look-out houses, the ops. room, and a chorus line of the female cops involved in the operation. There are mug-shots of the defendants, some taken from holes bored in the side of observation vehicles — was the “Daily Express” inside *them* too? — and one of Andy Munro, Chemist Number Two, stripped of his clothes, presumably because it was felt they were soaked in LSD. (They’re the kind of lurid and inhuman pictures that Joe Orton and Ken Halliwell would have pounced on with delight and ripped out for their collages during their surreal vendetta against Islington Public Library). One of the most vile is of “DC Steve Bentley and ‘Blue’ ” (an unsuspecting contact) “taken after a lengthy drinking session. At the time they were working undercover and living the life of drug-taking hippies.”

Alcohol provides a more or less continuous and mildly delirious descant to this saga. (It is of course by now well known that several of the six detectives who resigned at the end of the case took up possession in the Licensed Victuallers Trade):

“It was such a staggering find the team had to hurry to the bar to get over the shock.” (p. 301.)

“Together they got rolling drunk that evening in Devizes, and by the time they parted company Lee was committed to staying on.” (p. 48.)

“As they left Lee called across to Greenslade to join him for a well-earned drink.” (p. 272.)

“Lee was due at the briefing at Tintagel House at 10.30 p.m. There he met John Locke and Dennis Greenslade and passed on the news of the Seymour Road success. Mr. Locke’s gin bottle promptly emerged.” (p. 268.)

“Lee left in slightly better spirits and gave the news to the anxiously waiting Julie team. They all retired to the bar to unwind over drinks.” (p. 248.)

“Lee warned Kemp not to involve himself in any action against Thomas. Then, shaken, he left the interview room and went back to the team in the bar.” (p. 302.)

Ex-Inspector Lee, pictured at post-trial celebrations, prepares to receive a token of appreciation from one of his former colleagues.

The picture of Lee that emerges, apart from his somewhat ironic devotion to gin palaces, is of a careerist and media-mongering cop looking for a gig. He comes across accounts of LSD being distributed at Pop Festivals (who hasn’t?). His reaction is neither of approval nor disapproval; it simply provides him with a platform to make himself manifest. He fortuitously hears of a girl in Preston who died of asphyxia after taking LSD (several days after by all other accounts) and ruthlessly exploits the story in order to set up the Operation. Between dropping the acid and dying of asphyxia the girl’s diet is not accounted for. The causative connection is a little limp, to say the least, but no one seems to notice (or probably to care). It reminds one a little of the story of Alfred Hitchcock who was rung up in the middle of the night by a journalist who claimed that a carbon-copy Psycho murder had just taken place. What was the Master’s reaction? Alfred Hitchcock retorted: “And what exactly did he do the moment before he saw my film?” and then added in his most sinister tones: “Did he perhaps drink a glass of *milk*?”

History never repeats itself. The girl in Preston, the sketchily described lynch-pin of Lee’s politicking, doubtless consumed large quantities of junk food, inhaled lead-polluted air and for all we know munched mandies and barbs before gagging. LSD was probably the least of her worries, who’s to know? Dates and details are never revealed. Why should they be? She’s Lee’s trump card. He keeps it in his hand to clean up the table and when he’s cleaned it up everyone will be too stunned to ask what it was. “Bloody hell, guv’nor, you should be selling cars. You’d make a fortune,” fawns a junior officer.

No one at Scotland Yard had been in the least interested in LSD for some time, despite the fact that they’ve been sitting on a file containing the names of the main manufacturers and suppliers in the current “conspiracy” for two whole years. Names supplied to them by the Canadian Police who were given them by one Gerald Thomas who exchanged Kemp, Todd, Solomon et al for a lighter sentence. (Thomas apparently shits himself on hearing Lee’s voice at the door of his Texas home, when Lee visits him to try and solicit more information . . . at least Lee, hearing the flushing toilet, believes that that’s what happened. It is clearly more dramatic to have someone shit themselves when you make your entrance, than to be merely flushing their stash).

Scotland Yard apparently refuse to hand over this file, which they’ve been sitting on. A mysterious episide. Possibly the Central Drugs Intelligence Unit feel primadonna-ish and see no reason why they should hand over the fruits of their “researches” to this provincial hick on the make. Lee is treated like a man with a song in his heart newly arrived in Tin Pan Alley. But Lee flashes the girl from Preston which oils the cogs and from then on all is sweetness and light and he begins to assemble his gang of Boy Scouts and moves into a cottage in Wales to keep an eye on Kemp’s acid factory. He feels very miffed by accusations in the local pub that he’s gay and consequently moves in Girl Guide Glenice Garlick, from Thames Valley Police, as a cover.

From now on the book is an unseemly and almost endless cat and mouse game with the defendants, whom he loosely tries to tie to the Brotherhood of Eternal Love “a global organisation, one not only intent on capturing what is the men’s pockets but also what is in their minds,” and then to even more tenuously connect it to an American operation whom Lee claims are importing “Leopard tanks through British Arms dealers . . . a disturbing aspect . . .” (p 137), very disturbing, if there were the remotest likelihood of it being true. Lastly, he quite opportunistically, and totally insubstantially, attempts to make a link between the acid conspiracy and the Baader-Meinhof gang through a piece of tiresome and impenetrable drivel about a hired car in Chippenham having the same number as a car used by the gang.

The “Baader-Meinhof connection” is tucked in for several cynical reasons. Firstly to give the Julie operation international importance, in order initially to jack up the subsidies for the operation from the Chief Constables who were at him for results and now perhaps to widen the market for the book. Secondly it is a useful way of hinting what happened to the exaggerated amounts of money that Lee and co. claimed were missing. They are very keen throughout the interviews with the defendants to constantly quiz them on their political affiliations, totally refusing to accept that, on the whole, if they’re not somewhere to the right of centre, they’re apolitical or pacifist vedgie anarchists. Another tactical motive for including the “Baader-Meinhof connection” is that it can be used to pressurise the Home Office into supplying the team with all kinds of sophisticated bugging equipment that goes through walls; directional stuff which doesn’t even have to be installed. The Home Office eventually refused Lee such goodies, despite his ravings, and this piece of equipment together with some tracking gear, Lee found himself restrained from using. A curt note from the Home Office delivered to Greenslade, his spectral supervisor, was placed on Lee’s desk: “YOU ARE TO DO NOTHING THAT WILL EMBARRASS THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT.” (Lee and Pratt’s capitals).

The “Baader - Meinhof connection” clearly went down like a lead balloon with the Home Office, but then again, who would want someone as nosey as Lee hovering around the place, maybe Whitehall, with a piece of equipment that can go through walls, particularly someone who may have announced his intention to leave the force and become a TV interviewer (which is of course what he’s now done).

The Home Office may have attempted to knock the Baader-Meinhof riff out of Lee’s repertoire, but Lee, like a good Thespian, knows a good act when he sees it and isn’t going to knock it on the head for a couple of pen-pushers. Besides it gives the book that Bulldog Drummond flavour. Watch our intrepid team smash the Acid Terrorists!

Law and Order is an industry rather than a vocation and the police thrive on division — everyone coming together? Christ, what a nightmare. The notion of integration: racial, psychic, political, and financial is anathema,

The "Baader-Meinhof connection" is merely a louche and craven device, for truth to tell the Julie team are not that courageous (though their Percy F. Westerman courage is unceasingly hinted at throughout). On page 127, Lee makes this unfortunate admission: "In view of the troubles in Northern Ireland, and the related political climate, Lee decided not to make any enquiries in the Republic." Although Andy Munro, Henry Todd's acid alchemist was by all accounts living there at the time. Somewhat surprising for a man of Lee's much publicised assiduity.

When the case came to trial, the Baader-Meinhof fable had been fondled for long enough by police and journalists over Bristol bar-tops to bear fruit and even to achieve popular credence. It spawned an almost military display of armed guards on the roof-tops of the Crown Court, just in case the Beasts of Berlin nipped over to Bristol to spring their benefactors, and the "Daily Express" gratefully blurted out the rumour just before sentencing so that the Judge was certain to see it and regulate the prison terms according to superstition rather than reason. Who cares? All good stories end with a death.

"Operation Julie" is a sordid little tale. It concentrates much on the "sacrifices" made by the Julie team: an undercover policewoman at Watchfield Festival had to take off her top in a heat-wave, because everyone else had, for otherwise she felt she would have been spotted. "Oh it's a far far better thing that I do now than I have ever done . . . it's a far far better place I go to now than I have ever gone. . . ." One or two of them had to endure smoking the demon weed, and perhaps even snort a line or two of coke in order to keep the ball (and later the chains) rolling. There were a few cold anoracked nights on the Welsh hills, and one or two cramped and sweaty sessions (for the most part on over-time) in observation vans.

But folks, in the Good versus Evil Racket, such torments should be taken very lightly and we are told time and time again that there was never a word of complaint from the Julie stalwarts. Though truth to tell, had your reviewer been one of Lee's junior officers forced to sleep on the floor in a dank Welsh farmhouse in the middle of winter, while Inspector Lee had a double bed all to himself, his bile would have risen. But then again of course I have not been suborned into Lee's faggot phobia, and innocently feel that it's perfectly possible to share a mattress with someone without feeling pressurised into sticking your willy up their bum or vice versa. Doubtless ex-Inspector Lee, or the unfortunately named Pratt, his collaborator, does not.

With the help of innumerable taps, and GPO "meters" (which record the numbers called, and require no other authorisation than GPO officials with whom the Julie squad seemed to be more than in cahoots) the defendants, now prisoners, dictate their deeds into Lee's retentive brain. When they mention associates by name he unplugs his demonic deaf-aid and sets up a tap on them too.

On the whole this swarm of bugs was licensed by the Home Office, an organisation which, on paper at least, is meant to be vaguely responsive to the Body-Politic, but which as Michael Lesser once observed "has never done anything for *my* home." The mechanics of the bugging, or soul sodomy, is then set up by Scotland Yard.

But on one curious occasion Lee is hesitant about using Scotland Yard — after all, had they not sat on the invaluable file for two years: the file which fed him with the names of the main "conspirators" and done Sweet FA about it? One of the sedentary Yard Officers, O'Hanlon, was later convicted of taking hush-money from porno dealers and "Swan", Lee's private grass (named after the pub in Queensway where they used to meet), now tells him that it's rumoured that some of the acid merchants were paying the Yard hush-money too. In view of this threat from his own side, the ever-resourceful Lee decides to set up a tap on Todd's phone privately and by-pass the Yard's buggery boffins in case word leaks out to the hush-heads higher up. "Lee had another stroke of luck. He persuaded an organisation, which for security reasons cannot be named, to put a tap on Todd's phone." Sinister stuff. And even more sinister still when read in the light of Lee's comment that "many of the innovations and methods used in Operation Julie have become standard practice." The organisation he persuaded to supply him with the equipment, and thus short-circuit police resources, was undoubtedly the army, and it is unnerving to think that it is riddled with quartermasters who wouldn't bat an eyelid at this kind of thing. "England, that was wont to conquer others, Hath made a shameful conquest of itself."

Allen Ginsberg once said that there's nothing wrong with bugging so long as everyone can bug everyone else, which perhaps is reasonable. But Lee and his gang of moral upstarts developed chronic bugging mania, though they would doubtless be appalled if their own homes were bugged. Their reactions to being photographed by "IT" journalists outside Bristol Crown Court had something less than a seaside air.

I.T. Staffer talks to Master Crook-Smasher ex-Det. Inspector Lee outside Bristol Crown Court.

Justice, so the shibboleth goes, should not only be done but also be seen to be done. However the chimera is currently only seen and only heard by certain people. Try taking a camera or a tape recorder into the Public Gallery of any court-room and then explaining that you wished the moronic machinations within to reach a wider audience. But of course "Justice" herself is entitled to use such devices — Justice who is personified above the Old Bailey as the Roman Goddess holding two scales — a marble blindfold around her eyes. Blind or blinded, as one witty Old Bailey hack used to observe, because that was the nature of Justice, and portrayed as female "so that she could be subject to miscarriages." Lee, it emerges, was dreadfully disappointed that the Old Bailey (crowned with this statue of the myopic and aborting Goddess) was not used as the venue in which to display the fruits of his labours, and he had to make do with Bristol Crown Court (crowned merely with armed guards).

Lee warbles to the incompetent and crippled goddess nightly, she graciously informs him that hippy homes are fair game, and consequently he infests them with a plethora of electronic tsetsi-flies to satisfy his meretricious and mendacious muse.

The imbalance between hunter and quarry throughout the book becomes more and more disturbing: St. George is a drink-sodden anti-gay paranoiac, who uses any available deceit to get hold of the swirling, lysergic dragon: breaking and entering people's houses, renting houses as observation posts under false names and false pretence, dipping into public funds on spec, endless bugging of course, invasions of privacy, and arresting the wrong people — on a quest for someone called Nicholas Wedgewood Evans they thought that someone called simply Nicholas Evans would do just as well, smashed up his place in the early hours, gratuitously waking the poor fellow up with the words; "We've got you, you bastard." And one is tempted to wonder: if it's an offence to impersonate a police officer, why the fuck shouldn't it be an offence to impersonate a hippie?

Lee, by his own admission "relishes" the tawdry adventure. In fact he now believes that nothing in the rest of his life will live up to it and therefore is obviously drawn to exaggerate the achievements of this, the summum bonum of his existence. However, from the articles by John Chippendale in the "Guardian" recently, the Kemp-Solomon-Bott-Todd conspiracy was clearly a long way off being the biggest drug conspiracy in history, despite Lee's asinine assertion (page 12) that the "illicit organisation" had been manufacturing around "£20,000,000 worth a year of tiny LSD tablets and *selling them to two-thirds of the world.*" (my italics). Well now, the current global population is something in excess of four billion souls, and I doubt whether two thirds of that four billion, despite the braying of the multi-nationals, all consume the same brand of anything, even air . . . and let alone Richard Kemp's LSD.

The other assertion of the Dick and Pratt Combo on page 329 that "the team had learned that following the raids the price of an LSD tablet which was almost impossible to obtain had rocketed from £1.25 to £5.00" hardly bears refutation. One "IT" journalist bought two tabs for fifty pence each in a cafe not twenty yards from Bristol Crown Court while the trial was in progress. The price has not been increased but dramatically reduced. An acid economist might observe that the Julie case publicised LSD on such a massive scale that the subsequent demand for cheap and widespread availability of the commodity had inevitably to be met.

Steve Abrams, who has had a personal relationship with Lee, claims that Lee "bent over backwards" to be fair to acid. And to be fair to Lee, on one occasion he is. He admits the "Make Love Not War" syndrome of the 'sixties, of which acid was the sacramental bonding agent, "undoubtedly had a tremendous effect on the policy of the government and Richard Nixon's subsequent withdrawal from that war. They gave the American civil rights movement enormous momentum and inspiration. Millbrook pulsated with excitement and energy. And the inspiration came from acid. To Leary's followers it was no coincidence that the atomic bomb was invented in the same year as Hoffmann and Stoll discovered LSD. A simultaneous breakthrough to inner and outer space.

"They formed the League of Spiritual Discovery, through which they hoped to spread their acid-based religion to all corners of the world. They advocated free and unrestricted access to the drug, for their belief was that it expanded the mind of the individual, gave him a greater understanding of life and of his fellow men and induced a universal feeling of love and peace. They gave lectures and held seminars at Millbrook and New York. Their constant theme was: "Have love for your fellow man," something which they often put into practice in the form of group sex sessions. . . ."

Apart from the slightly salacious sting in the tail, had this little chapter on LSD and the nature of its effects been written by anyone else, one could almost take it as an endorsement of acid and the sort of run of the mill piece on the subject which might easily have found its way into any of the head mags of the middle and late 'sixties.

It's almost as if Lee is hedging his bet and deciding to give the devil his due. But he's merely being wise after the event. He initially acted, one gathers, simply because acid was there, being distributed at pop festivals, and all he knew about it was that it was illegal (though its manufacture was only made illegal in 1974). I am a cop. It's a Class A drug. Things that are illegal are wrong. Something should be done. I could make something of this.

His little chapter on acid clearly indicates that he knows acid to be infinitely less harmful than heroin for example, and he even seems not unreceptive to the claim that it can be beneficial in certain circumstances, though he would doubtless feel that Britain has no Vietnam or great need for Civil Rights and would probably become very impatient with any mention of the blatant parallels now current or the part that acid philosophy might have to play in their alteration.

He's first and foremost a cop, despite the trimmings, and he's set his sights on busting the acid conspiracy. The scent of the chase quite over-powers his appreciation of the landscape moving by (indeed he does at one point hire a bulldozer to dig up a wood north of Reading to the tree-loving prisoners' consternation). He is too transformed by the adrenalin charge scored from scurrying back and forth from the acid factory in Wales, to the acid factory in Twickenham, from eavesdropping on tapped phones, and playing at Sherlock Holmes to bother about one or two utterly grotesque smack dealers who pop up from time to time.

The word goes out to leave them be — If we bust them the mad March Hares, the acid alchemists, might prick up their ears and our cat and mouse gig will be blown, though of course many more people in the interim will suffer from the strychnine greed of these renegades that the Julie team ignored than are accounted for in their dubious and shallow files on acid casualties. Far more people will be poisonously pricked by these horsemen of Armageddon than Lee's hazy icon: the asphyxiated girl in Preston. . . . But, as far as Lee is concerned, they're just spear-carriers.

There is something awesome about his plodding voraciousness, and metronomic single-mindedness. There is another morality at work: A strong and balanced person seeing someone battering a child in the street would come out of the wings and put on a piece of salutary and enlightened theatre until the offensive idiocy ceased. They would police themselves and their environment. They would not delegate their own morality to someone else. Their reaction wouldn't be: "Oh, there's something wrong going on there, what did my mum tell me to do, oh yes, call a policeman," and poddle off round the corner as the blows fell to find one. Neither would their reaction be to stand back and hover around whispering to other observers that this is clearly part of a child-battering conspiracy: "hold your horses folks, if we move in now we'll be tipping off the other baby-batterers and to save this one child might jeopardise the discovery of the rest of the rotten crew." Such a parallel would probably be treated with uncomprehending derision in a Thames Valley Police Canteen. But ponder a moment, gentle reader, if you happened to hear spools and spools of tape-recorded conversations, and on the tapes activities were being constantly mentioned, activities of which you strongly and deeply disapproved, wouldn't you simply go round there, fess up if need be to having overheard them, then present your arguments and try and knock such skullduggery on the head?

"I was angry with my friend.
I told my wrath.
My wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe.
I told it not.
My wrath did grow."

Lee stays writhing in the wings for three whole years (on over-time). Would you?

Law and Order is an industry rather than a vocation and the police thrive on division — everyone coming together? Christ, what a nightmare. The notion of integration: racial, psychic, political, and financial is anathema, and this book is yet another horrid example of their heresy.

Here is an illustrative cameo from Kemp's interrogation. It turns out that Kemp has given away a large amount of

> The imbalance between hunter and quarry throughout the book becomes more and more disturbing: St. George is a drink-sodden anti-gay paranoiac, who uses any available deceit to get hold of the swirling, lysergic dragon.

the money he made from acid to support Release and several Free Festivals:

KEMP: Yes. You people have ruined them. Why you don't leave them alone I don't know.

D. C. SPENCER: You don't appreciate the rip-offs, thefts and robberies that go on on these sites.

KEMP: The majority though just want to turn on. It's a marvellous movement of unison when so many heads gather together.

D. S. BARNARD: Anarchy.

KEMP: I'd like to turn you two on. You don't understand.

Lee's brain is bleeping: GETEM. GETEM GETEM GETEM GETEM GETEM GETEM for three years, but when he has got them he really hasn't much idea of what to do with them, or why he got them, like a boy with a butterfly net who chloroforms himself as well.

He conventionally refuses Todd a solicitor, in spite of many requests and when Todd refuses to talk torments him with the thought of how easily Todd could have escaped. Real schoolboy tactics.

It finally seeps through to the Julie team that the people they have stripped naked in the cold Swindon cells are human beings, and in fact the team are so overwhelmed by their humanity, having fantasised for three years about these acid monsters, that they go as far as lending them their own clothes. But Lee steps in and warns them against over-familiarity, and makes sure that even that small source of warmth is switched off.

However something of their humanity eventually penetrates Lee's pelt and he expresses it after describing the bust at Seymour Road: "Arrangements were made to drive the four prisoners back to Swindon in separate vehicles. As they were shephered out, Brian and Joanne met in the hallway. For several seconds their eyes locked. Lee and his officers who watched this could feel the intensity of the emotion between them. They cared deeply for each other and were desperately trying to say something very personal with their eyes.

"Cuthbertson said: 'Goodbye, darling,' kissed her very quickly, then spun on his heel and walked to the waiting police car without a backward glance. They were never to meet again without a police or prison officer being present. In their hour of triumph the watching officers felt for the young couple."

Though this has the glucky flavour of the Death of Little Nell as told to Godfrey Winn, it was doubtless "sincere". There's little else moving in the scenario, so let's cream the prisoners, and tart up their misery for the book.

There's even a hint of "remorse" — "Lee walked from the court with mixed emotions. He had heard long prison sentences being passed that morning, he regretted the necessity of such deterrents. These people were not just names, they were distinct individuals whom he knew. Had he been justified in getting Operation Julie started? It had started as a puzzle — a set of facts and figures — for which Lee, after over fifteen years in the police service had had to find the answer. It had been a long, exhausting, exhilarating trail — and one that he'd pursued with relish.

"But once the chase had ended and the questions all been answered, what did it come down to? People, men and women, shut away in prison for many years, cut off from the ones they loved, their families, their friends. . . ." He chronicles the sentences and then adds them up: Total 170 years (though curiously when they were rifling Kemp's deposit box in Switzerland, they had to hire a bank "expert" to count up the cash. Selective numeracy). Total 170 years, and he later adds: "Well, had it really all been worthwhile?"

But quickly the thought that he had won a Pyrrhic victory fades, and his slobbering, vulgar concern is recycled into wrath. "He felt a momentary flash of anger at them — why in God's name had they done it? They weren't exactly fools, they must have known where it would end?"

Wrath is clearly an emotion he finds easier to accommodate. Yes, obviously it was all their fault. Cunts. And he reveals his businessman's attitude to Law and Order and indeed Life itself in his reaction to Todd's sentencing: "Then Todd bounded out still full of energy" (to face a sentence of 13 years). "With his flair and organisational ability could he not have climbed the heights of some big corporation?"

But the Judge reconvenes the court after sentencing to deliver a doting tribute to the Julie team, ending up: "Those words don't really seem adequate. I was pleased to see that they had their photograph in "The Times" newspaper this morning and I hope that they all think that that photograph does them justice," and this pathetic little paeon finally dispels all doubts Lee may have had about setting the whole operation up. Lee took full advantage of media interest in the trial to announce on several occasions his forthcoming collaboration, with a journalist from the "Daily Express", on a book about it, and he tastelessly ends it, in his very last sentence, by claiming that Dr. Christine Bott sent him a note during the trial to ask for an autographed copy of it when it came out. How this request was poulticed out of the good goat-loving doctor one doesn't know — maybe she was in a state of such utter confusion she thought Lee's book might provide her with some clues as to what had happened, but if Lee fulfils the request (he curiously and somewhat tauntingly refuses to add whether he will or whether he won't), she will find this camouflaged autobiography riddled with naivete, cop careerism, ambivalence, sexism cowardice, deception and egotism (it is of course Lee's own initials that spring to mind when he chooses to brand Todd's lab equipment en route to Todd from the conspiring manufacturers). No wonder he doesn't disclose whether he will in fact send her a copy. It would be adding insult to injury. The book is radiated and blighted by the very emotions which this acid Boadicea wished to vanquish. But her request of course is featured as the peroration of this dismal piece of pulp as an exploiting device. It is Lee's own review of the book: if one of the main conspirators wants a copy of my book then of course it must be good. So watch out, reviewers all, she knew that I knew and she wanted a copy.

Sadly it isn't good, and I say sadly because access to books in prison is savagely restricted and almost anything is welcome — any port in a storm.

Tom Paine's book on the Rights of Man came out as a response to Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution (now quite forgotten), and in which Burke was accused of pitying the plumage and forgetting the dying bird.

It is clear that Lee pitied the plumage and forgot the dying bird, and apposite that now he's resigned the force, he's taken up a post as a television interviewer where plumage abounds, and dying birds are bugged, taped and photographed rather than fed.

There is certainly room for a book in which the bird's true trajectory is recorded, and I am pleased to hear that one is in preparation. It is being compiled by Max Handley, the novelist, and Lin Solomon, a daughter of one of the defendants.

It is a project which has received the full co-operation of all the prisoners, and should Christine Bott be allowed a copy she will I hope find more in it to amuse and inform her than Dick and Pratt's tiresome horror-show.

Revising my notes for this review I could find no context in which to include the following. Let it therefore hang in the vacuum in which it belongs:

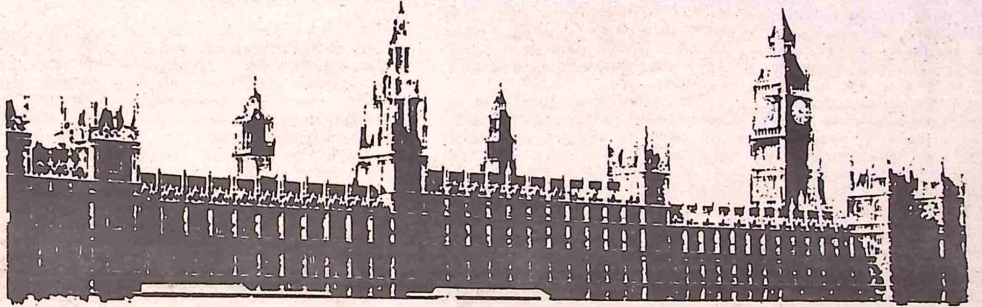
(Page 258. The Seymour Road Bust) "Johnny McWalter would head the team on the side door with Alan Buxton wielding the sledge-hammer to open the way. He had pleaded for this job arguing, for some mysterious reason, that his experience with George Fame's band made him best suited for it. Lee would be with the third group guarding the front door in case anyone made a bolt for it."

The book costs £4.95, which is really £5.00 disguised as a hippie, or ten tabs. Take your choice.

Heathcote Williams

[Published by W. H. Allen to a deafening critical silence.]

Put Animals into Politics!



All governments have allowed cruelty to animals.

Now is the time to stop it!

A large number of animal welfare and protection societies have come together in a single movement for the purpose of putting animals into politics. This unity is unique. We have six areas of immediate concern and we know that many thousands of people are looking to Parliament to introduce measures for the protection and welfare of animals in this country. OUR SIX AREAS OF CONCERN ARE: (Not in order of priority).

1 FACTORY FARMING

Where battery hens, calves and pigs are imprisoned in small cages, often for LIFE.

2 EXPERIMENTS ON LIVING ANIMALS

Where living animals are used for some highly questionable experiments and for testing cosmetics and other non-medical products which frequently cause acute pain and suffering.

3 TREATMENT OF HORSES

Where horses are treated cruelly by exposure and neglect. Where horses are transported hundreds of miles for slaughter to provide meat for the Continental table.

4 EXPORT OF LIVE FARM ANIMALS

Where farm animals suffer hardship and cruelty during transport both for overseas slaughter and further fattening.

5 DOGS IN THE COMMUNITY

Where dogs are left to stray, unwanted, and where the majority remain unlicensed, without a properly regulated system of centralised or local control.

6 BLOOD SPORTS

Where Public Opinion Polls indicate that the majority of people are in favour of banning "blood sports." That is, the hunting with hounds of otters, stags, hares and foxes and also live hare coursing.

The protection of animals against wanton and avoidable cruelty is of serious public concern. There can be no doubt of the importance of this subject. NOW is the time for POSITIVE ACTION. More and more voters are waiting to know where the political parties stand on this moral issue. Ask YOUR M.P. or Parliamentary candidates.

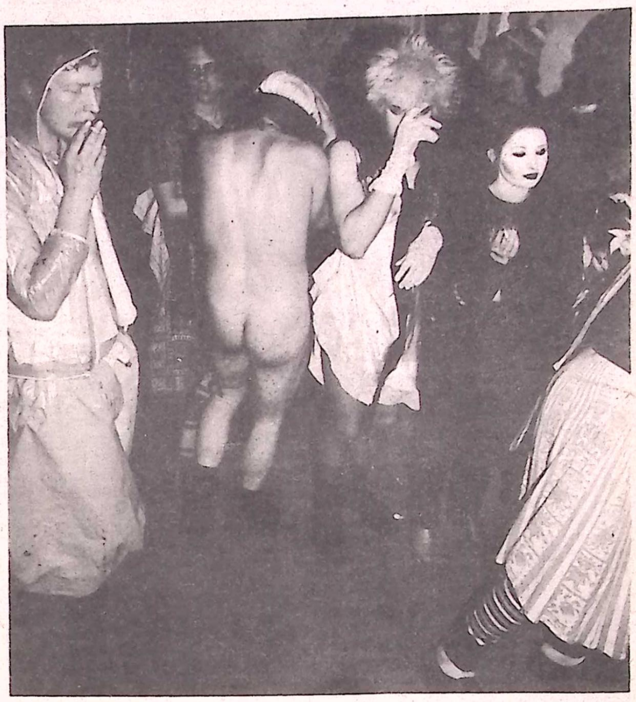
10 Queensferry Street, Edinburgh EH2 4PG. Telephone 031-225 2116

Chairman: Lord Houghton of Sowerby CH.

General Election Co-ordinating Committee for Animal Protection

Demolition DecoratOrs

VICTOR TORES
VICTOR TORES



Photos Mike Wigg

THE story so far: Last April, two street performers were booked for obstruction during their play for children on Rupert Street. In their support, several months later, a gang of 40 or so musicians, actors, clowns, stiltmen and buskers entertained multiudes at Leicester Square until interrupted by police, and four were done for obstruction. The performance continued in fine fettle outside Bow Street Police Station until the four, now known as the Leicester Square Four, were released on bail. A week later, a parading demonstration was planned round Leicester Square by 25 supporters, but despite the fact that the police were informed of the event, 12 clowns (a token 50 per cent) were rounded up and done for obstruction.

Court: The original two performers pleaded not guilty and were conditionally discharged. The Leicester Square Four, who pleaded not guilty, appeared last week (26 October) at Bow Street Magistrates Court in great style, greeted by streamers and applause from their supporters, all dressed in white plastic macs and goggles. Their case was adjourned until 5 February.

The twelve clowns (now nine, as two pleaded guilty and paid £15, and one was charged and fined after pleading not guilty — he had to leave England) — appeared in court on 29 September and their case was adjourned until 7 February.

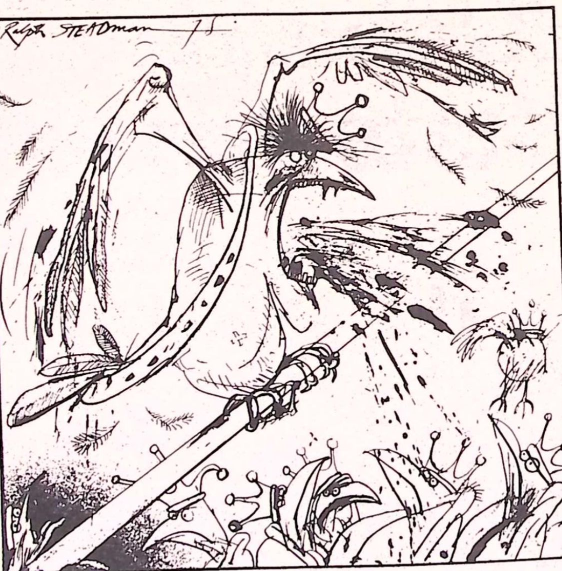
So now . . .

Demolition Decorators continue campaigning for freedom on the streets for all performers and animators. We have been holding Friday gigs fortnightly in our James Street basements — multi-media events with music, poetry, drama, and shows, open fires, food bar, films, jam sessions, painting, cubicle events and other indescribable events.

THERE have been performances so far from Pierre Bidet and his Bionic dog, Bow Street, Sonic Attack, Oxy and the Morons, Moses and the Tablets, the Condemned, Here and Now, Obvious Obstructions, Archepelago, Cras, the Necromats, Gypsy Lee Max, Rough Theatre, Beryl and the Perils, Neil Cunningham in "The Immortalist by Heathcote Williams and Earl Russell's speech to the House of Lords, petry from anyone, and animated film shows. The Squatters Union and the Anarcho-Utopian Mystics have put on benefits and the Squatters have shown a video film about the Huntley Street squat and Eviction.

Meanwhile they continue to raise funds for their defence campaign and fines through gigs. In the very near future a shop selling newspapers, fanzines and other bits of paper will be opening and there is space for a cafe should anyone wish to start and operate it.

Demolition Decorators have weekly meetings on Mondays at 8.00 p.m. at 13/14 James Street, Covent Garden Tube. 01-836 2398.



The **Full** and **True Text** of a *Notorious, Remarkable* and *Visionary Speech* made by John, Viscount Amberley, Earl RUSSELL, on the 18th., of July 1978 at 9.8p.m. in the **HOUSE OF LORDS.**

"The Police should turn into the Salvation Army... Mr. Brezhnev and Mr. Carter are really the same person... Naked bathing ought to be universal... Three quarters of the National Income should go to girls being given houses of their own at the age of twelve to have as many husbands as they liked, the men to live in communal huts... The Royal Family is pampered, decadent and snobbish.. The official rating of the human race in the Northern Hemisphere is TOAD! What are you? spiritless papal bumboys? Forward the Creative Spirit!.."

and much much more! Now available at 60 pence including post & packing from
OPEN HEAD PRESS, 2, Blenheim Crescent, London, W.11.

mushies slip free

OUR friend the Liberty Cap, you'll be glad to know, has had its previously ambiguous legal position cleared up by no less a legal authority than the House of Lords. And you can't get much higher than that . . . legally. The good news is: our bewigged peers have meditated on the subject and decreed that possession of freshly picked and of dried psilocybe mushrooms is not against any law. Presumably cultivating, buying, selling or giving them away offends no law either. Has the era of the psilocybe tea-shop finally dawned? Now that it's legal it might be the right time to turn on as many establishment figures as the commons and fields of Albion can support . . .

. . . Down Down O Flight of Fancy, and back to the News . . .

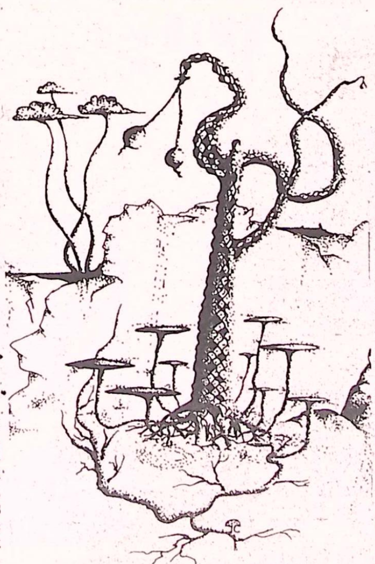
Up till this Lords' decision the police had been arresting people found with the little toadstools on the pretext that they were infringing the Dangerous Drugs Act by possessing a dangerous drug Class A, to wit, a preparation containing Psilocin. The Law doesn't specify mushrooms. They've been trying to pull in people through the back door, but now their legal invention has finally been laughed out of court. It was a clear case of the police extending existing legislation off its own baton without recourse to the constitutional procedures. Well, there should be a few red faces at the Yard.

Now, let's all heave a sigh.. There's a lovely, free, natural and now, legal high to be gathered on a country walk.

However, the Blue Meanies haven't given up completely. There is a risk they'll try and bust you for mushroom tea, mushroom omelettes, mushroom honey, etc., because these "wet" mushrooms don't fall within the scole of the Lords' ruling. They might want to make themselves look even stupider. After all, it's only public money they're wasting. How many people's lives are going to be disrupted in the name of a police exercise to extend their powers?

A similar legal argument over technicalities surrounded the possession of the leaves, as opposed to other parts of the cannabis plant. Until January this year Leaves of Grass fell outside the jurisdiction of the Dangerous Drugs Act because they were not specifically mentioned. Senile Servants had to hurriedly draft a paragraph in the Criminal Law Reform Bill to cover that loophole. But it won't be so easy to sneak anti - psilocybe legislation past so quickly. For one, there isn't a general Criminal Law Reform Act due for a few years; and two, as a Crown Court Judge in Reading indicated in the first attempted conviction, it is patently ludicrous to outlaw a common mushroom that flourishes even within sight of Big Ben!

Rumbles escaping from the depths of Whitehall indicate that a low profile is the order of the day, and that there is no legislation in the lower intestines of the Home Office. So, gather ye mushrooms while you may.



But killer-weed kills the Weed

THOUGH Dr. Arthur McCain has developed a fungus that infects and kills marijuana, he claims he has nothing personal against the use of the weed. "It was simply," he told 'The Berkley Barb' last month, "I thought the government would be interested in this research". And the government was interested — it has funded him for five years.

"If adults want to use it they should be able to use it," says Dr. McCain who was encouraged to give his finished study to the Drug Enforcement Administration after reading stories about the use of paraquat in Mexico. He says "The fungus would be a viable alternative to paraquat as it is not harmful to animals or plants other than marijuana. It can be produced cheaply and once in the soil remains there."

Berkeley Barb

New Beatles Discovered!

(Dog-end mania sweeps West London)

is a hillbilly *can* this week's thing? could be, if it was EMI's idea. But there's no money in the *Dog-Ends*. They're not even the new Beatles i promised in the headline, they're just some people who jam together. They play because they need to, and because there's nothing much else to do. Musicians join and leave the dog-ends in between and more often during their rather sporadic public appearances. They like to start a gig with nobody there, so they can come to terms with and interpret the atmosphere into music as it builds, slowly, surely, your atmosphere, tonight's atmosphere. . . .

They have a bass and electric guitar, congas, a very weird home made monument to percussive sound clad in cooking utensils, tin lids, triangles, telephone bells, drums, cymbals, a huge bass drum, anything they find in the street or the skips that makes a nice (or not nice) noise. Sometimes they use a drum-kit, sometimes a saxophone, but more recently they've taken to blowing down assorted tubes and sharing them with the audience.

A very sensitive band, a band that cares deeply and at the same time doesn't give a fuck. None of them are brilliant and few of them accomplished as musicians, but it's *real* music and it's *now* music, it's you and me music and it goes on all the time. It's just that it doesn't have money spent on it specifically to make it attractive to the twentieth century consumer and that's why you'll probably never hear it.

I met Spizz from *spizz-oil* while i was climbing through the dressing room bog window in *the music machine*, the night he was supporting *souixsie and the banshees* there. Te expressed concern over what might happen if the banshees manager was still in the bog as i was entering. But he's allright is spizz. At a free gig in a park in Birmingham, he had to physically flee the bandstand while the police followed in hot pursuit, after he'd committed the heinous crime of saying Fuck through the PA system. Anyway after a rather good *the table* had been gobbed off stage, a rather silly looking spizz oil trod the boards (in term for going on stage), dressed in donkey jackets and plastic helmets they stormed the audience with such a barrage of ridiculous noise and bottle, that before the punters had time to recover, they realised they liked it. 6,000 crazies, this is the new-age was supposed to be cynical, i beliece but he sung it with such feeling, it didn't matter. Left or right or left or right or left or right or . . . was their contribution to politics . . . unfortunately the encore wasn't completely improvised as was promised, but none the less . . .

I expected quite a lot from *siouxsie and the Banshees* who followed, but they didn't give me very much. Hong Kong Garden is a great single, even if it doesn't change the world much. I respect their stance on artistic control, but their motives in Hong Kong Garden seem to reflect the other stance they've held for so long, getting all bitter and twisted about the elusive recording contract because they wouldn't take less than the (unpublished) hundred grand for it.

I was always into *Here and Now* being a *real* magic band-eating magic, sleeping magic and not just singing magic. What i mean is we'd play music and we'd get fed, and we'd have somewhere to sleep, and the other things we wanted would just magically arrive. but magic is just a term given to a process that works without our understanding of it . . . Good magic if it benefits us and black magic if it is so our detriment. What i was looking for was Karma in its purest sense — give of yourself and ask no reward and your needs will be fulfilled. It worked and it works but it always seemed a bit of a bad fit unless mixed with a little material conciousness, probably because we're not perfect yet, but understanding this little law in its entirety and employing it as often as possible leaves a warm feeling in the pit of the stomach.

Think about energy. Think about why most people haven't got any. is it because it gets transmuled into money and locked away in banks? what does that mean? The money and the banks are just forms invented by man to utilise his greed, a contagious greed. And it is our greed that must change for this is the root, the money is the flowers. That Greed is *exactly* the same emotion i feel when i get jealous about a lady i spend a lot of time with, screwing someone else, or when someone visits me and eats all my cornflakes. This desire is me and that is where i best combat it.

It's very difficult for a band with my conscience to reach an audience. It's no fun trying to find gigs anywhere when you haven't got a name. And when you do find a gig, it's a Monday night in some sleaze-shack on the other side of town. Last Thursday howeverfi the Blank space were lucky, about twenty people actually listened to them! But if you don't want to sell through the nose you've got to be very very persistent and very lucky to get any audience at all. It's a vicious circle, to get the material to a standard for it blow people but you've got to play it a lot live. Still, considering new additions on drums and guitar and the departure of violinist *Chris Kellaher* and disgusting acoustics they played well at the Hammersmith Square the other week.

An unlabellable mixture of *Dick Healey's* acoustically-toned numbers and *jose* gross more electric leanings played by a potentially excellent band make up *Blank Space*. After letting loose an ecstatic jam at the end of the swan set they proved there is a lot of usic in there at the core — i just hope they push hard enough to get it out there in the Street where it belongs.

I caught the second set of the *Tenessee Farm Band* at the Rainbow, unfortunately i missed the talks given by Stephen, but i enjoyed his (second kit) drumming with the farm band. Unfortunately the rest of the band did little to capture my attention — i'm afraid; find stereo-typed heavy-metal posing even more tiring than stereo-type punk posing. But i dug the *Energy*, lots of energy but nothing, spare a few original rifts, to capture the attention. I dig what the Farm does and i think everyone in the world could take a lesson or two from it (investigate, punter!) but the rather stale southern boogie band arrangements don't work for me out here in non-southern boogie band land but anyway, i think you're all great down at the farm, and thanks for coming to England.

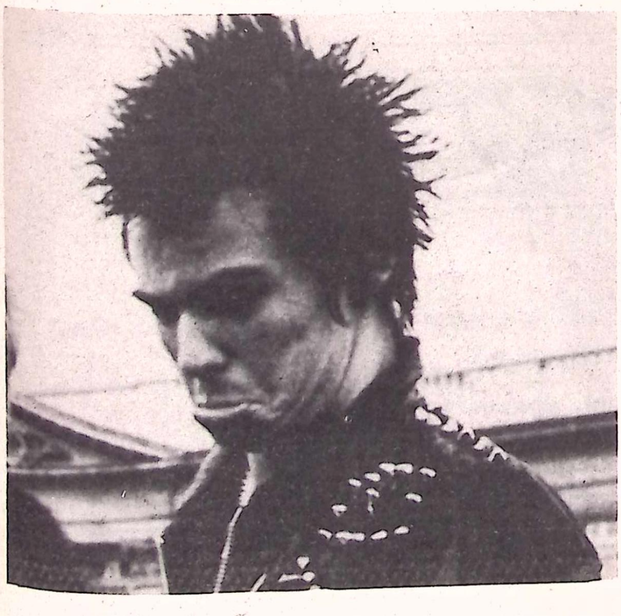
I'm sitting outside a cafe in Paris spending my fast-diminishing money on coffee, looking at a half a misty moon and i feel alright.

love and pisses,
Freddy Fascetious

● *The author enjoying a joke with the Dog End's percussion monument.*

The Fabulous Harold Zeepee silent orchestra performing No Kung Future: reviewed next ish!

Never mind the truth: here's the bollocks



FAIR PLAY FOR SID VICIOUS

DROPS flattening, floating, Bloodstains! The Threadbare Carpet. Chelsea Hotel Room 100. Twenty Year Old Blonde Go Go Go. A empty tube of Leon Neon's Tuinal. Pack of Kools. Hunting Knife. Depressed at Max's. Sunrise over New York, 23rd. Street was always a Great Rock and Roll Swindle.

Toilet full of veins and woman's teeth. The Don't Be A Stiff Route. Life always a new LP and Top 30s Single. The Raver Shuffle, now in an iron room without windows beyond Punk and other kidstuff, dressed as a Red Croz vendor with an identikit of loose noses, low hairlines, pierced ears, all the fashionable Kings Road Mutants, Proles, Miscreants, Dislocated Mental Out Of Frames . . . you know, trying to cure Heartburn with late nite TV, cold Pizza, everyone going under the Ashbath, greased with Meth and Kohl, metallic breakdown of all the Systems . . . Hey! say hello to Mister Gone, he's the Main Course with Heinz' Chain Saw Massacre . . . Shit it's only a chopped up Luv Affair, your Tipsy Temples should reveal what state you were in, we all knew you were Absolutely Arrested with Emotion when they busted in . . . you and the two strung out Sex Change Hookers loitering in the lobby with intent to leap. Oh yes! It is what it seems!

Used Flints. All the Eyeball Halts wired to the history of the Music Business. Without listen, the Lead Guitar was almost too electric . . . so were you . . . Try the Button! The Switch. Change the Twitch. It's only Me. Don't mind the Rave. Chelsea's a long way from the Roxy. You checked in with a Blonde inner clash of personality and minamilist intention. The Drums had that Sonic Knick Knack. The Mike fell off the stand. The Tape was on. The usual Suspects rounded up, fingerprinted on a wax Grapefruit at 33rpm. The Bottom Line promised a Hip Disc Deal, Applause Machines, a quick Blow Job behind the amps, all that affection without burnout risks.

Even if a Hunting Knife is slower than a Speeding Bullet, what about your Public Image? Puff. Tough. Some Enchanted Evening in the Chelsea. Caught in the Act. You were a Spoof Hit. Rip Off for those Rock Hungry Unemployed kids . . . Sid? How come you're such a hit with the girls? . . . You're a Real Life Story. Acne. Pimples. That Empty Violent Vibe. Headed strait into the Storm . . . Dark! Sky! . . . The Lost Train stops here and you missed it. Or . . . did you? Did the Mysterious Visitor you say came to your room that Fateless Nite have Green Hair? Wild, Wrong, Willing. Murder is the Edge between Culture and Spontaneity, our modern image for the Plague, chasing something against the Wind, the Rain . . . Maybe you didn't Do It . . . A Scapegoat and a Spectacle. Sid, You're our Existential Deviant Tragik Icon of the Sleazy Seventies. This is your Finest Hour. Perhaps we'll see you again after Intermission. Creep.

Mel Clay

BOOX

"POLICING the Crisis" — "Mugging, the State, and Law and Order" — Stuart Hall, Chas Critcher, Tony Jefferson, John Clarke, Brian Roberts. (*McMillan*) — £12.50.

The question posed by this challenging book is whether mugging was a real social problem in the early 1970s, as most people believe, or was it largely a creation of the police, the courts and the media?

The authors first state from a close analysis of all available statistics that mugging (a word which originally appeared from the Sstates in 1972, and which was at first defined in law as "robbery or assault with intent to rob") increased by only 98 per cent between 1965 and 1972, while there was a much larger increase of 354 per cent between 1955 and 1965. In other words, this kind of crime slowed down in the period approaching the most infamous period. The authors later suggest that the confusion surrounding another set of police figures — a dramatic decrease of 20.7 per cent in muggings during 1973, the allegedly critical period, compared to a dramatic increase in 1974 of 18.7 per cent — was largely due to police redefinition of the crime to include non-violent "snatching" including pickpocketing.

The "moral panic" of the period, with the heavy court sentences it provoked, had less to do with what was actually known to be happening from very confused statistics; rather, it had more to do with the character, scale and intensity of the media reaction.

What is really interesting is "why a version of this rather traditional street crime was perceived . . . as a new strain of crime." How was it that "the weak and confused statistical evidence came to be converted into such hard and massively published facts and figures?"

This is an important issue not only because of what it tells us about the operation of the mass media in our society, but also because of the adverse effect it has had on white attitudes to black adolescents, creating fear and lessening employment prospects.

The mugging panic, say the authors, was the imitation of an American public experience which crossed the Atlantic as do many public images and projections from the States, with their various fields of association and reference. This particular projection they see as being a "police / judiciary / media network" with racist undertones.

In an interesting chapter, "The Social Production of News", the authors suggest that the entire issue of mugging became a kind of false "structure" in Fleet Street. They extend this into a general discussion of the structure of "news values", a structure which bases itself on sensationalism. Nowhere in the press was there serious analysis of the problems of chronic unemployment and cultural and ecomonic underprivilege amongst black youth.

Of significance in the "police / judiciary / media network" described by the authors is the deterioration in relations between the police and the black community, the seeds of which may have lain in "the military style and philosophy" of police responses to the street crime panic, with the creation particularly of special ultra-professionalised squads. Lying behind this deterioration in police-black relations was the growth of Powellite anti-immigrant feeling in the country and the increasing false equation of blacks with social problems. There was also the rise of the National Front.

The authors finally suggest that the ethos of "Selsden Man" may not have been a passing phase, but may have led to a greater emphasis in British society on "law and order" — not without an authoritarian aspect and also, they interesting suggest, not without an anti-alternative culture aspect — cf, squats, free festivals, busking.

Edward Silver

ADS

THE LAST ANTI - NUCLEAR FESTIVAL — 26 December 1978-12 January 1979 presented by the Father Xmas Union at the Almost Free Theatre, 9 Rupert Street, London W1 (01-485 6224). Events will include street theatre, inflatables, films, photo exhibition, slide shows, silent video movies, lectures and debates, plays, music, books. etc. etc. Full details available soon.

Demolition Decorators and "IT" announce the opening of their Cheap Dead Trees Shop at 14 James Street, Covent Garden, London WC2. Tel. 01-836 2398. Fanzines to Soft-Core Revolutions and stinking weeds rescued from the compost heap of publishing. Also mail order: send SAE for lists.

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SMOKEY Bears unite in the Free Rick the Vic Campaign. If you have smoked cannabis at any time in your life then you are a Smokey Bear. If you feel outraged by this bust and the nine month sentence and can help in any way please do so by getting some coloured stickers or posters printed and put up — anywhere. Also telephone 229 8219/0 and ask for the Smokey Bears.

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- to care that anaesthetic is used on only 20% of them
- to wonder why two-thirds of experiments are in non-medical fields
- to be anxious when proven humane alternatives to living animals are known and ignored
- to worry about the future of medical research

...*IS* it sentimentality

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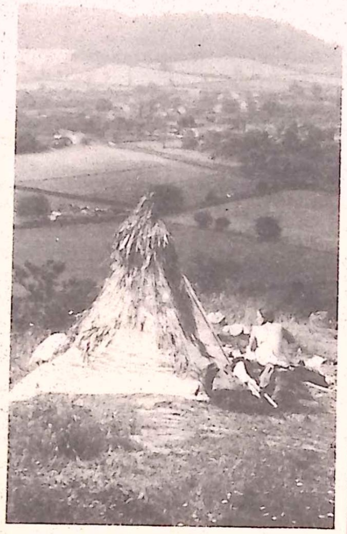
COMMUNITY/COMMUNES

BIT Information, 97a Talbot Road, Notting Hill, W11. 229 8219 (24 hours). Info on communes, cooperative dwellings in this country.

Crabapple Community, c/o Crabapple Natural Foods, 16 St. Mary Street, Shrewsbury. SY1 1EQ. Bring out "Communes Network", info on communes.

ITM (In the Making). A Directory of Cooperative Projects, 84 Church Street, Wolverton, Milton Keynes, Bucks. Subscription £1 a year, but can send more.

Scrutiny, The Small Communities Research Union 13 The Rosewalk, Newhaven, Sussex. Tel. Newhaven 4980. Publication which contains communes contacts.



LAND

WWOOF (Working Weekends on Organic Farms). 46 High Street, Lewes, Sussex. If you want to work on an organic farm, they put you in touch.

City Farm. Dock and Duck Passage, Passage, off Gulliver Street, SE16. Twenty goats, 100 chicks, two donkeys, ducks.

ALTERNATIVE ARCHITECTURE

Support, 27 Clerkenwell Close, EC1. 251 0274. Group of radical, misfit architects doing work for alternative and radical groups who afford high architectural prices, want more progressive ideas.

Community Architecture Team, Geoff Mills, New Hagg Farm, Oldfield Road, Oldfield, Huddersfield, West Yorks. (Colne Valley area). Alternative architecture in the north.

Architects Revolutionary Council, 11 Percy Street, W1. 636 0974. To promote an architecture accessible to all, and to wage an offensive against the architectural establishment.

VIDEO, PHOTOGRAPHY AND FILMS

Fantasy Factory, 42 Theobalds Road, WC1. 405 6862. Produce "International Review of Video and Mass Media". Also the centre for advanced TV studies.

Association of London Independent Video Groups. 18 Wyatt Road, N6. 359 2516, 272 5327.

Half Moon Photography Workshop, 119 Roman Rd, E2. 980 8798. Bring out "Camerawork". Photographic collective, promoting alternative ways for photographers to use and develop their skills, "contributing, through photograph to social change."

Photographic Workshop, 152 Upper Street, N1. 226 0367. Advice and info for those setting up photographic projects. Bid exhibition "The Hackney Flashers".

Video Resource Centre, Chapter Arts Centre, Market Road, Canton, Cardiff.

Media Information Research Exchange. PO Box 1106, North Sydney, New South Wales.

COM COM (Community Communications), 8 Millfield Close, Farndon, Cheshire. Co-operative body for the development of community communications press, video, radio. Regional groups. Backing the idea of a media accessible to all.

THEATRE

Workshop Theatre Index, Fowlers Yard, Backsilver Street, Durham City. Tel. 69576. Theatre groups resources centre.

TRANSPORT

Green Cars, 4 Stenley Park House, Stenley, Church End, Milton Keynes. Communal car ownership.

FREE SCHOOLS

The European Convention of Human Rights states that "A child should be educated according to the religion and philosophy of the parent" which means it should be practically impossible for some children to get an education in State Schools. There has been no test case yet in this country. As all European Laws now take precedence it might be a good thing for someone to try.

For a lighter view check out "THE WHOPPER" — they have a whole page about "Justice".

LONDON

White Lion Free School, 57 White Lion Street, N1. 837 6379. Local kids, age range 3-16.

Kirkdale, 186 Kirkdale Road, SE26. 778 0149. Thirty-five kids up to 13 registering Sally Edwards 699 5007.

Bermondsey Lamp Post, 104 Bermondsey Street, SE1. 407 1740. Under fives and teenagers in the evenings.

Freightliners, Sheridan Road, N7. 609 0467. Very small, takes some kids.

Free Schools (or as someone said, "Schools for a disruptive society") — in London the ILEA have stopped grants for many of them and are pressurising them to become Truancy Schools, which they call "Schools for disruptive children."

Education Otherwise, Lower Shaw Farm, Swindon, Wiltshire. Tel. Purton 771080. Advice and help with educating children away from state schools have regional contacts.

LEEDS

Contact: Ivan Paul, 8 Lucas Place, Leeds. 0532 38789.

MANCHESTER

Manchester Free School, 103 Withington Road, Whalley Range, Manchester 16. 061 226 3316.

LIVERPOOL

Bronte Centre, Trowbridge Street, Liverpool 3. 051 709 3616.

GLASGOW

Mary Hill Community Education Project. C/o Mary Hill, Central Halls, 13 Gairbraid Ave, Glasgow 20.

contacts

ENGLAND

BIT by BIT, 7 Victoria Road, Brighton. Tel. 0273 27878. Equivalent to BIT concentrating on fairly local area of Brighton, excellent help.

Liberty Hall, Hope Street, Liverpool. Liverpool. Have good meetings and discussions, e.g., Christiania, experiences of Child care, Liverpool fun city on the dole meetings every Sunday 8 p.m.

Information Service, c/o Malcolm Stone, 36 Polmeere Road, Penzance.

Waterloo Place Project, 178 Waterloo Place, Oxford Road, Manchester 16. Tel. 061 273 5111, ext. 56. Far out alternative library, good contact place, produce "Link Up" contact paper for groups throughout the World Centre, Shanto third expression use of printing equipment, and bicycle workshop.

Peace Centre, 18 Moor Street, Ringway, Birmingham (near the Bullring). Tel. 021-643 0996, open 12-7.

Uhuru Community Cafe and Information, 35 Cowley Road, Oxford. Tel. 48249. Good area of Oxford.

FRANCE

Liberation Newspaper, 27 Rue Lorraine, 75020, Paris. Tel. 271 11 29. One of the few alternative connections left in Paris after the closing of Bives.

France — Inter Jeunes, 116 Ave President Kennedy, 75016 Paris. Ring them up, like Capital helpline. Work on grapepicking etc.

Centre du Documentation et O'Information, 92 Rue de Dessous des berges. 75013. Agricultural work, grapepicking, harvesting and haymaking, have regional offices.

CANADA

Community Info Centre, 1946 West Broadway, Vancouver DC, Canada. Contact point.

SWITZERLAND

WERNER Haeder, c/o Corbusier Centre, Gottlieb Buttwerk Institute CH 8803, Ruschlikon, Switz. Address network and something like the In The Making directory of co-operative projects.

W. GERMANY

Germany Address Network — Das Alternative Addressbuch, Obegasse 30, 6501 Oberolm.

NORWAY

The Future in our hands, Folkeak Sjonon, Postgino 2.23. 1900, Torggata 35 Oslo 1. A movement centered towards a new lifestyle and a fair distribution of the world's resources and a more human society. Info and contact centre. Also produce a magazine.

La Gueule Ouverte, 117 Ave de Choisy, Paris 75013. Alternative' technology group in Paris.

SWEDEN

Alternative Stad (Alternative City "Klara Papper, Bryggargatan 8, Stockholm. Tel. 11 58 52. Open 5-6 p.m. in the summer can give info on alternative Stockholm. Welcome to go to their place, anytime. Part of the Stockholm alternative magazine.

WALES

Sometimes Freak Magazine, 33 Callepia, Lower Bangor, Gwynedd. Contact point.

Marsha's Shop, Bridge Street, Corwen, Clywd. Head shop crafts nice people were going to do an information service. Contact point.

108 Bookshop, 108 Salisbury Road, Cardiff. Tel. 28408. Cardiff contact point. Gypsy Support Group, 21 Palace Road, Cardiff.

IRELAND

Resource Centre, 168 Rathgar Road, Dublin 6. Resource centre concerned with alternatives.

Drumeen Islands, Urlingford. Co. Kilkenny. Organic farm, volunteers always wanted.

UNITED STATES

Towards a Network of Communit Information Exchanges, Social Innovation, 1506 19th Street, NW Washington, DC. 20007.

San Francisco Switchboard, 153 Haight Street, San Francisco, CA 94117. Tel. 382 7000.

Tennessee Farm, Somertown, Tennessee.

Utopian Eyes, c/o Storefront Classroom, PO Box 1174, San Francisco 94101. Intentional Utopian community.

Everything for Everybody, 406 W. 13th Street, New York. Tel. 212 4774500. New York equivalent to BIT.

ALTERNATIVE TECHNOLOGY

Centre for Alternative Technology, Machynlleth, Powys, Wales. Tel. 0654 2400.

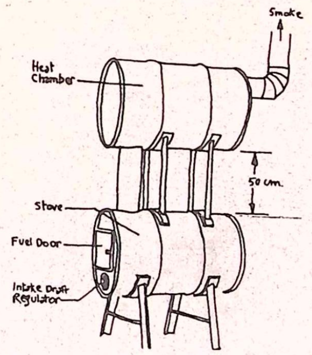
Galdor Centre, 52 Brighton Road, Surbiton, Surrey. 399 1300. Alternative computer centre would like to be used by more alternative groups.

RAIN, Journal of Applied technology, 2270 NW Irving, Portland, Oregon 97210. Info, access, addresses.

Low Energy Systems, 3 Larkfield Gardens, Dublin 6. A group committed to AT construction, design and disemination.

ECRC (Energy Conservation Research Centre), 11 George Street, Brighton. Carry out research into AT, food production, diet, organic recycling. Have just moved into an integrated solar dwelling.

World Info Service on Energy, 2e Wetering Plantsoeng, Amsterdam, Nederland. Tel. 3120221369.



The basic homemade stove fashioned from two 55 gallon oil drums.
(can be fitted with steel plate cook top and oven in the heat chamber)

HASSLES WITH THE AUTHORITIES

CPAG (Child Poverty Action Group), 1 Macklin Street, Covent Garden, WC2. 405 5952. Misleading name, about the best advice and help you can get on social security problems. Very technical information . . . will go with you to appeal and try to challenge the SS laws.

Free Representation Unit, Paul Stuwarck, c/o College of Law, Chancery Lane, WC1. 353 1407 / 1866. Free legal advice on housing social security problems prepared to challenge the law.

Release, 1 Elgin Avenue, London W11. 01-289 1123.

NCCL (National Council for Civil Liberties), 186 Kings Road, London WC1. 01-278 4575.

Women's Aid, 01-995 4430.

MUSIC

Musicians' switchboard, 435 0133, 794 7333. Meeting place, contact point for musicians and bands.

KINKS

Body piercing. Martin Spenser, Fosse Bridge, Wiltshire. Tel. 028 572 350. Travelling guy, will pierce anything.

SKILLS EXCHANGED

SENSE, 18 The Forum, Chidham Park, Havant, Hants. Skills exchange network.

HARD TO GET BOOKS

Vitrine, 15 Rue quoncampoix, Paris (near Beauborg Centre). Obtain obscure European publications.

HOUSING COOPS

National Federation of short Life Co-ops, 52 Acre Lane, SW2. 737 4144.

Society for Cooperative Dwellings, 205 Clapham Road, SW9.

Manchester Federation of Housing Coops, 14 Picadilly, Manchester. Tel. 061-236 1117/0350. Publish excellent booklet how to set up your own housing coop.

HOUSING

Self Help Housing Resource Library, Ladbroke House, Highbury Grove, London N5 2AD. 607 2789, ext. 5027. Library including squatting, coops, also lists of people involved in the use of empty property, regional contacts.

London Squatters Union, 8 Fitzroy Square, W1. Tel. 701 5691. New address after the recent Huntley Street eviction.

CHILDBIRTH

The Society to Support Home Confinements, 17 Laburnham Avenue, Durham City, Durham. Tel. 0382 61325. London contact, Pauline Stevems, 274 Merton Road, SW18. 874 7940. Give information on everything you need to know about a home confinement as well as presenting very plausible statistics against the safety of hospital delivery.

Association of Radical Midwives, c/o Jenny Sparks, 8 Barn Greave Bank (Greave) Sheffield 4.

Head midwife, Tennessee Farm, Summertown, Tennessee, USA. A community of over a thousand people, deliver all their own children, much information about the birthing process, how they do it. Such an excellent record, people come from all over the states to have their there.

armchair options

Persons Unknown. Box 123, c/o Rising Free, 182 Upper Street, N1. Campaigning against the imprisonment of six anarchists in Brixton for over five months wthout the submission of any evidence by the police.

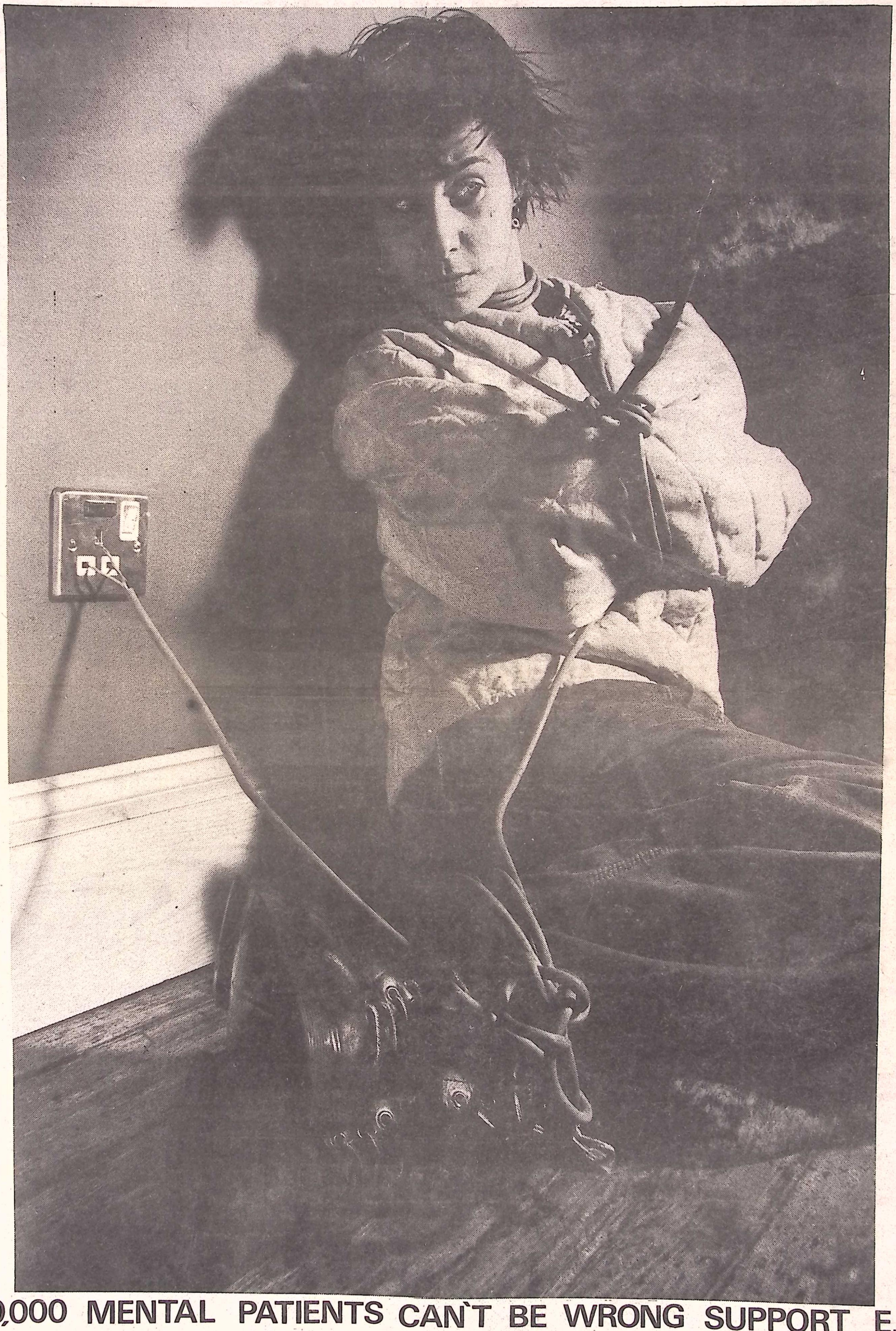
Fourth Idea Bookshop Appeal, 14 Southgate, Bradford 1. Appeal for funds after the recent destruction of their premises by right wing groups.

Astrid Proll Defence Committee and Friends of Astrid Proll, c/o Larry Grant, Seifert, Sedley and Co., 14 Tooks Court, Cursitor Street, EC4A 1JY. Tel. 405 3876. Astrid's new solicitors. Astrid was arrested in May 1971 and later sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment for being a member of the Red Army Faction. She spent three years in solitary and was released in 1974 on the recommendation of doctors, who said she'd die if left in prison. In Britain she has now been arrested under the British Immigration laws and is in danger of being extradited to a high security prison in Germany. The situation doesn't look very hopeful. . . . And she has every reason to fear for her life. Please send letters and donations.

Hedgerow Campaign, c/o Diggers of Albion, 3 Daglands Road, Fowey, Kernow (Cornwall). Trying to stop the fanatical cutting of hedges hedgerows with mechanical cutters by farmers who are disregarding the age old methods of laying hedges. Old stone walls are being replaced by barbed wire and hedges are left desecrated. Plantlife — herbs, wildflowers, and small animals are suffering.

Gays Grope!, c/o Andy Harman, NCCL, 186 Kings Cros Road, WC1. 278 4575. Compiling information about the police assaulting gays.

ADVERTISEMENT



TOM MANNICN

100,000 MENTAL PATIENTS CAN'T BE WRONG SUPPORT E.C.T.

Honestly ~ we know best.

T/SOR/43/1/6

it

INTERNÅTIONAL
TIMES

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 1 —— MARCH 1979 —— PRICE 20pence.

THERE'S A CIRCUS GOING ON!

"THIS IS NOT A VIDEO'TAPE"

"Roll up, roll up, roll up, this way for fun! It's free and for everyone; come over here, madam, and stick a brown pap [illegible] can do what you want — this way for free fun. All yer 'aff to do is enjoy yerself!"

The lady, who had been staring dumbfoundedly at the ragged assortment of clowns and buskers (many with bags on their heads) blushed and walked away, puzzled. The man with the megaphone continued shouting abuse and encouragement at the small crowd which had stopped to watch the strange ensemble stumbling around.

A blue aeroplane that resembled a clown tried desperately to defeat the forces of gravity but only managed to clear the tops of policemen's helmets. Two clowns attacked the road, tripping up taxis with string, a girl in an office, frustrated by it all, suddenly stuck a large manilla envelope over her face and joined the melee.

People donned paper bags and dark glasses without question or reason. Strangers argued fiercely over ethics, a shocked woman dragged her ferocious little boy away from assaulting a man bound up in red string, people wet themselves incredulously and a lovely hostess in brown paper bags gave free whistles to friendly passers-by. The police took off their masks and smiled at the fun.

Amidst the swirling acrobats and clowns, fire-eaters, puzzled policemen and general confusion, a small voice cried out "Why are you here? Who are you?" A large and threatening, but overtly friendly Moslem in a bowler hat boomed "THIS IS THE DEMOLITION DECORATORS".

Then, abruptly, it ended as a policeman called for the defendants. The Demolition Decorators drifted away and the streets faded back to winter. An electric voice buzzed through the air: "This is not a video tape - this is reality, you are real, you are beautiful, this is actually happening - this is not a video, this is not a request."

Continued page 3

PHOTO: MIKE WIGG

BUSKERS GAGGED

And Everyone Hassled

INSIDE

WELSH HIPPIE HORRORS

SQUATTERS CHEAT SHERIFF

PLUTONIUM IN LONDON The WARP

—OVER THE TOP ISSUE—

INTERNATIONAL TIMES

36 DAVENANT ROAD, LONDON, N19

INTERNATIONAL TIMES

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IT is STILL RED-HOT!

IT COMES, IT GOES, IT'S BACK

Delayed and deranged by the fire at Covent Garden which wiped out the office and photos, subscription lists, files and a Golfball typewriter, IT dusts off the ashes and offers the usual apologies.

Demolition Decorators lost their indoor venue and alot of equipment, the Bow Street Band kissed goodby to £600 worth of equipment and several people became homeless. It was lucky that no lives were lost.

As you can see from this fun-packed issue, we have been busy, but we still need some help in the form of energy, money, ideas, words, pictures, etc.

WARNING!

This publication is a member of the [illegible] the total, combined energy of well over 1000 other papers, world-wide, acting both collectively through APS and individually. Full legal, financial, political, moral, media and street support is instantly available and will be used to keep freedom of the press alive. We love you - but BE ADVISED.

- APS

SUBSCRIBE ... OR ... !

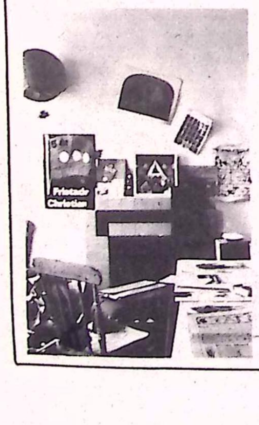
A six-issue subscription to IT costs a mere £2, delivered to your door by an official of the State. To enjoy this paradox for 12 issues costs £4, and as a token of our appreciation of your faith in the continuation of IT for a whole 12 issues, we will send you a copy of the "FANATIC" as a present - though we admit that we tell you this as an inducement.

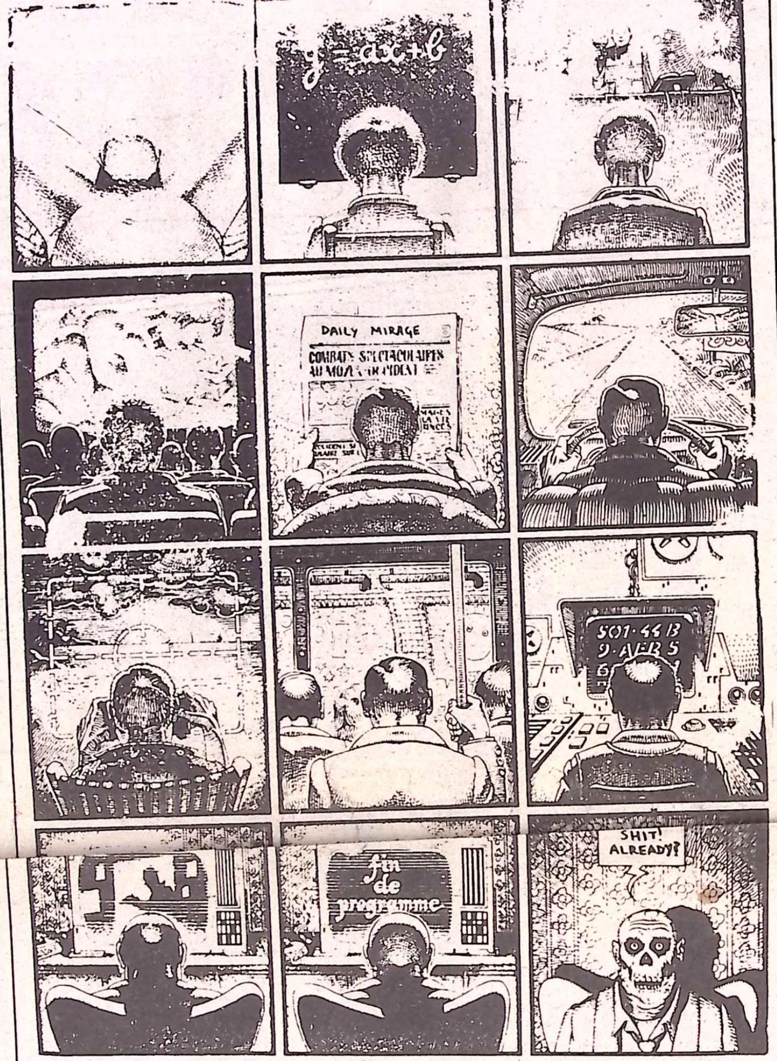
All cheques and postal orders should be made out to IT and sent to:-
36, Davenant Road,
London N19.

Thanks.

THE EMERGENCY

IT OFFICE





PLAY IT SAFE WATCH TV

Dear IT,

I watched the TV go off about an hour ago. "End of viewing" I thought, the man comes on (but he can't be a man, cos he doesn't smoke the same cigarettes as me) and he tells me, "That's the end of another night's programming from Thames ..." Programming? That's what they do to computers, methinks. They've got us so far gone that they can openly declare that it's only low energy programming to keep us low energy automata ticking over between our low energy jobs and our pillhead sleep.

The Financial Times, which will be hitting Axminster in a few hours, says that we are approaching "The most rapid industrial change in history." PM, Jolly Jim, said, "The concept of one job for life, which is already going, will probably disappear." So what does the advent of silicon chips mean to the people? A string of ever less meaningful jobs? An adjacent column is headed "Commons cheers for Callaghan". What Commons? Not us, our elected representatives. I only voted in one Parliamentary election for the Campaign for Homosexual Equality candidate, I'm not even gay, I just thought the guy might have a bit more sense than the others. I certainly didn't vote to have my taxes spent on developing a method of creating even more moronic and less satisfying jobs to reduce our creativity and native wit still further, to relegate them to hidden and mysterious spiritual attributes. Time was when a "good man" was worth his weight in something, even if it wasn't gold, and could *feel* that weight himself. Now he's not worth his weight in Silly-Con chips. Few men (or women) pull their weight anymore because there's nowhere for them to pull it to. Now they've had to stop shitting exclusively on blacks, women and Jews (even the Arabs have money these days) they have to shit evenly on everyone. Unless the NF get in, they'll shit on niggers, wogs, coons, tarts, yids, Arabs, commies, liberals, queers and long-hairs - everyone except the NF (well, maybe some of the lower echelons could take some shit!). Ken Keasey was right - it is your balls they're after (girls too). A friend told me yesterday about his dog which had to be put down - it kept shitting everywhere, it had rectal cancer. It must be catching.

Meanwhile, back on the Street of Shame, a good job is one where you don't have to do much. I've had one of these jobs for over a year, which is a long time for me to have a job. I've always flitted from job to job, largely because there are no enjoyable jobs anymore (and the dole's the Silliest Con of all) not because I'm a paid Government agent pioneering the New Age of Total Worthlessness.

Another facet of the Age of Total Worthlessness features on the back page of the Financial Times - ABF, not Amoral Bloody Fools, but Associated British Foods, are about to put 1p on the price of a "standard loaf of bread". Know who they are now, eh? The "people" who market aerated white stodge, the stuff I, at least, grew up on. I come from a long line of line-toers. Anyway, they're part of the ATW, they market vile, white "bread" which makes our wage-earning (nobody works these days) worthless. Actually, I don't buy "Mother's Wonder", I'm strictly a Mother's Ruin man.

Hail Eris,

RICHARD

Dear IT,

"The LCC is going to see cannabis' illegality abolished. To do this, we are going to play the law makers' middle-class games for without this, nothing will change."

I just can't believe that people into legalising cannabis would make a statement like this. It leaves me wondering what they are going to do when their goal is reached. I don't believe in all this "infiltrate to change propoganda". Absorbtion is one of the most beautiful means of disarmament and if you think you can fool a society that's been playing this game for hundreds of years, think again. Everyone has their level and if you want to hop off at the level of safe buzzes, safe campaigns, then you have run your race for change, others will go on.

People are more strongly felt the more detached from the shit they are. If you infiltrate, you become harnessed by other people's fears and phobias, chained down to the norm, always grappling with the easiest route to normality, safety and sanity. Do I need to draw any comparisons? If you have to wear different clothing to fight for your beliefs and the way you live, what happens to your clothing when you take it off and can you wear it again and feel the same. Does society wash and starch and press it for you, "ready-to-wear"? Slowly, they grow to learn our ways and slowly, if given a chance, they learn how best and most effectively to deal with them.

OK, so they might legalise dope, OK, so when they do, thousands of people will pass the safety line. But who will have crossed, won't they have learned the art of [illegible] to start with, because they fight by pretending to be something they're not. Maybe deep down inside, even they are middle-class law-makers themselves with a whole chorus of conditioning waiting for its chance to dance.

I know people get harassed. I know it's fucking heavy, but that's not because dope ain't legal, it's because of the fucking repressed police state we live in and what goes on behind it in the minds of straight-thinking men. Man, if we were really into dope, somehow I think we'd be living in a way that society, right now, would be pretty freaked out about.

Don't think dope is going to turn thousands of fuckheads into little angels, you know some of the people who smoke dope.

I heard some guy on one of the London radio stations telling everyone that cannabis doesn't impair your general effectiveness, which makes me wonder if it's all worth it. "This new green drug, it's far out ... outa sight! Why? Well, you take it, nothing happens!" Or is this just more lie telling to gain the general acceptance of cannabis? You see how easy it is.

People only learned anything to see how beautiful it was to live just like it and flowers didn't help stop Vietnam because they played at being weeds. Dope isn't a product, an article, you can't separate it from the way you think. The alternative doesn't need anything else but its love and truth to show where it's at. If you have to colour it with hypocrisy or money or ill-earned power, what price have you paid for these ill-earned gifts and will you ever be free? If cannabis is legalised by these methods, I would dearly like to stop smoking it on principle.

Love,

A MULTI-DRUG TAKER
Cornwall.

A side-effect of living in Britain.

Dear IT,

By God, I want to get a poem in IT. I wish I knew what to write about. I'm not a Catholic, a Rasta, a Muslim, a Bender, a hooligan, a materialist, a Buddhist, a Christian, an Oz reader, a member of the Tchumbuli tribe, a punk, a Marxist, an anarchist, a Leninist, a Cosmic-anarchist, a Marxist-anarchist, or any sort of left-wing intellectual, or right-wing intellectual or middle-of-the-road-wing intellectual, or any sort of intellectual at all.

I'm a nothing.

But nothings still have ideas, although only other nothings read them. My idea is that you should, right now, read my first verse again, very slowly and for each something, picture what it is in your mind. Now join them together and you've got a Catholic that's Rasta and a Muslim, and a Bender, and a hooligan, and a materialist and a Buddhist, and a Christian, and an Oz reader, and a member of the Tchumbabli tribe, and an anarchist and a punk, and a Marxist and a Leninist and a Cosmic-Marxist-anarchist and any sort of left-wing intellectual and any sort of right-wing intellectual and any sort of middle-of-the-road-wing intellectual and any sort of intellectual at all, all rolled into one. Pretty confusing picture, don't you agree?

Now for my poem:-

By God, I want to get a poem in IT. But how do I go about making sure. If I was rich, I'd send a £10 "donation". I could start "This is the eighth time I've written to you ..." or "I know you're not going to print this poem (but I'll write it anyway as I'm such a creep) ..." But I won't do any of these. Yet I will be very annoyed, distraught, disappointed, angry, sulky and sicky-wicky if you don't print this poem as I'm posting First Class.

Yours easily,

A FUCKED—UP NOTHING

P.S. I'm really glad I can write this without the Thought Police coming around and carting me off.

PILLS AN PILLS AN PILLS AN PILLS PILLS PILLS.

Uppers Downers twisters senders Menders
An the man in the suit says "Pills to cure all your ills",
Pills Pills Pills.
Blue ones and
Blue ones Chewy ones, green an red ones and Bed ones,
Black and white ones an me Mum's ones,
SPANCELS AND AMPLES and Capsuls an vapours
Pills and Bills, pills bills,
Purple an green to make you feel Mean
Blue ones so you can be on the scene;
"Who took the most" an old boast,
O.D. and you will see a Pummok Stump for you,
And of course Blues an Booze
An all the world for you to lose,
But if you wanna feel mellow, Yellow is the colour for you,
To chew an maybe spew,
Bensedrine so you can be seen an green an ever so mean,
Spacers and Racers, Lacers an Pacers an Vapour to rape her,
Traces of faces an pills an bills, stiffs an myths an wiffs an lifts
an extra gifts,
Blue ones true ones, white ones night ones, right ones red ones
bed ones, bright ones loved ones,
Snort contort, abort sort, snort stamp, cramp wamp, boil toil foil,
Tomb Stones to get at your bones,
Powder to make you louder,
Red Green Blue Yellow Pink Brown Orange White Black Stack,
Buy a Pack,
Be a Doctor, be a Nurse, avoid the hearse an even worse,
If you need it, Stop! don't feed it,
Read the signs, miss [illegible]
Rit Mit MIX Fix Twist List Resist,
crunch munch lunch swallow wollow, don't follow,
Score adore pour, snort sniff, smoke toke, poke stoke, don't choke,
It's the real thing, but watch the sting
An if your head feels like lead give it a rest, take less, don't get in
a mess, ease the stress,
Smoch lurch, loon tune,
Turning on, won't be long, can't go wrong,
Right in tune, Riped Triped, Stimulate Disorentate,
Pills, sampled by the armfull,
Grams keys peas
All a key for you to use and not abuse
and perhaps become free you see
Pills Pills Pills

Randy Mandy Will the Spill

Willie Spewie.

Wayside Pulpit

An important message of love and hope from Grant Silverstein.

The Vic, waxing eloquent, after a blow.

"Dear hearts,

Please make tomorrow another day. Let us dismiss our obligations, disconnect our batteries, and re-evaluate our untogetherness. Our only hope for salvation lies in not trying. We must mind our own business and forget about the "other side of the coin". Why don't we exploit the political parties and put disorientation first? Now is the time to declare war on consumerism and vote ourselves a lower standard of living. It could be in our best interests to turn the clock back 30 years.

Helping others is not where it's at. We all know exactly what's going on and what is right for us, we realise when somebody, or other, is getting through and kid ourselves into thinking that nothing is wrong. Be brave. Be a little wise.

God is extreme. God is not nice. Anything we do to compromise or modify or regulate or modulate our behaviour is Absolute Bullshit. Other people cause problems. The only way to deal with them is to be extremely ruthless and self-interested. Paranoia is not a disease. People are poison. God is a bastard."

NEW KILLER—LUST FEATURE Ever had a sleepless night because of some repressed grudge against something? Now IT offers space for very angry people to really go over the top. First whack goes to A Reader from Wimbledon, some- one really nasty, who's gunning for the Festival Welfare Services. Those unfortuante enough to come under attack will be given the right of reply.

If we are living in the age of paranoia and anxiety then the Festival Welfare Services certainly live up to the spirit of the age, for their presence at festivals does nothing to enhance the beautiful feeling of community that does occasionally exist there when we are left unmolested.

FWS's appearance at festivals started two years ago, when a Government grant was given to allow for one full time worker, although the FWS committee itself has been in existence since 1972. It is 'a co-ordinating committee for welfare services at festivals', or as they really see it, to look after all the physically untogether, mentally fucked-up festival and gig goers in this country and to protect the general public from their excretia.

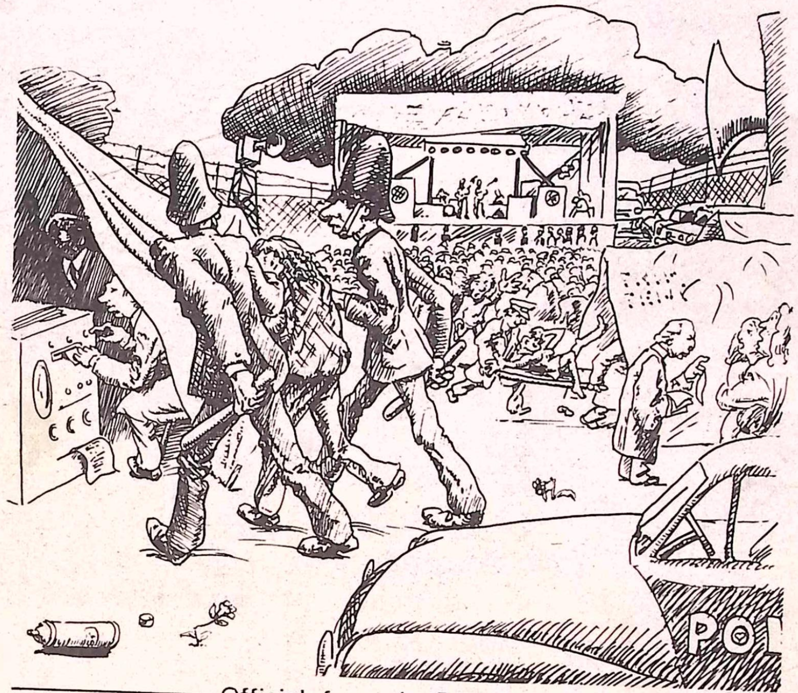
The FWS field worker is an ex-teacher, ex-civil servant, a woman intent on offending no-one, she typifies the work done by the FWS. She visited most of the festivals last year. At the commercial venus like Knebworth and Reading there is always a grand showing of FWS members and their trips and takeovers. At the free festivals, non-commercial, police saturated and generally heavy, there is perhaps a pretend showing by only the single FWS worker, as at Windsor.

Every so often, they all gather together, the do-good fellow members of the FWS, BIT, British Council of Churches, British Youth for Christ, National Association of Youth Clubs, National Council of YMCAs, National Voluntary Civil Aid Services, Release, St John's Ambulance Brigade, Salvation Army, the Samaritans and Source, along with a few Regional Heads of Police for a cosy chat about police harassment, intimidation, faeces, rubbish, bad trips and money. Topics to while [illegible] These are completely informal affairs where one can feel free to go along and express whatever views one may hold. It is interesting to note that BIT and Release have been grouped in with this crowd of religious infiltrators. however, they rarely attend meetings and, in fact, the Christians don't much either, perhaps they are all scared of the cops.

The FWS could fondly be termed 'the ineffectuals' for, wherever they go, they take the word of stranglehold bureaucracy and a straight's uninterest in what festivals are about. They look upon festivals as disaster areas, laying their bad trip tents on the hypocondriacs .... "At Knebworth, a rush of bad trips from 9 p.m. onwards in the Release tent, one of the worst, a student with a prolonged paranoid experience, there was also a constant stream of people who had lost their friends or missed lifts home, this was very distressing for the bad tripper who was convinced that there was a group of people waiting outside to get him and became extremely agitated when the gang eventually arrived." It wouldn't be so bad if they contributed something positive, like food, but they don't and they just can't seem to understand that we are a potentially harmless group of peaceful people gathering together to give our collective consciousness an airing.

Stonehenge 1978 was a typical example of FWS action. To begin with, British Youth for Christ was suddenly given the go-ahead to become FWS members. They could now promote Christianity at a prime Pagan conversion site with the full bac king of FWS status. BYC arrived without a tent, without cooking equipment, without anything much but THE WORD, in the form of copies of 'The Jesus Freaks'. Six enormous people crammed into a tiny Citroen. The books were quickly distributed and later were to be found lying everywhere. What a mish-mash of trip laying for any poor tripper, tripping across this field. I think next year I'll get a truck-load of Rastas and Pagans to apply for FWS membership and we could all pour onto the site with plenty of sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll, singing "legalise it" - this would be part of our religion, as would magic mushrooms - and the police wouldn't touch us. What a fantasy man!

British Youth for Christ eventually started getting themselves together and they bought a tent from tipi Sid for £400, after which they had no money to buy anything else much like food or fuel. They made coffee for people, but didn't offer their tent to crashers. They were a sad addition to our free festival. The flash-point came over the issue of festival passes to members of the FWS so they couldn't be busted for driving on and off the site. This



Official fun – the FWS dream.

Cont.. .. Page 14

Dear IT,

Public opposition to Torness [illegible] that 42% of the people in [illegible]ian Region were against the building of a nuclear power station at Torness, with only 34% in favour, the South of Scotland Electricity Board (SSEB) have announced that they "do not intend to deflect from their duty (building Torness) in any way" and Gregor MacKenzie , Minister of State at the Scottish Office, has emphasised the Government's determination to bulldoze ahead in spite of protests.

At the same time, Lothian Regional Countil have rejected a call for a plebiscite on Torness, effectively removing a chance for the public to have a say. The rejection of the plebiscite at the December 5th meeting came amidst strong attacks on the SSEB's "arrogance" and bitter suggestions that undue pressure had been brought to bear on Councillors by the Government. Councillors made it clear during their debate that they rejected the plebiscite not because they were in favour of Torness but rather because they didn't feel that it was the right way of expressing public opinion. It now seems likely that the Council will take further steps to question the development.

Meanwhile, what can the majority of people who are o opposed to Torness do? The construction of Britain's largest nuclear complex, backed by industry and Government is going ahead, steamrolling public opinion. It is no surprise that people are disillusioned with democracy and very angry. It is no surprise that people are prepared to risk their lives before the bulldozers. There are no conventional channels left. All that is open to the responsible citizen is direct action aimed at preventing the work from going ahead. Plans are now being laid for a mass, non-violent action at Torness on May 5th and 6th, 1979. See you there!

Love,

SCRAM

THE LAW IS A PIG'S ARSEHOLE AND THE POLICE IT'S MOUTH.

14th February, 1979, Marylebone Magistrates Court.

14 ex-Huntley Street squatters are charged with resisting the Sheriff by placing themselves behind a barricade. One of the 14, Piers Corbyn, was also charged with throwing water over the Sheriff's £100 suit. Aided by a puny force of 650 policemen and a few bulldozers, the Sheriff had successfully evicted 160 people on August 16th, 1978, thus rendering them homeless and bringing to an abrupt halt all peaceful negotiations. Two of the people who had been living behind the Huntley Street barricades were - the police admitted - their own spies. A disarming couple by all accounts.

The Marylebone hearing is the first major test of the Criminal Trespass Law and, unless the police manage to alter the charge to one of obstruction within two days after the trial, it looks as if the Law has failed the test. The Magistrate wisely resisted Prosecution attempts to show that being behind a barricade was an act of *resistance*. Resisting a Sheriff is illegal under the Act of 1887. 11 of the 14 were freed on the charge of resisting, two were absent from court and are likely to go free on May 1st, leaving Piers Corbyn alone to answer for the Sheriff's wet suit on May 1st.

When the 160 were arrested, the police set up a "Processing Room" at Huntley Street, complete with National Computer terminal, and spent three hours computerising all of them, even though the majority of the squatters were later not charged with any offence.

As one copper said outside the courtroom, "It's all a game". Perhaps it is, but a game in which people's homes and to some extent their futures are at stake.

underinhabited
huntley st

WRENC
PEARSON HOUSE

PHOTO: MIKE WIGG

Huntley Street after the eviction.

HOT NEWS

I hereby renounce
all claims to fame
I may have had.

I do not wish to retire gracefully
from the mass of faceless non-
entities that commute daily to
the Metropolis.

I would rather
set myself apart

to be different

not famous.

I will pick my nose on public transport
I will search dustbins in busy streets
I will pick fag ends from the pavements
I will urinate in your alley's
I will look you in the face
and be a mirror to your evil.

Alan Strom.

TURD THEATRE

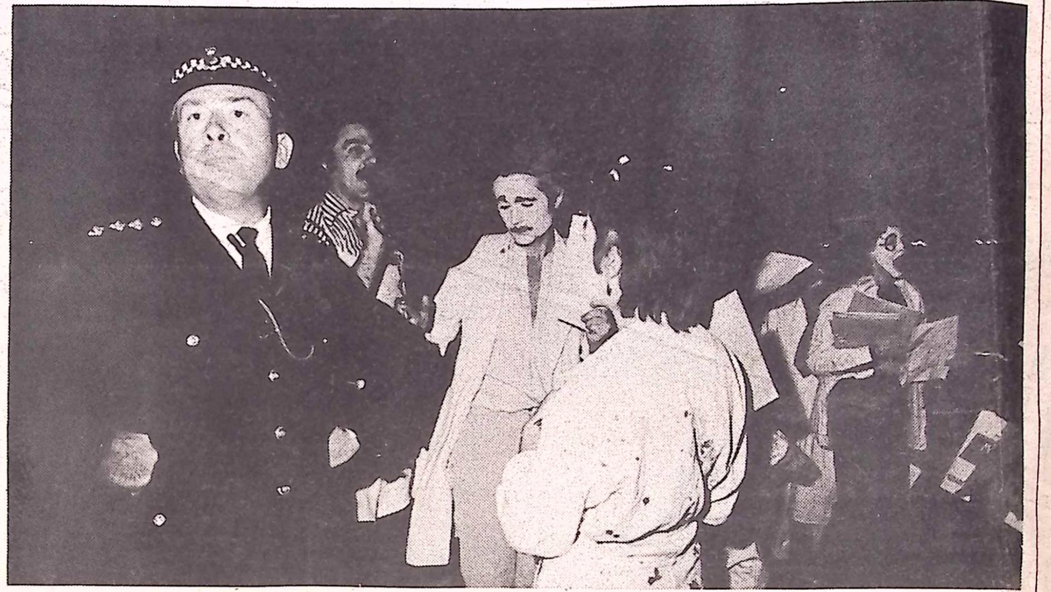


PHOTO: MIKE WIGG

Leicester Square August 18th 1979

The Leicester Square Four were arrested on 18th August during a giant "busk-in" after "Kevin the Cop" and Chris, his first-lady, side-kick, stumbled in on the proceedings and blew it.

When the crowd turned "good-naturedly hostile" (to quote a plain-clothes police witness) Chris panicked, pushed the emergency button and suddenly the Square was swarming with police.

The case is an amusing one. A [illegible] contradictory. Although Groucho Marx on the bench is still refusing Legal Aid, he repeatedly suggested that the Four find themselves a lawyer, a tactic the defendants won't follow because they think they're doing OK.

The spectacle is one of four strong individuals defending themselves seemingly unaware of the debating rules, and a Legal Beagle who feels obliged to see that "Justice" is done, so he can "do" them with a clean conscience.

"You make me feel like a complete bumkin" he was told by the Demolition Decorator with the multi-coloured towel on his head.

"Actually, we think you're a bumkin too" added another of the defendants.

The hearing seemingly continued completely outside the law, as defendants looned around the courtroom performing tricks, one constantly juggling throughout, slapstick the order of the day.

Denying the obstruction charges, they argued that they had been singled out because of their outrageous garb, that at the time of their arrest, a well-known German jug band had been playing so there was no obstruction on their part.

Poor Chrissie, the lady cop, had to be comforted after her ordeal in the witness box.

The Magistrate, possibly bored with the usual game and enraptured with this new, amusing diversion, remanded the case to May 15th so they could be entertained a little more.

The next day, it was the turn of the nine Demolition Decorator clowns busted in a police ambush at Leicester Square as their procession waltzed round the square in white, plastic raincoats singing "We all live in a free society" to the tune of *Yellow Submarine.*

A legal demonstration this time, not a performance, the Decorators were protesting at the harassment of buskers and street performers, the Leicester Square Four case but the latest example.

They had rung the police in Bow Street in [illegible], out for a kill, and intent on abusing their wide discretionary powers (people have been busted for tying their shoelaces, window shopping, etc.), a serial of boys in blinkers was lying in wait for them.

In court, the police witnesses, with their usual benign cruelty, described how the Decorators blocked the highway with their laughing, singing and dancing.

The Decorators claim they were ambushed, prevented from moving, crushed against some iron railings and funelled into black morias.

The Magistrate was a simpering, stupid, smart-ass who amply displayed her rather tenuous grip on the law and lack of memory.

May British justice put aside [illegible] should be substituted instead for a rigged set, compliments of Scotland Yard, for the Magistrate smiled and crooned throughout the hearing at the Chief of Police, ten years her junior, who acknowledged her fervent admiration for the police with several sardonic twitches. Not surprisingly, for the very same admirable police had been involved in an early-morning, intimidatory raid at a house occupied by most of the defendants just the day before. Arrests were made for a possibly stolen milk-crate, one library book, a fragment of dope and carnal knowledge (sleeping with a girl of 15¾). Doors were smashed with axes, despite offers to enter in the usual manner.

The laws are wide and sweeping, cops and Magistrates dance hand-in-hand along a road towards human deprivation. The law is a pig's arsehole, and the police the mouth. This case silhouettes beautifully the perverted attempts to recognise to recognise the impartiality of justice . The Demolition Decorators intend to fight the case as long and as far as they can go - nine people still await sentence.

—·DUNCE—

OBSCENE PROSECUTION

Roger Moody is someone anybody would like and trust. I know him personally and would believe anything he told me. In November 1977, his house was raided by a squad of police from Southgate (North London) police station. They held a warrant alleging that Roger published "obscene material". Hundreds of items, including published and unpublished articles, letters, magazines and personal photographs were taken. He was held by the police for 36 hours after being arrested for "assault on young boys" but then was released without being charged.

The only things I know him to have had any involvement in publishing are Peace News, to which he regularly contributes excellent articles, mainly on subjects related to nuclear power, and indiginous peoples, especially the Aborigine peoples of Australia. He is also an expert on the affairs of Rio Tinto Zinc, Peace News has been "warned" about the allegations they have printed about Rio Tinto Zinc in the past but they could hardly be called "obscene". Roger has also been involved in CIMRA, a group campaigning in support of indiginous groups and the publication of their new paper "Native People's News". Many of the ways in which indiginous peoples throughout the world are treated could easily be found to be "obscene", many of the things Rio Tinto Zinc has done are definitely obscene. Roger is well known to the police and the authorities - he is one of the few effective activists around - I think they are out to get him.

A month after the raid, he was re-arrested to face charges which included "attempted buggery". There has been no complaint to the police by any child or parent about Roger's conduct or relationships with kids. It seems the police knew nothing about any boys he had known until after the raid.

At the committal hearing, two other charges against him were dropped. However, it emerged that the police had traced a number of boys Roger had known through his work in promoting adventure playgrounds in this country. Some of them were held by the police for hours and, according to their accounts, "forced into telling lies" by intense pressure.

There are a number of striking anomalies to the case. Roger is emphatically pleading "not guilty". His defence group can be contacted via the Peace News London office at 5 Caledonian Road, London N1; Tel: 837 9795.

ANON - in case they try to get me too!
Some info via Peace News.

IRAN - A TRIP BACK TO THE PAST

The Shah has been overthrown and Iran enters a Brave New World of religious intolerance. What could be worse than the Shah? I'm sure Khomenei will think of something! At least the pomposity of Mohammad Reza Shahanshah Aryamehr was good for a laugh, if somewhat bitter, but I doubt if many radicals will find much to laugh at in the prospect of being made to wear the ankle-length veil, keep off booze, telly and the flicks (Khomenei will ban such pleasures) and - horror of horrors - there'll be no more unveiled bums to pinch!

A return to Islam is very unlikely to ease the serious problems of the Shah's reign, religious repression is not likely to be any pleasanter than the political type and will probably be equally ruthlessly enforced by Muslim vigilantes like the young guy who walked up to me in Mashad where I was living six months ago and ordered me to wear a veil. I said he must be joking, he said he wasn't and to prove it he would throw acid in my face if he saw me again without one. I asked him what it had to do with him anyway - "I'm a freedom-fighter" he replied, "death to the Shah and his repression". I must say, I have worn a veil - I felt pretty repressed under it (not to mention hot!).

One of the best jokes the Shah afforded to his people was his insatiable taste for hyperbolous flattery, sychophancy and downright ass-licking. Every room in Iran has at least one huge, full-colour mug shot of 'himself' complete with fatuously smiling wife (his third) and son - famed as the only boy in Iran with a nose bigger than his father's. All Government papers, contracts, blurb and so on contain sentences like "made possible by the glorious and enlightened reign of his Imperial Majesty, Shahanshah Aryamehr" on every other line. Even his title which means "King of Kings, Light of the Aryans" is worth a wry smile. Why the Aryans, you may ask, weren't they Hitler's chosen people? Well, his Imperial Majesty, with his usual entertaining skill at self-delusion, is convinced that the pure blood of the Aryan people who migrated from the Caspian area to Iran a couple of thousand years ago runs untainted by various occupations resulting in considerable inter-marriage with such groups as Mongols and Arabs through the modern Iranian - hence the name Iran meaning "Land of the Aryans". He shares Hitler's rather dangerous tendency to take the words of Zoroaster (Zarathustra, an ancient Persian prophet) a little too seriously, arriving at the conclusion that the Iranian people are a super-race (thus spake Zarathustra), far superior to us miserable Europeans, possibly that's why he sets such store by his claim that Iran will become the world's fifth super-power under his direction - another good giggle! Not so funny of course when it leads to spending a large proportion of the nation's wealth on arms. However, according to Khomenei, any non-Muslim you bump off is a sure ticket to heaven where, according to the Qoran, you can amuse yourself by leering at "dark eyed virgins" provided for your amusement or leaning off your silk-lined couch to hurl insults at the poor bastards in hell, so you can choose between "mihan" (fatherland), a word used frequently by the Shah and repeated every morning by the armed forces, or having insults hurled at you by sanctimonious bastards in heaven - Iranians like to feel superior to someone whether because they are Aryan or Muslim. They are all brilliant at self-delusion - they claim that the Arab invasion barely affected the superior culture of ancient Persia although their entire culture rests on the basis of the Arabic religion, Islam. They sincerely believe that they are both pure descendants of the Aryan race, untainted by cultural influence and at the same time, true-blue Muslims.

The Iranians are amazingly inventive, one of the schemes put forward to reduce the traffic problem in Tehran was that cars with odd and even number plates should be allowed to use the roads on alternate days - stupid, you might think, but not as stupid as the reason it didn't happen, they thought that everyone would have two sets of number *plates and change them over ...!* Still, the funniest thing I ever saw was on a 7.30 a.m. rush-hour bus full of dozy, first-thing-in-the-morning people, two guys jumped on and started a morning prayer - none of the commuters could ignore them because that would be insulting God - I couldn't quite believe the ensuing scene of a bus load of people trying to stand and kneel on a manically driven double-decker lurching through the Tehran traffic! Perhaps Khomenei would like to adopt the idea?

Corruption also passed the point of being painfully funny under the Shah, partly because corruption is so much a part of the Eastern way of life anyway and partly because totalitarianism has to be pleasing alot of the people enough of the time to stay in power and the way to please most of the people is graft. Also, the Shah's beaurocratic machine was based more on the idea of keeping him in power than any silly ideas of efficiency - a third of the Iranian population is employed by the civil service, three people are employed where one would do in the hope that they will all rat on each other, thus keeping Savac (the secret police) informed.

The most serious effect Khomenei will have will be on women. Life for anything but a strictly Muslim woman was far from pleasant under the Shah, but under Khomenei it will be like being buried alive (the prominent sensation when wearing the "chaddour", the stifling Muslim veil). About 30% or so of the women in Tehran have given up the veil altogether, many of them have jobs or attend university. In the street, they have the constant hassle of the 'bum-pinchers' which can get extremely heavy - yes! they do do it to their own women too if they give up the "respectability" of the chaddour. In their jobs, they are vulnerable to a very nasty kind of blackmail rather like the "casting-couch" trip and a hell of alot of them lose their jobs for "non-co-operation". An especially nasty twist which a couple of girls told me about was "If you don't fuck me, **I'll report you to Savak"**, a very unpleasant position to find yourself in since Savak would certainly rape you anyway. All this shit is before you even consider making friends with a guy. One girl told me about a man who asked her out to dinner and a afterwards held a gun to her head - literally, this kind of experience is extremely common. If they get married (several girls told me they would never marry an Iranian for these reasons) they are totally stripped of most human rights although the Shah has actually softened and reformed the law a great deal. An Iranian wife is not allowed to work, leave the country or even the house without her husband's written permission - she can't even divorce the bastard without his permission. If she commits adultery she may get 10 years in jail although she has no come-back if he does the same thing - I heard of one women who paid some muggers to beat her husband up because she got so pissed-off with it.

This is all quite bad enough but under Khomenei, who intends to revive Muslim law, the situation actually becomes alot worse. Muslims take the view that no man rapes a woman without "provocation" - in Saudi Arabia recently a western women was flogged half to death. Her crime? She provoked a man to rape her.
Under the Shah, they loved to print stories like this with a holier-than-thou "We Iranians wouldn't do a thing like that" attitude. Not exactly - Khomenei's sect, the Shi'ites, traditionally prefer the less public method of administering a quiet dose of poison and claiming the girl had a heart-attack or something.

The Qoran has a chapter especially devoted to the subject of women. It contains this advice to men; if your wife disobeys you, you must first reason with her (patronising), if that fails, throw her out of your bedroom (charming) and if she still remains stubborn, you can proceed to beating her with Allah's full blessing. If she commits adultery (or any woman has any extra-marital sex) she should be locked in a room and starved to death. The Afghanis favour stoning in such circumstances, so does Saudi Arabia.

A woman has no right at all to her children, if her husband decides to divorce her, she loses them altogether.
The Shah censored communications - Khomenei is likely to ban most of them altogether, he has said that he intends to ban TV and cinema. Censorship naturally results in cultural stagnation which was what happened during the Shah's reign, very few books were published by Iranian authors and very little of cultural value was imported from the West - Coca-Cola and cops-and-robbers may rot the brain but they don't subvert it. The Shah subjected his people to inanity. Censoring the cinema is one thing - burning it down during the showing of an inane, Disney-style film is another!

400 men, women and children watching an innocuous children's film in a cinema in Abudan were burned alive after the doors of the cinema were locked and it was set on fire. Radical friends took the view that Savak was responsible, in an attempt to discredit the "freedom" movement. A supporter of Khomenei told me that they were responsible and that any man, woman or child who entered a cinema fully deserved to be burned to death.

This also illustrates how long it took even the Iranian radicals to appreciate what might happen if Khomenei gained power, they had previously taken the view that they could "use" the fanatics to overthrow the Shah and then build a Socialist or Marxist state themselves. I don't think they will succeed, but there will probably be more bloodshed when they try.

Okay, the Shah was a ruthless megalomaniac, but would you really prefer the Pope to Franco? Freedom is definitely not what this revolution is all about, people whose heads are filled with religious fanatacism and hate can never be free and will never let anyone else be free.

The Shah put 15,000 political dissidents in jail, Khomenei will imprison the minds of 34 million Iranians.

SHENAI

THE UNIVERSE!!

UFO crop-dusting a cannabis allotment in West Norwood, London, June 1978.

"It has been reported that the US and the USSR signed a pact in 1971 to swop UFO information. But the pact stated that they were to keep the rest of the world in the dark. I believe the pact was signed so that neither super-power could make mistakes about UFOs being atomic missiles."

- Earl of Kimberley.

The Church: "My concern here is that the mystery surrounding UFOs today is in danger of producing a 20th century superstition in our modern and scientific days which is not unlike superstition of past years."(Paganism - ed.)

- Bishop of Norwich

"My guess is that there might be a million or so subscribers to the galactic directory, our problem is to get our name into that directory."

- Fred Hoyle.

"Of all the thousands of reports of sightings (at Jodrell Bank, etc.) that have been made, they have been found to be natural phenomena or in some instances, I regret to say, pure myth."

- Lord Hewlett.

HOUSE OF LORDS

Thursday
18th January 1979

DIEU ET MON DROIT

"Perhaps I may pose the question as to whether the existence of another race or races outside our universe is compatible with our Christian principles?"

- Lord Trefgarne.

"Does the Noble Lord not think it conceivable that Jodrell Bank says that there are no UFOs because it has been told to say so?"

"I want to ask the 64,000 dollar question - do the Noble Lords believe in angels?"

- Lord Davies of Leek

"Let HM Government give an example to the rest of the world by being a leader in this investigation. Quite recently, three United States balloonists who crossed the Atlantic were followed for up to 12 hours by UFOs but were ordered by the US Government not to discuss them."

- Earl of Kimberley

"The Ministry of Defence has two clerks working on UFO sightings ... why has the Ministry of Defence not informed the public of its contacts from May 23rd 1977 - February 22nd 1978 No. K5634-5651 inclusive? Furthermore, what do the classification numbers 5, 3, 20, 16, 6, 8 and 23 mean for these 18 contacts."

- Earl of Kimberley.

"There is no magic. We have nothing up our sleeves, but let the world know what's going on."

- Lord Davies of Leek

"Then the CIA stepped in. They ordered the United STates Air Force to clamp down on UFO reports. That was, I believe, in 1953, and it has been going on ever since."

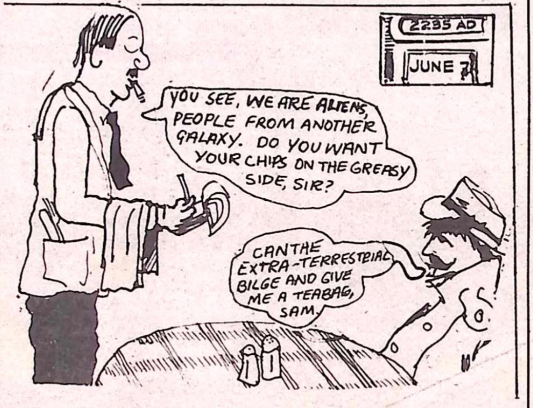
- Earl of Clancarty

"It was a great disappointment when the moon was discovered to be a mass of grey plasticine."

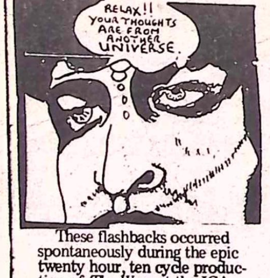
- Earl of Kimberley .

REVIEWS

THE WARP


2235 AD
JUNE 7
YOU SEE, WE ARE ALIENS, PEOPLE FROM ANOTHER GALAXY. DO YOU WANT YOUR CHIPS ON THE GREASY SIDE, SIR?
CAN THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL BILGE AND GIVE ME A TEABAG, SAM.

Being informed I am dead, without essence, doomed to robotic lifelessness unless I read Ouspensky's "In Search of the Miraculous" ... paranoid at Notting Hill Gate, convinced I will die if I leave the sunlight for the shadow by the bus stop ... hearing Jane tell of the horrors on hash as she experienced being Joan of Arc burning at the stake ... Mickey Mouse appearing over the horizon instead of the sun ... staring into a guru's wallposter eyes and finding myself momentarily disembodied in inter-stellar space ... serving Harold Wilson his fish and chips and wittering on about the incredible colour intensity of his napkin ... receiving grave warnings about bus conductors on the lower astral plane from an Emin devotee ... waking from a dream as an old man in an upside down room with a postcard marked relativity in my mouth ... staring down a black plastic bag, cut at both ends, at Christine's grinning face telling me we have no head, just a single eye ... a tannoy announcing at the Social Security office for Mr Son of Reality to go to cubicle four ...


RELAX!! YOUR THOUGHTS ARE FROM ANOTHER UNIVERSE.

These flashbacks occurred spontaneously during the epic twenty hour, ten cycle production of *The Warp* at the ICA, presented by the amazing Science Fiction Theatre of Liverpool, directed by Ken Campbell. But whereas I may meet someone who has set fire to the Labour Party Offices because they temporarily believe they are agents of the Chinese People's Republic, perhaps once a decade, I got the impression that Neil Oram, who wrote *The Warp* and whose back pages the action follows, spent most of the last twenty years encountering wondrous beings, human and otherwise, in between having horrendous arguments with parents and in-laws. Spanning two decades as seen through the eyes of Phil Masters, the hero, *The Warp* is like a magnifying glass on the English counter-culture that fuelled many a josstick gathering. Set against backdrops as diverse as London, Glastonbury, the pudding shops, India, Paris, Scotland and Yorkshire, Phil seeks the patterns in the cosmic matrix, early on announcing Enlightenment as the goal and probing into Scientology, Guirdjieff, Leylines, UFOs and Bhagwan along the way. He is helped and hindered in turn by a host of wonderful or sinister oddballs whether they be a mystic grocer from Yorkshire who pours tea and talks of aliens in his bathroom or a manic German wiring Phil into six dimensional reality, an acid freak finding deep significance in the items on a breakfast menu or a shy engineer who is disturbed by witnessing an unidentified flying Austin Mini. My favourite was the incongruous suited middle-aged man crouched mid kaftan wearing, dope smoking heads, telling them of the voice that directed him to wait for God in a certain room and his chagrin when God never showed up.

WHAT'S A GOD LIKE YOU DOING IN A JOINT LIKE THIS?

Do you sincerely wish to take drugs without slimming?

It's all there - those earnest debates about the meaning of reality and inner space, angry admonitions to get off stoned arses and build an alternative community based on LOVE and CREATIVITY (the big two), accusations flying around about bad vibes and power trips, paranoid times when people think they are going mad or being controlled from Orion. With brilliantly observed dialogues from all our yesterdays, there are cosmic laughs a-plenty but, equally, some frightening incidents as best laid plans and positive synchronicities get buried under an ever increasing net of bad karma.

I AM MARK, FROM THE THIRD PLANET FROM THE SUN! CAN YOU UNDERSTAND ME?
SOD OFF. I'M TRYING TO MEDITATE
BRUSHES

The Warp was totally absorbing for all its twenty hours. Before going, I couldn't conceive of staying the length. Now I can't wait to see the next edition, to rejoin parasites like Ralph Beak and Bob God, rediscover the bleakness of Marty Mission. The ICA run has ended but *The Warp* will reappear. Look out for it. Or leave it to synchronicity. One day, when you spoon the muesli gob-wards, the galactic telegram will arrive.
Brilliant.

MICK KIDD

STONEHENGE

1979

THIS YEAR'S MID-SUMMER SOLSTICE THURSDAY 14TH – SUNDAY 24TH JUNE FOR TEN DAZE

Bands who don't mind playing for free and offers of help wanted.

For info about this year's Stonehenge Festival and other Festivals and the Legalise Cannabis smoke-in at Hyde Park this year (last year about 6000 people turned up at Hyde Park, most people seemed to have a little bit of blow on them and joints were plentiful!) send large s.a.e. to:

POLYTANTRIC CIRCLE
c/o 527 Holloway Road
Islington, London N19

TROUBLE WITH THE LAW

It is a mystery to me how a bunch of middle-class sycophants like the Release Collective managed to put out a book as consistently excellent as *"Trouble with the Law"*. Sub-titled "The Release Bust Book", this publication is finely tuned to the realities of Police and Law. It is a Bible for every innocent citizen fearfully going about his lawful daily business.

Dealing first with those harsh encounters with the Police on the streets, including "sus" and "demos", the Bust Book goes on to consider the monstrous invasion of home and privacy, harassment and eviction of squatters by the Police, the treatment of "innocent until proved guilty" victims at Police stations, right through the intricacies and idiocies of the courts to the ultimate entombment of category "A" prisoners. No punches are pulled in explaining to the reader the sweeping powers the Police exert or how they conspire with the legal machine to keep us down.

"The law does not really reflect what is right or wrong," says the Bust Book, "Nor does it do much to stop genuinely anti-social behaviour. What it does is to make people accept the values of the society we live in and make them keep in line." Right on! Buy this book please. It's cheap at £1.25, but extravagant in advice and information.

PETE THE PARANOIC.

TANTRA SPEED

BADGES Extensive Catalogue
Send S.A.E.
ALSO Made to order all sizes
7p to 20p 1000 or 10
TANTRA Catalogue of Buddhist
Tibetan and Yogic Goods
Posters, prints, statues, cards, clothes and Handicrafts
Send S.A.E.
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The Anti-Nuclear Festival, in modified form, plans to go on tour in the spring and wants to contact as many people in as many areas as possible. Any form of auditorium is all that's required, so if you're interested, please contact Manfred Waffender at:

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The BLOT

I must have read thousands of radical, freak and alternative rags and publications in my time. Dissidence always attracts me - creative, positive thought even more so though sadly that's rarer.

One of the best publications I have ever read came my way just yesterday, it's called "BLOT", and it's all about skool. I suppose those who will find it really interesting and useful will be those who are in those institutions of State Knowledge getting maimed. It's got all you might expect and then, to get 10 out of 10, Blot's got some more. Most of it is written by people who are in school as you read this, or skipping it illegally.

Blot's got words and lots of pictures about boys against girls discrimination, strikes and sit-ins, graffiti, which was a little hard to read because of all the graphic graffiti tricks, Exams, not at all predictable, wanking ... "wanking or frigging is a taboo subject, why? It's pleasurable, that's why." ... a whole page on wanking in Blot, political education, a piece called "Two-timing is Shit", contraception and, rather predictably, Rock Against Racism.

Blot's produced by the NUSS - the National Union of School Students - with some money from Gulbenkian, who distribute money to inspired endeavours. Normally, NUSS is a bit of a drag; lots of what you would expect, heavy and alienating, and mostly run by people who are not in school when I last checked it out - Blot gives me hope. I'm having a child soon, maybe if they get through like Blot, school will be OK for it when the time comes.

Laurence Norcross, the head

Maybe. Unfortunately, there are an awful lot of people running our schools like Laurence Norcross, the Headmaster of Highbury Grove School. When he discovered that Blot was being read in *his* school, he did not call a special meeting of staff and parents to discuss the issues raised. Instead, he wanted to decide how the mag and NUSS could be banned from the school. I hear he plans to recruit the help of the police.

NUSS says "Go into any playground and listen, what you'll hear is what is in this paper. Blot is available from:- NUSS, 302 Pentonville Road, London N1; Tel: 278 3291.

The whole idea of the sort of relationship most people go in for is shit. You go out with someone because you want to be normal, but what the hell is normal? If it means going down the pub, cinema, disco or other local local shitholes every night with the same NORMAL person and then finnaly getting so pissed off with it that you try Two Timing-Then forget it I'll be abnormal.

But then again you might just fancy someone else and want to see them aswell. Why mus someone have a girlfriend or a boyfriend, like having clothes or a place to sleep, a saturday at Sainsbury's, a bad attack of diahorrea, or any other thing that most of us have from time to time WHAT SHIT, we are all bored with our lives, school etc., and a lot with their love life – so no wonder a lot of people to relieve the boredome by having a 'Bit on the side'.

But wanting to screw more than one person is as natural as pure country air or a good wank so why not admit to your lover that you're seeing someone else in the street 'I saw someone else today love' don't cry all the way to the chip shop sort it out-now. Kicking Gordon's head in may change his looks or his height but will it make Julie love you and only you for ever more No and what the fuck gives you the right to decide that she should.

New paragraph. O.K. so it's hard to break away from what's expected of you loyalty and a bit more loyalty-honesty tec (thats a joke) but if you're content being normal you may end up like jilted John. isn't it a bit stupid that you can't even have friends of the opposite sex because your boy/girl friend will get jealous, angry, and upset because the can't stand not knowing that your safely away from possible lovers.

One 1 3 of all marriages end in divorce in Britain (½ In the USA) and yet people still hang on to this out dated tradition – it's the same thing with 'going out' people don't want to change the whole thing of romance and yet they nearly all two time.

So what do you do? Stick with your steady, or screw what you will? No for fucks sake be honest, admit, at least to yourself that you need more than just one other person in your life whether lover or just friend.

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FWS Cont. from page 2.

meant that wood runs could only go in a certain specified car along with one of these passes. Well, Release had a VW van but they didn't feel the urge to go on wood runs, BYC had their tiny Citroen, but the only person willing to go was a non-FWS member, tipi Sid, but he wasn't given a pass and neither was BIT until halfway through the festival, conveniently forgotten. Give passes to hippies, unthinkable! Result? Wood runs didn't come together, Sid got busted every time he went out, and everyone started cutting green trees from a nearby wood, which they also got busted for. BIT and Sid were really angry, angry with the FWS and all the ridiculous bureaucracy they had managed to bring to the festival. In the end, the wood run was got together with a £2 donation from BYC, a collection on site and the scorching enthusiasm of Release who felt that BIT should lay out £50 to buy wood from a nearby yard, which they in their kindness would collect. Forty-thousand a year and still no nearer to the truth!

After Glastonbury, where FWS workers were thin on the ground - perhaps the mud put them off - the fieldworker rang BIT and asked them if they would pay for the rubbish clearance on the site, or go down there, 150 miles, to clear it themselves. This from the FWS who have an income in excess of £7000 a year.

Reading FWS reports, their mission seems to be to pit their strength against the piss and shit existent in our society. They want to keep us clean inside and out. Regard with awe the report from the twenty-seven Samaritan (Patron HRH Duchess of Kent) workers who attended Knebworth 1978, their desperate vigil, tent staffed night and day to deal with the massive queue of 'distressed people' waiting on their patient ministrations, it reads like something from the trenches of France in the 14-18 War instead of a place where people go to enjoy themselves.

The main underlying theme in FWS reports is the desire for the FWS to continue at all costs, for the general public's disapproval is becoming widespread. They can't, quite reasonably, understand the need for this post or the attendant salary of £5000 a year. Cuttings from the National Press are headlined 'A State Hippy' and 'Hippies' friend', but this sentiment is far removed from the truth, as the following extract from the field worker's report shows:-

"…. the Festival Welfare Services' office has been used by Constabularies throughout the country, especially after the introductory tour was made, as a source of information about festivals and free festivals in particular. The Field Worker has also co-ordinated with the police over monitoring the development of festivals, where either the police or the Field Worker has closer access to the festival site or the festival attenders."

and a bit further on:-

The National Press would be more accurate to describe the FWS field worker as 'The Copper's Friend'. The FWS police seminar will be held on February 23rd, there will be others for commercial festival promoters, local licensing officers and health officials. The FWS want representatives from all these groups to sit on the FWS advisory committee along with someone from the Home Office and the DHSS.

Are these people really needed? They appear to waste thousands of pounds when they go to festivals. Don't be mistaken into thinking they pay for clearance etc., they don't. The local Council does, or festival organisers and festival goers do. I'm not really sure what they do, apart from bringing people down. But I really wish they would go and exploit some of their own crowd. Maybe the Samaritans could attend the Queen's Garden Party. They could surely find some genuinely distressed people there!

SUDA NIM

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—VICIOUS SADISM—

Food. I eat. Breakfast. 3.30 p.m. Sunday. Portobello Road, London, England. Bona's Cafe. Egg, sausage, bacon and chips. When I was a child, I always felt inclined to leave the egg white on the side of the plate but today I eat it; the yolk is runny but firm - just the way it should be. The sausages are freshly, if under-cooked. The bacon, too, not as crisp as I like. (Why is pig meat so difficult to get right?) The chips are crunchy, and if frozen pre-packaged, they don't taste it.

I order my second cup of tea and only in passing rue the absence of a ready conversationalist - an ego-inflated music-biz "personality" out to impress and offend when I only seek information. I am alone at this table: alone with only scraps of paper, a green biro, and my thoughts for company. I am content.

Perhaps it was indolence, perhaps fear of embarrassment, perhaps indifference that led me to pursue nary a trace of groundwork in my investigation of the "truth" behind the Rock Press. I could have broached the subject and gleaned vital backstage gossip over a few shandys with a premier record company publicist who has indeed spoken to me in the past with candour. I could have prised insults from the mouths of unjustly vilified "stars" themselves. I could have tossed off a number of Pythonesque concepts and similies with the dynamic manager of the band tipped by many as Next Years Thing who is a close personal friend.

But instead, I sit in this cafe distracted by banal chit-chat and the tinkle of the cash register.

The last time I met Max Bell (NME) was two years ago at a Kingfish concert. Were it his guilt at failing to write "This Ain't the Summer of Love: The Rock and Roll Politics of the Blue Oyster Cult" for a fanzine I was editing at the time, or were it the author's drunken demeanor, but he looked at me for a second in horror - "the mirror cracked from side to side" - and promptly ran off after a quick "hi man". I may have seen him a year later while I was waiting outside the hotdog stall at Essex University after a Spirit gig hurrying three nubiles into a Limo before anyone recognised him. A colleague of his at Queens College, Cambridge assured me that Max did "loads of acid", and I noted that his somewhat wishy-washy articles never appeared during term time.

Max joined the NME the same way as *les enfants terrible.* They three hit jackpots with precocious treatises in a Nationwide Rock Criticism Competition. Julie Birchell's original contributions were masturbatory encomiums on female rock stars - a sixteen-year-old self-confessed lesbian describing what she would do with Patti Smith if she ever got her into bed….. it seemed at last the medium was maturing; unfortunately it wasn't six months before she married, yes - married! - how's that for anarchistic *real politik*, Tony Parsons, another ambitious and iconoclastic-but-only-outside-my-own-institutions insincere middle-class poseur. Together they snorted "loads of speed" and aped their teenage heroes. Would yours truly love to have been a fly on the wall the evening Joan Jett of the Runaways came back to their place and puked up over Tony's cockney barrow-boy bowler hat. Parsons and Birchill are of course Nick Kent clones. Kent is a smacked out closet queen who "once played with the Sex Pistols", almost formed a band with Iggy's Stooges and never got asked to join the New York Dolls. His one aim in life is to get as thoroughly fucked over as his heroes. He crashes on floors, stares at walls, loses friends and jacks-up all day, and only writes for the money. A pathetic waste of talent - perhaps the only rock critic aside from Ian Penman worthy of even the slightest respect.

Ian Penman I have never met but I would imagine him to be a filthy, tramp-like alcoholic. Ian Penman (NME) is a great and wonderful person, his pieces are perceptive, well written and not without a trace of humour, although, like his profession, there cannot be a trace of honesty or an absence of hypocrisy in his entire being.

Interesting, is it not, how many ex-underground hacks now write for the NME. Kent, Neil Spencer (the Editor), Charles Shaar-Murray, Penny Smith. Mick Farren, Tony Benyon (the "Lone Groover") and John May (alias Dick Tracy) back in the halcyon regularly contributed to Oz, IT and Friendz.

Spencer, the NME Editor, is a boring, unimaginative, ambitious man, but not quite the complete arsehole that was his predecessor, Nick Logan. At least he has had the conscience to have at least one nervous breakdown in his life. Murray, like alot of hacks, wants to be a rock star himself but lacks the talent. He once took Lord Coxhill's daughter, then the secretary of the Edgar Broughton fan club, out for a meal at a Wimpy - her lasting memory is of the fat dripping down Murray's face as he thrust a hamburger into his mouth.

Mick Farren, I think, we have all long despaired of - maybe next incarnation Mick.

The only other NME hacks worthy of the slightest mention are Paul Morley and Adrian Thrills, who got the job after editing fanzines ("Outhear" and "48 Thrills" respectively), Their commitment to the grass-roots movement stretching as far as an offer of a post with the establishment.

"But NME is the best rock weekly" you moan. Personally, I prefer Sounds. The layout is shoddy and botched, the writing straight out of the fifth form, the sub-editing non-existent and the paper itself of lower quality than the average bog-roll, however, they write about completely obscure bands and somehow seem to survive without the exclusive arshole crawling to the big record companies on which NME and Melody Maker thrive. They haven't a writer worth mentioning (except the exceptional John Peel) and as human beings (if Giovanni Dadomo and Mick Wall are any indication) they have about as much idea of what life is all about as my mate's pet hampster (and that's being polite), but they're closer to the spirit of the medium than their calculating and considered competitors.

I'm running out of space and it's getting dark. I used to read Melody Maker when I was fourteen and NME used to be a teeny-bob paper, but of late I've found it impossible to get beyond the typeface and if the sort of work offered in the vocalist section is any indication, its well known classified ad. section is as big a wank as the rest of it.

JONATHEEEN BRAINLESS

According to friends, Brainless got fired from the NME for writing too much truth. He is now Managing Director of "Fuck-Off Records".

Because of the political nature of the repression directed against them, the Plastic People and other bands in the Czech underground are often referred to in the Western Media as "dissident" rock groups. Unfortunately, this blurs over a very important distinction. Until recently, all the dissenting movements in Eastern Europe, in one form or another, have concentrated on the possibility, however remote, of opening up a "critical dialogue" with the regimes, of urging them to change or reform. The underground in Czechoslovakia realised a long time ago that such a dialogue was doomed from the start because the regime would not (and could not) possibly change. So they simply turned their backs on it. In this sense, without actually being "political", the underground was far more radical than the so-called unofficial opposition because it turned its energies to what could actually be done, in the present. Instead of trying to talk to the regime, they talked to each other; instead of trying to work out political alternatives, they created a cultural alternative that fulfilled their own needs now; instead of asking the regime to give them more freedom, they behaved as though they were free already.

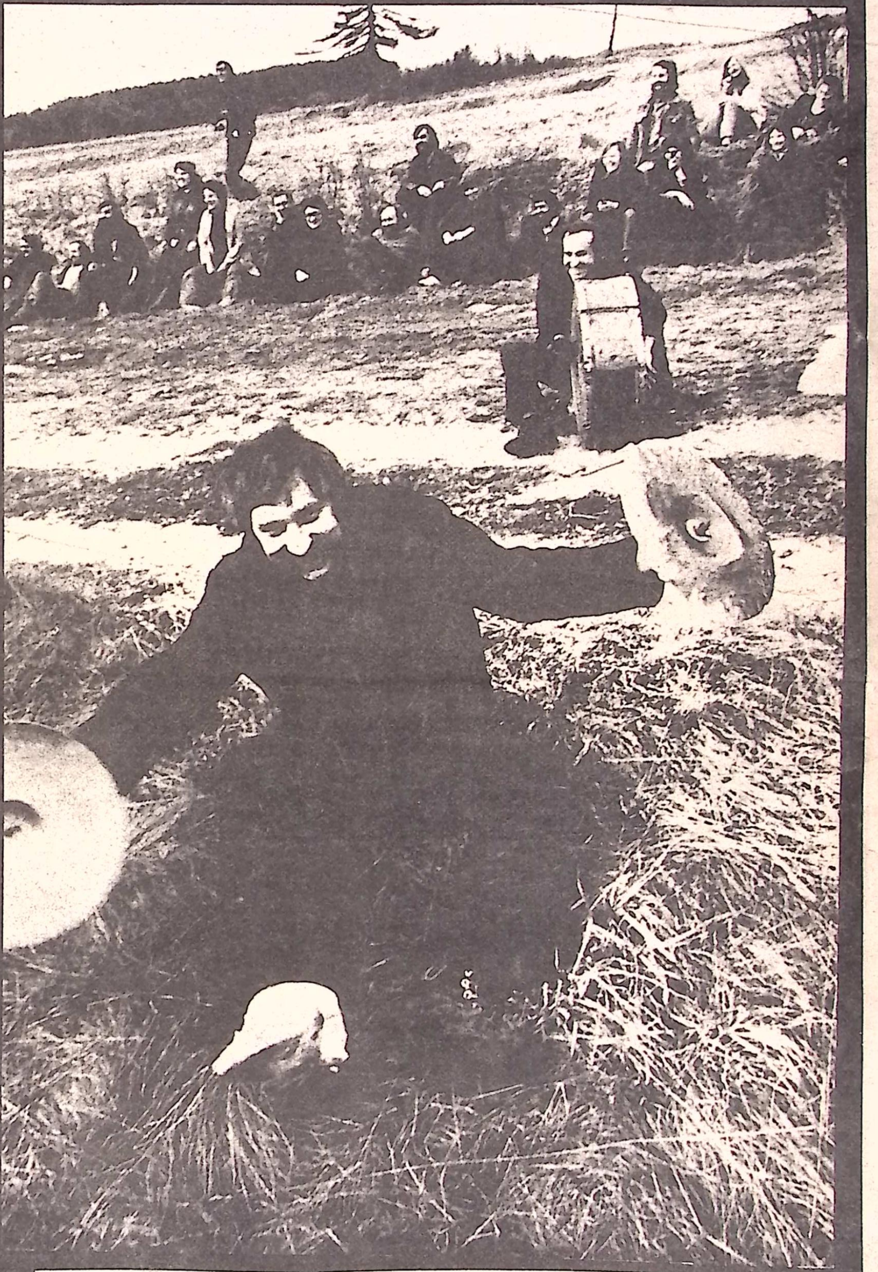
THE INVISIBLE ORGANISATION, London, March, 1978.

THE PLASTIC PEOPLE OF THE UNIVERSE:
"EGON BONDY'S HAPPY HEARTS CLUB BANNED"

The invisible organisation of paris went to Czechoslovakia to get the master-tape for this album.They also parted with about 8,000 quid so the plastics could replace the equipment confiscated by the czech government.Roumour has it that their new equipment has also been confiscated.It seems the communist government is anxious to get rid of them.

While in Czechoslovakia the invisibles picked up photos,poems,press cuttings,writings andZ"samizdats"(asamizdat being ausualy hand written info/poetry/picture/sheetp passed round and copied by hand.)These things have been well edited into a voluminous booklet included in the album package.

The booklet provides quite an intruiging insight to the czech underground,there are the not uncommon slugs of political/apolitical meanderings which tend to lose the point in sheer volume of words,while for the most part it tells a fascinating story of people determined to stretch the bounds of freedom to breaking point, in a robot-land where breaking point means death or imprisonment.



At the end of 1974, a day before New Year's Eve, we went by train to a concert in Líšnice, a small village east of Prague. We got out at the nearest station and went the remaining few kilometres on foot, through the dusky, half-frozen muddy fields. There were about forty-five of us : we knew that another crowd of our friends were approaching Líšnice from the bus-stop on the other side, and that many more were coming by car. Our mood was one of joyous excitement. There was a tangible hope that we would be celebrating the end of the year with music : we were going to the first concert of a group called Umělá Hmota (Artificial Matter), and after that the Plastics and DG 307 were to play. As we walked through the bleak countryside, many of us experienced an intense feeling, which some expressed in words. It reminded us of the pilgrimages of the first Hussites into the mountains. When this was said, we made jokes along those lines and developed the theme. As soon as we came to Líšnice, we said, the lords — today the establishment — would be waiting to drive us awav.

And that was what happened. In spite of the fact that the concert was sponsored by a group of local firemen (with whom the musicians often play football), in spite of the fact that local council had approved the event, we were told to disperse at once, or else force would be used.

Why don't they split the country?
Because this is their country,their home,their way of life,this is where their freinds live, this is where their parents and brothers and sisters died at the hands of the russian troops inI968.If they lived anywhere else they would have to be different people.

The tapes were recorded in I974,this was the last time all of the band were out of nick at the same time.

The music is dark,deep,simple,ghostly.... played ~~which~~ with asort of heavy delicacy. Eerie,moving music. I enjoy it,if one can use"enjoy"...ummm alright then lets just say it oils machinery deep inside that i'd forgotten was there.O.K.i've seen people fall asleep to this album,but then i've seen people excited by rod stewart.

Allpprophits not raked by middlemen go to the plastic people,so prize yourself apart from the £5 or£6 import price and you'll not only be doing yourself af flavour.

AFTERWORD

Those who never fell out of street cars
Those who survived explosions in gas works
Those who crossed the street and were never run down
Those who collected stamps
Those who talk about sport every day
Those who only read their pay cheques
Those who never saw the sun in their life
Those who saved up half their lives for a car
And half their lives for a flat
Those who only thought about what to wear
Those who worry too much about their neighbours
Those ordinary unordinary ones and the unordinary ordinary ones
They will survive everything
And then they will die.

On the night of 18/19th November, 1974, Milan Koch was killed in a traffic accident. His wife Mirka typed all his poetry out and then took her own life six months after Milan died. The album is dedicated to them.